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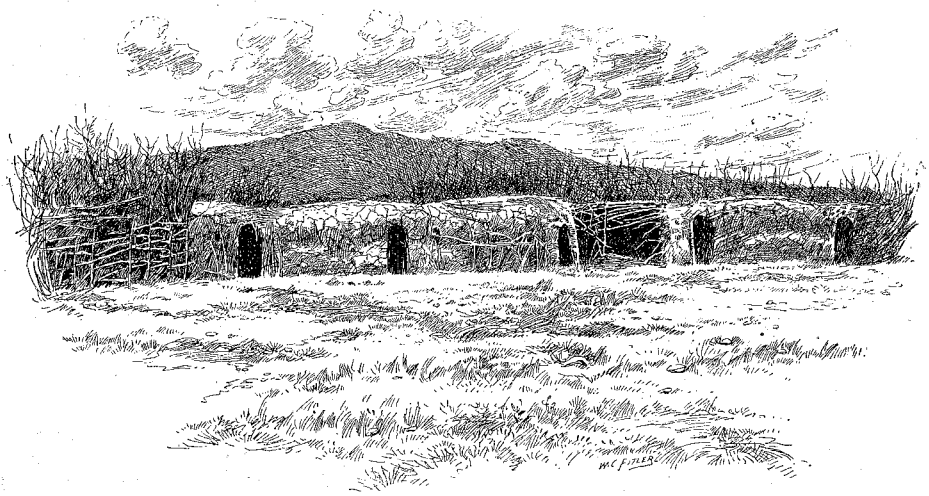

A Masai Kraal. Mount Donyo Longonot in the distance.

## HOW I CROSSED MASAI-LAND.

*By Joseph Thomson.*

BETWEEN the years 1858, when Burton and Speke made their celebrated journey to Lake Tanganyika, and 1882, the rapid development of African exploration had laid bare the chief secrets of the greater part of east central Africa. The country between the Indian Ocean and Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika had been crossed and recrossed, and a fair idea acquired of its physical configuration.

There was still, however, one important zone at which various travellers had nibbled, but which no one had made his own. This was the region lying directly between the coast and Victoria Nyanza, and through which the equator runs. It was already known that it contained snow-clad mountains, and a remarkable tribe of people; but, to add to its attractions, active volcanoes, new lakes, great caves, etc., were reported till the explorer longed to visit them, and the stay-at-home geographer to have them described and accurately placed on his maps.

There were other than scientific reasons to give an added interest to Masai-land, for such we may now call the zone in question.

When Gordon was Governor-General of the Soudan, he had seen that through Masai-land lay the route of the future for permanent communication between

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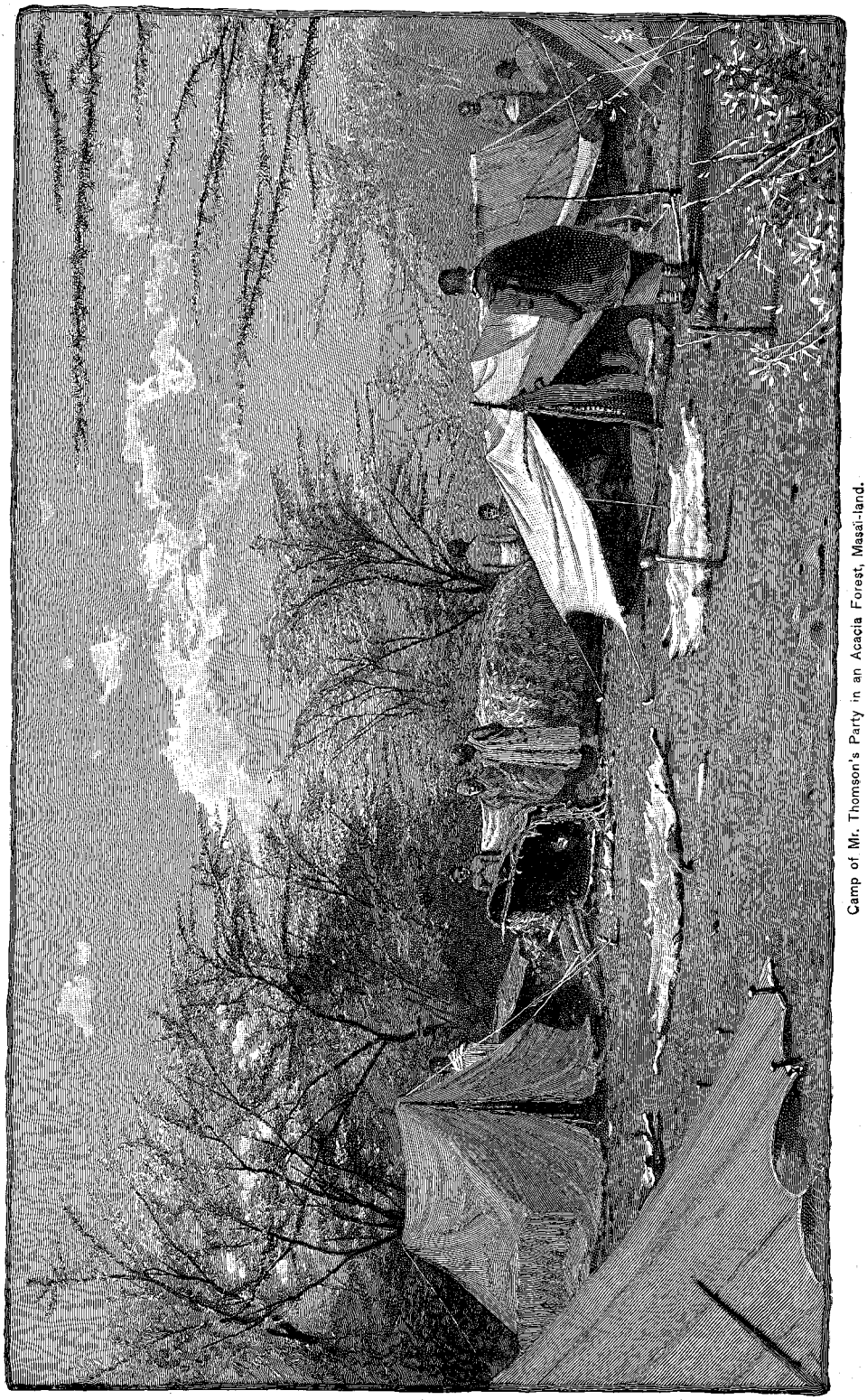

Camp of Mr. Thomson's Party in an Acacia Forest, Masai-land.

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the equatorial province — now called Emin's—and the ocean ; and as for him to think was to act, he despatched an Egyptian expedition to seize Mombasa from the Sultan of Zanzibar, and from that seaport open up the route to the Nile.

Unhappily the British Government stepped in and stopped the execution of the project. It is interesting, however, to note this idea of General Gordon's in the face of Stanley's recent attempt to open up a route to the Nile by way of the Congo, in violation of all geographical and common-sense considerations.

It was not only Gordon, however, who looked to Masai-land as a line of communication between the interior and the coast; the Church Missionary Society had been established for some time on the shores of the Nyanza, and the healthiest and most direct route to this station lay through the unexplored country.

With so many interests in question it may be wondered that no effective steps had been taken to open up Masai-land previous to 1882. The secret lay in this, that the Masai, who held the greater part of the country, had the reputation of being the boldest and the most unscrupulous savages to be found in Africa. Their very name was a terror to the whole of east central Africa, and tales innumerable were told of their extraordinary deeds, their wars, and their ferocity, and of the caravans which had been annihilated in their country. A modicum of danger is a great attraction to the enterprising traveller, but there are limits to his temerity, and the dangers in this case appeared to overstep them considerably. Even Stanley considered there was but one way to cross Masai-land, and that was "with a thousand rifles."

Such was the position of affairs in 1882, when the Royal Geographical Society turned its attention to that region. Two years before I had successfully completed a journey under its auspices to Lakes Nyassa, and Tanganyika, and the Congo basin, and it now once more did me the honor to place this new enterprise in my hands.

On December 13, 1882, I left for Zanzibar, where, after a hurried visit to the coast to determine certain questions relating to the starting-point, route, and porters, I organized my caravan.

The 15th of March saw us on the coast-hills overlooking Mombasa, ready for our first march. Eastward, and several hundred feet beneath us, spread a festering zone of mangrove swamp, half-hidden and wholly beautified by a fever-charged haze. Through this hybrid tract ran a many-branched, gleaming creek to its mother ocean, and there, where child and mother kissed, nestled the historic town of Mombasa, looking from our distant coign of vantage like a gigantic white sea-bird resting on the shore. We could not but take a last lingering look at this scene, before turning our backs to it; for long, weary months of hardship, toil, and danger must be faced before we would look upon it again. But the word to start had to be given, and soon, with much noise and confusion, we were falling into single file and winding through the picturesque palm groves of Rabai, like a huge centipede ; our eyes westward, trying as it were to pierce the veil which throws the glamour of the unseen over the lands ahead of us.

Our caravan consisted of one hundred and fifty-one men all told, chiefly Zanzibaris, and a few mission converts ; some of their officers were not unknown to fame. There were two of Stanley's "Immortals," Muinyi Sera and the even better known Kacheché ; Makatubu, Brahim, and Bedué were three who had travelled with me twice before ; and there was a Maltese sailor named Martin, who had deserted the sea some years before to become a useful jack-of-all-trades on the east coast of Africa.

With the second day set in the real troubles and worries of the march. It is an unfortunate aspect of African travel that the greatest dangers and trials which the explorer has to face meet him at the very outset of his journey. It is these first few days which, almost in every case, determine the success or failure of his expedition. At no other time are his diplomacy, tact, and patience so much needed, or the want of them so disastrous. He has to teach his men to like, to trust, and to fear him. The men place him on trial to see

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of what stuff he is made—whether, in fact, they or he is to be master. At this time they are generally weak and enervated through weeks of idleness and debauch; great numbers have joined the caravan simply to receive the advance-money, and then bolt at the first safe opportunity. If not delicately, though firmly managed, they will quarrel and desert—being still near the coast and in comparatively well-known districts. Much, of course, of this I had not to fear, having already graduated in the art of African travel; but none the less I had unusual cause for anxiety in leading a caravan of Zanzibaris for the first time to Masai-land. My party was largely made up of the dregs of Zanzibar, who had taken my money, but laughed to themselves at the idea that we would ever enter the dangerous country. Happily I was aware of the situation and was prepared to meet it, and humor them till I got them fairly into the country, where I knew I should be safe.

The difficulties of managing such a caravan as I had under me were by no means lightened by the fact that we had nearly two hundred miles of wilderness to cross before reaching Masai-land and comparative plenty. The scarcity of food and water made arduous marches and scantier feeding necessary, which hardly tended to harmony and good feeling between master and man.

Our first three marches lay through the district of Duruma, a land of dense brush and tangle, bound together by thorns and creepers into an almost impenetrable mass. Here, hidden away like hunted animals, small communities of Wa-duruma* found a measure of safety, and gained a scanty subsistence, though ever in dread of starvation and the Masai spear.

Beyond Duruma came three more marches of actual uninhabitable wilderness, where the dense bush gave place to thorny acacias, or scrubby, almost leafless trees of repellent aspect, while glaring red clays and sands replaced the dark loam. Water in this God-forsaken tract was unobtainable, and for two days and one night the men had to press forward uninterruptedly over burning sands and under a blazing sun, their clothes torn and legs scratched by thorns, their tongues glued to their mouths, their lips parched and cracked. Their knees might become weak and shaky—with groans they might sink to the ground beside their loads, declaring that they were dying or being killed—there was no respite from that dire necessity of moving on. There was plenty of compassion, but there could be no release, and from morn to dewy eve, and all night long, Europeans and headmen alike ever rang the changes on their orders and expostulations, urging their men onward, now encouragingly, now threateningly, at times lending a helping hand. And thus the first section of the Nyika or wilderness was passed, and after six painful marches the picturesque isolated mountains of Teita, rising like an archipelago of islands from an emerald sea, were reached, and rest and refreshment obtained to enable us to tackle the remaining part of the forbidding zone.

At Teita we found the last outpost of Christian enterprise, for there, on the top of Mount Ndara, to be seen from far and near, stood a small corrugated iron house, which under the dazzling brilliancy of a tropical sun blazed out a sheet of flame, a perfect beacon to the surrounding country, symbolical, let us hope, of that other light with which the missionary had come to illumine the spiritual darkness in which the land lay shrouded.

From Teita a couple of very severe marches, one of them including most of a night, took us across the remaining tract of wilderness, and then our toils and hardships were over for the time being.

Without the slightest warning we suddenly exchanged the burning heats, the thirsts, and the toils of the desert for a veritable dream of Arcady and plunged into the soothing shadow of an ideal tropical forest. Its majestic trees sheltered under their luxuriant foliage a gypsy wealth of graceful curving palm and tender plant; while from trunk and branch swung numberless creepers binding the forest giants in fantastic bonds. Here was grateful shadow, there floods of sunlight; now we crossed a bosky glade, now pushed our way

* The prefix Wa in the Swahili language means people of, thus Wa-duruma is people of Duruma.

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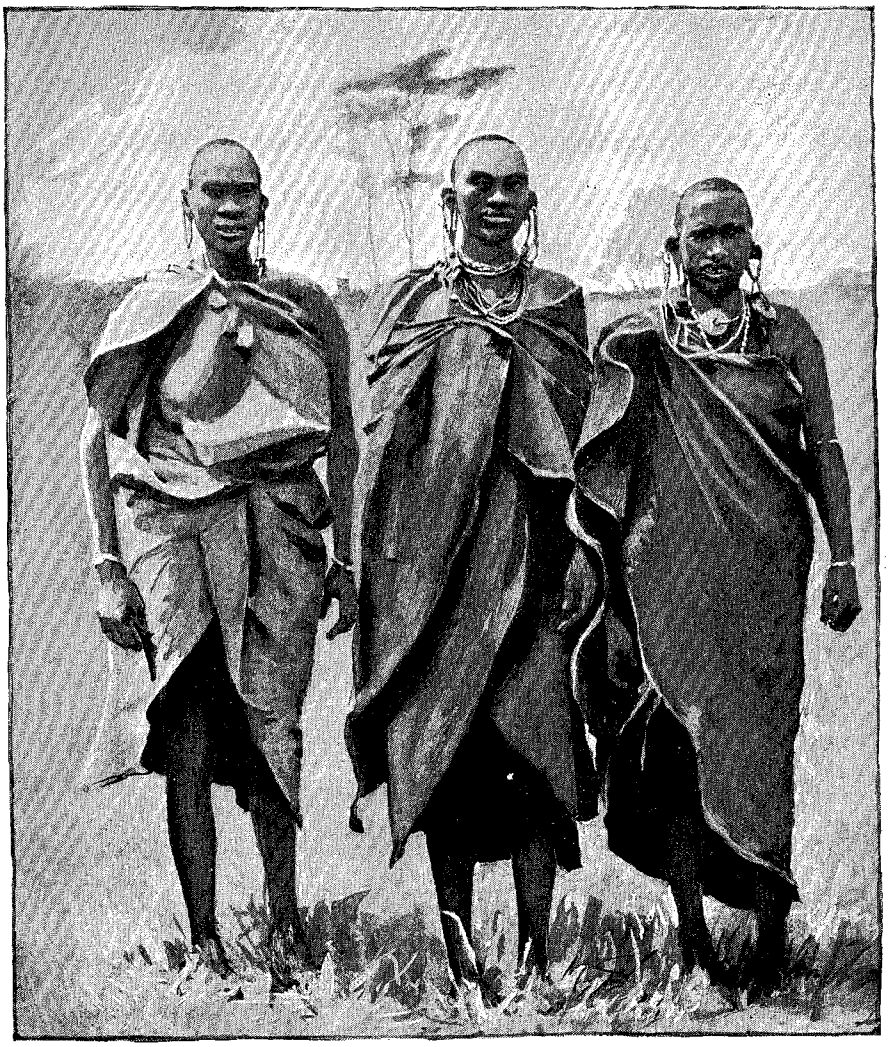

Masai Married Women.

through a seemingly impenetrable mass of undergrowth. On all sides were murmuring streams. Glimpses there were of huts embowered in bush and creepers, of plots of ground cultivated for the use of man, of banana-groves loaded with golden fruit. There were greetings from the owners of this seemingly enchanted land, men who were naked and not ashamed, and who, in the secure depths of this forest fastness, fearing neither the ruthless spear of the Masai, nor the demon famine, "in glad idlesse throve." Cool, too, it was —"though in the depths it lay of burning Africa." Beside it rose the majestic mass of Kilimanjaro, its base scorched by tropic suns, its summit capped with eternal snows from which come icy streams and cool refreshing breezes to temper the heats of lower levels. To find such another spot as this idyllic district of Taveta, one must search for some far-off islet of a southern sea, haply yet preserved from the blight of European civilization.

At Taveta we remained for more than a fortnight, making excursions in the neighborhood and preparing for our next great step.

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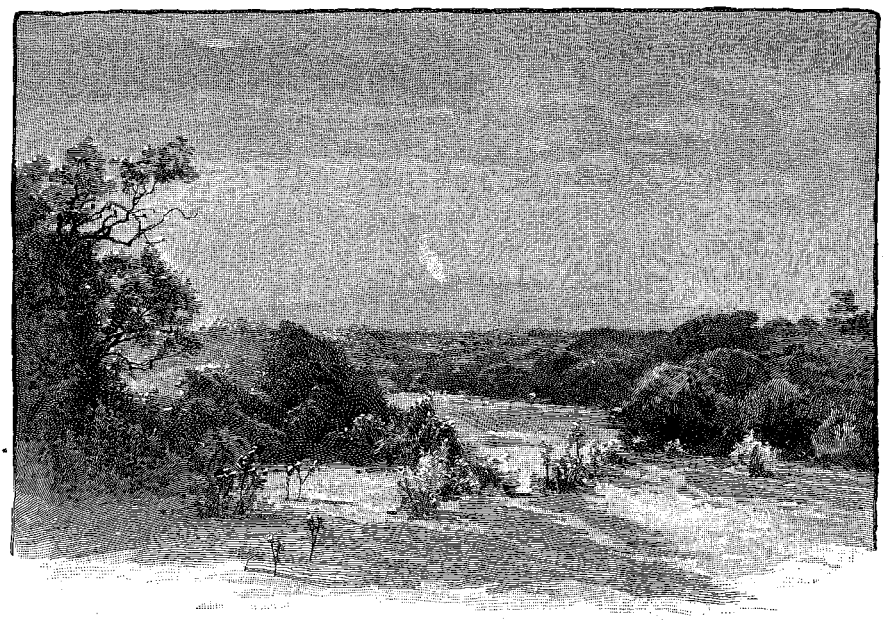
On the 17th of April we were ready to resume our march. So far all our troubles and dangers had been with the physical difficulties of the country and with the men. The latter were now safely landed in the interior and gave us less cause for anxiety, leaving us with a less burdened mind to face the new and unknown cares ahead of us.



Country near Mount Donyo Longonot.—The Crater in the Distance.

Our route on leaving Taveta lay round the southern foot of Kilimanjaro, the Mount Olympus of these parts. At this time we only got occasional glimpses of this king among mountains, as, for the most part, it lay swathed in clouds during the day, only at times raising its white summit from its vapory wrappings, and gleaming against the blue sky like some cloud of ineffable whiteness. Sometimes, however, at sunset or at dawn it emerged from its godlike seclusion, and, standing disrobed from base to summit, showed itself in all its awe-inspiring majesty, smiling under the bright rays of the rising or setting sun.

Our march round Kilimanjaro to the western "door" of Masai-land was as varied and interesting as that to Taveta had been worrying and arduous. We wound along grassy glades, or penetrated tracts of dense tropical forest. Hills gave place to dales, and dales to park-like tracts. Mountain torrents there were in painful numbers, always crossed with difficulty, and sometimes not without danger. The country teemed with big game—its only inhabitants. At times we heard of Masai armies on the war-path, and had to take refuge in the depths of the forest. On one of these occasions we fell into the hands of a noted mountain chieftain named Mandara, who treated us right royally, but did his best to send us empty away.

In this way we rounded Kilimanjaro, and on April 30th found ourselves emerging from the forest country. The Masai country, our promised land, spread itself out before us in great, grassy uplands, stretching away west and north till bounded on the distant horizon by isolated masses of mountains, chief among which is the fine conical Mount of Meru, a worthy opposing pillar to Kilimanjaro of the "gate" or "door" of Masai-land, on whose threshold we now stood.

It was on May 3d that we entered the mysterious and dreaded country,

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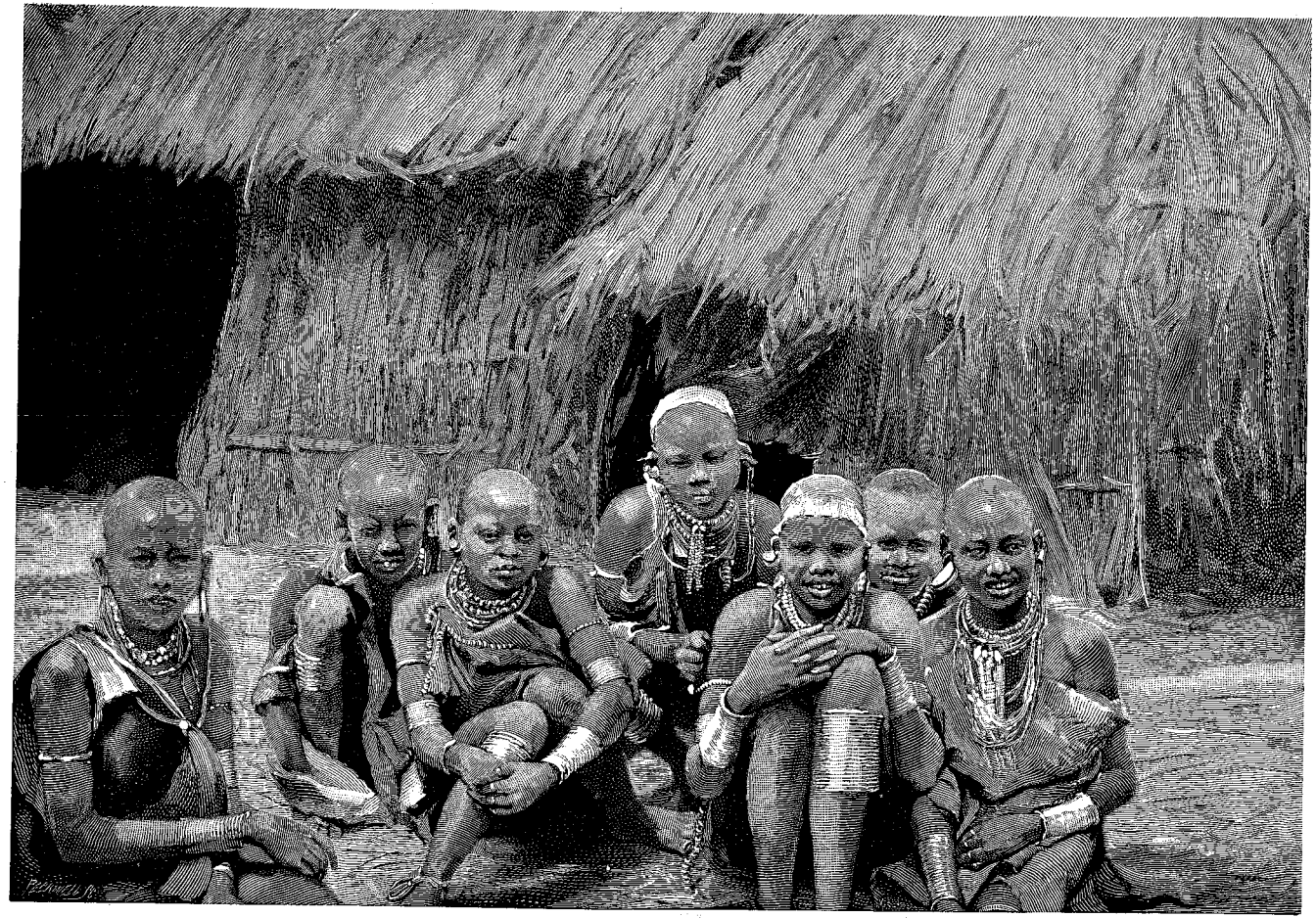

Girls at Lake Baringo, of a tribe originally Masai, now mixed.

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not without fear and trepidation. At our elevation of 6,000 feet an icy wind swept across the treeless plains, with an effect not expected so near the equator.

At first this rich and fertile region appeared to be given over wholly to big game. Rhinoceros, buffalo, zebra, wildebeest, antelope, ostrich, etc., were to be seen on all sides in astonishing numbers, in herds, groups, or solitary, according to the habits of the particular species. After a time evidences of other inhabitants could be descried, in the shape of dark, circular objects, from which rose curling smoke. These were the kraals of the Masai. As we continued our way we could see that our appearance had aroused a commotion among the inhabitants. Men were running from kraal to kraal, and others were congregating in groups. Soon the bolder or more curious of them began to run toward us, swinging their great shields at their sides, their enormous spears glancing brightly in the sun. We were speedily face to face with the redoubtable warriors, listening to their strange greetings, touching amicably their greasy hands. Our fears were for the time allayed by our reception, and we forgot their reputation in our admiration of their magnificent physique.

By midday we had camped in the neighborhood of the Masai kraals, in a curve of the ice-cold waters of the Ngaré N'Erobi. There we stacked our goods, and while some remained to guard, the rest cut down acacia-trees and built a strong fence. Thus fortified, we were prepared to await the development of events. Unhappily, the promise of our reception was sadly belied by the realization. The warriors gathered in hundreds from all sides, and enormous demands were made on our goods as payment for a right of way through the land. One warrior drew his sword upon me, because I pushed him away when carrying his investigation of my person somewhat beyond bounds. Everyone had to remain in arms. There were continual attempts to steal, horseplay of the most trying description, ugly rushes which seemed as if they would lead to bloodshed and general battle.

Camp of Mr. Thomson's Party at Kikuyu.

Worse than all, we heard of a fight which had taken place before with a large caravan that had preceded us, in which some Masai had been killed, and we were made to understand that they would probably take their revenge on us. Next day matters became worse. We heard of a general gathering of the clans and a probable attack

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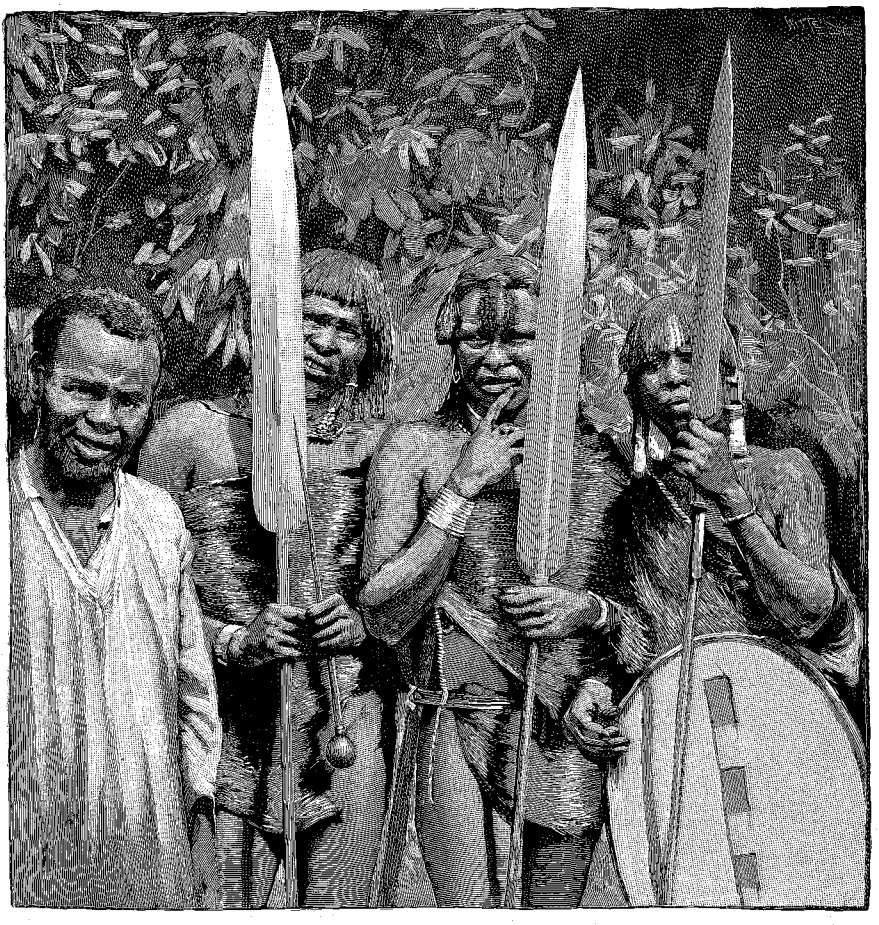

Three Masai Warriors and a Coast Trader.

upon us on the following morning. The decision I had now to come to was a difficult one. Was I to throw down the gauntlet and go in for a policy of battle and adventure, or retreat and try by another way. To fight once would be to fight ever after, and that was not what I was sent to do in Masai-land; but then, to turn back would have a demoralizing effect on my men, while there was no guarantee that any other road would be any freer from obstacles for such an inadequate force as I had at my command. All things considered, I elected to go back to Taveta, and try by the opposite side of Kilimanjaro.

To avoid a collision, otherwise inevitable, we resolved to leave at night. Everything was arranged as usual; but as soon as darkness had set in and the warriors had retired to their kraals, our preparations were quietly made. Happily the night was dark and stormy, with distant mutterings of thunder and flashes of lightning. As soon as everything was still in the kraal we hauled down the tent, the men laid hold of their loads, and then, like phantoms, we stole from our camp-fires into the pitch darkness of night, and commenced our flight. The darkness was so great that the men were compelled to keep almost within touch of each other, while I went ahead, compass in hand, and bull's-eye lantern to read by under cover. For the first quarter of an hour we had every reason to fear that our donkeys might bray, or the Masai watch-dogs scent us and raise the alarm. Happily nothing of the kind

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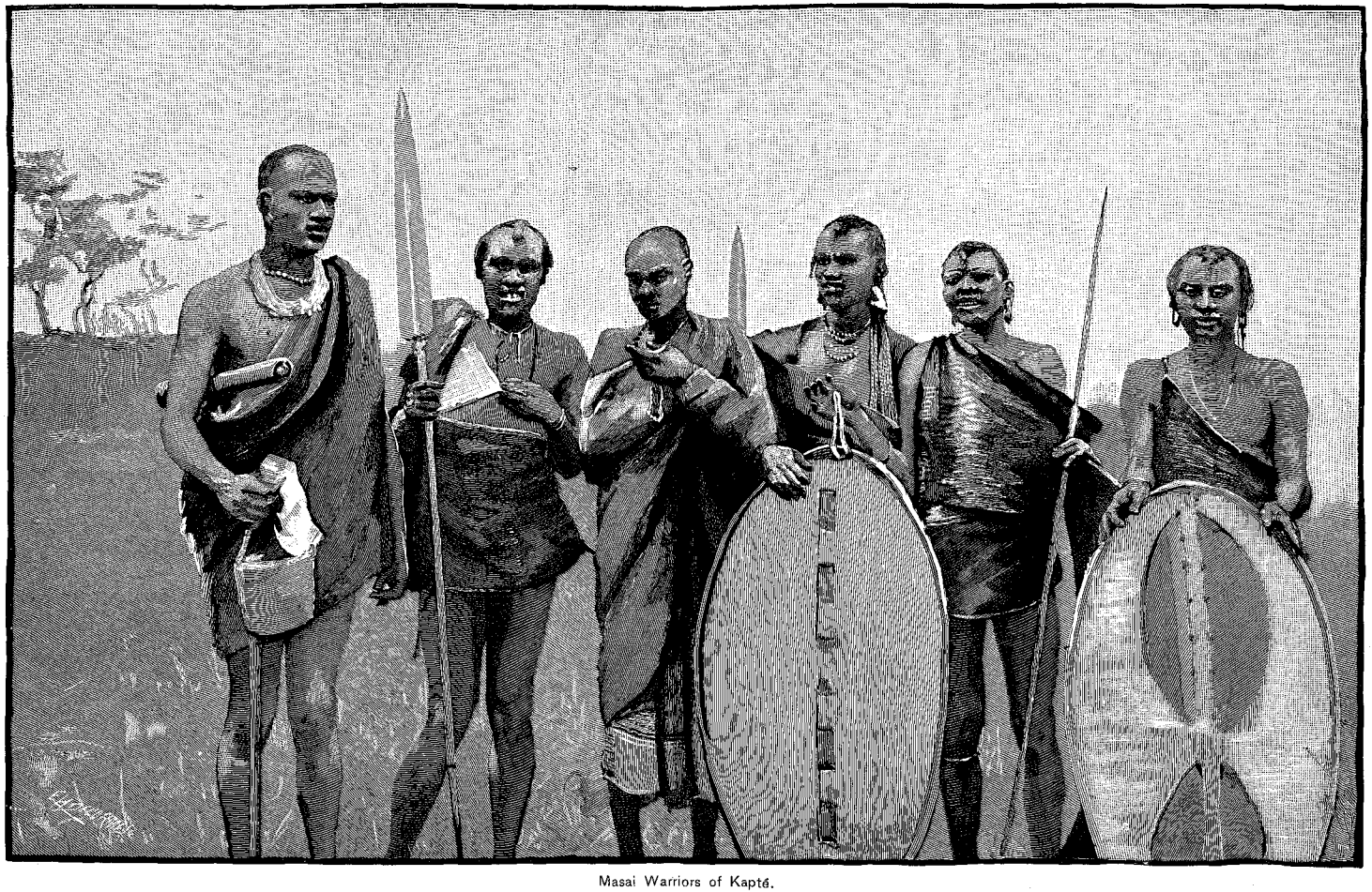

Masai Warriors of Kapté.
(The man on the left wears the costume of a married man ; the third from the left is a Swahiti trader.)

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occurred, and, once clear of the kraals, we breathed again and stepped out more briskly, though ever stumbling and tripping over thorns and stones, or, still worse, into holes. Then, as if to hide our retreat, the storm that had been brewing over Kilimanjaro burst, and deluged us with rain, while deafening and blinding us with thunder and lightning. We did not grumble, however, for we felt that it added to our safety.

It was in this fashion that we recrossed the threshold of Masai-land, and, drenched and crushed morally and physically, crawled into the huts of our former camp. Four days later we reentered Taveta.

It must be confessed my case was sufficiently desperate at this time, and it required all the sanguineness of my temperament not to feel utterly beaten. I had not, however, lost my faith in Micawber's maxim, that "something would turn up," and I set about repairing the results of my retreat as expeditiously as possible. More goods must be got, and as many more men as possible. To do this there was nothing for it but to make a run to Mombasa, and yet it was dangerous to leave my men. They demanded to be led to the coast, and threatened to desert. I replied by taking possession of all their weapons, and placing them in charge of a reliable guard. Thus unarmed they were helpless, and some prompt disciplinary action speedily brought them to their senses.

Two days after my arrival at Taveta I started for Mombasa with ten selected men. In two days and a half we reached the mission house of Ndara, a distance by the road of nearly ninety miles. Next day we resumed our march, intending to stop half-way to Duruma. The water puddle we expected to find, however, was dry, and we deemed it best to go on till we reached water. We had started at five in the morning, and travelled all day without cessation. We now, waterless and foodless, continued our way throughout the long weary night, till, at three in the morning, after having tramped continuously for twenty-two hours, we—that is, I and one man, for the others had fallen dead-beat—reached water among some rocks, where, after drinking to the bursting point, we lay down on the hard rocks to fall asleep in the drenching rain which now fell, too tired with our seventy-mile walk under a scorching sun to mind anything. Four hours after the other men had straggled in, refreshed by the rainfall; and after staying the pangs of hunger with some boiled Indian corn, we resumed our march, doing between fifteen and twenty miles. Next day we re-entered Mombasa, to the alarm and astonishment of the missionaries, having covered a distance of considerably over two hundred miles in five and a half marches, on boiled Indian corn.

On June 19th I once more started for Taveta, with a small caravan of sixty-eight men. On reaching Bura, in Teita, I resolved to take two men and push ahead to Taveta, and send back water and assistance to meet the heavily laden porters. This march of nearly sixty miles we completed in sixteen hours, though it became chiefly memorable from an exceedingly narrow escape I had of being carried away by a lion, while resting for a short time in the middle of the night.

My relief was great, on re-entering the forest shades of Taveta, to find my caravan as I had left it, thanks to the tact and judicious treatment of Martin. Another load of anxiety was taken off my mind on hearing that a trading caravan from Pangani had arrived at Taveta, en route for Masai-land. Before the day was out I had conferred with its leaders, and had come to an arrangement by which we would travel together till we got fairly into the country, after which each one was to take his own way.

For my second attempt to enter Masai-land, I found myself with only 140 men, who carried 44 loads of iron, brass, and copper wire, 22 of various kinds of beads, 8 of cloth, 8 of ammunition, 11 of stores, and about 20 of all other kinds.

It was July 17th when we once more left Taveta behind us. On this occasion we travelled north, along the eastern aspect of Kilimanjaro, whose base we skirted. The country we passed through was one of extreme fertility,



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mostly grassy savannas, mottled with groves and fringing strips of trees along the streams flowing from the snowy heights. Lying thus open to Masai attacks, there were, of course, no inhabitants; but we had no reason to complain of their absence. Time after time the mountaineers came down from their fastnesses in howling multitudes, dancing wild fandangoes, indicative of the pleasure it would afford them to make us into mincemeat if they could but see their way. Happily, as that was not quite clear to them, and as we felt quite safe, we rather enjoyed their presence, as a savagely romantic adjunct to our march.

In other ways we had no reason to complain of want of incident. On one occasion we stalked an animal in the bush, which, being only partially seen, one thinks is a lion, another a rhinoceros, a third a buffalo. The excitement becomes intense as we near our game, till, on the point of firing, our presence becomes known, and the shaggy head and huge ears of a strayed donkey is seen, while the welkin rings with the commonplace "hee-haw," which completes our discomfiture. Time after time, rhinoceros, which are here plentiful, suddenly awaken from a noonday siesta, charge the caravan, and scatter it to the winds. Trying to stop the headlong progress of one of those brutes, I have a narrow escape of being skied, but escape by a lucky jump aside. Again, a buffalo—old, solitary, and consequently vicious—appears in the midst of our camp, with all the effect of a shell expected to burst. Before one man can escape, he is tossed and badly lacerated, and another is knocked down. A heavily loaded donkey coming in its way is thrown in the air like a cork, ripped open, and a second blow on the head mashes it to jelly. There are a number of narrow escapes before we recover from the first panic, and, finally, with a hundred bullets, despatch the dangerous brute.

Where there are no inhabitants food has to be obtained by the rifle, and time after time, though no sportsman, I have to stalk rhinoceros and buffalo, to the imminent danger of my life. But we are called to encounter other dangers than those from wild beasts and equally wild men. On one occasion, while camped in the midst of a dense jungle, the dried grass is fired by the natives to windward, and the conflagation comes down upon us with terrific speed and an appalling roar. For dear life we have to seize sticks and branches, and go forth to battle with the flames in the midst of an extraordinary scene of excitement and panic. Happily we come out victorious, blackened and scorched, it is true, but with no lives lost, and only some goods destroyed.

These and similar incidents marked our second approach to Masai-land, but being more hopeful of a successful issue to our enterprise, they seemed only to add to our enjoyment of the march. On August 14th we once more came into communication with the Masai, though only with a few graybeards. They brought the pleasant news that all the warriors of the surrounding country were away on various distant expeditions, leaving only the children and married people. This was good news to hear, not so much because the absence of the warriors lessened our dangers, as that we would have less "hongo," or "right-of-way tax," to pay—one of the most onerous of the charges which fall upon the trader and explorer who wants to travel peaceably.

Our road thus cleared, we marched on with more confidence. With our entrance into Masai-land we began to leave Kilimanjaro behind us. A weird, flat expanse of barren sand stretched before us, painful to see in its repellent monotony. Hardly a single green tree was to be seen, only a few gaunt skeleton trunks, in harmony with the blasted ribs of rock which here and there rose above the surface. Over all hung a haze, lending a ghastly glamour to the scene, and adding to the strange effects. The mirage also helped to give a further air of unreality to the landscape, projecting bits of it against the sky, making game walk in mid-air, and spreading before us illusory lakes and ponds. Bounding this plain of Njiri—the dried-up bed of an ancient lake—there rose from the quivering gray sheen the bounding masses of Kilimanjaro and Meru in the south, Donyo Erok and

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Ndapduk in the north, and the Kyulu Mountains in the east, all alike majestically spectral in their clothing of vapory gauze.

Unmolested, and encountering only a few herdsmen, we crossed Njiri in five days, and, reaching the base of Donyo Erok (the Black Mountain), found ourselves at last among considerable numbers of Masai.

From this time forth our life was anything but a happy one—it would, indeed, have been intolerable, but that everything was so strange and new. It required all our devotion to duty, all our patience and good-nature, to stand the trials we were subjected to by the arrogant savages, who had long learnt to consider themselves the lords of creation. They could not be expected to understand that my appearance was portentous with the fate of their tribe, that a new and terrible factor had been launched into their midst, and that I was but the forerunner of that terribly ruthless demon, "Civilization." Happy in their unconsciousness of their fate, they treated me as something phenomenal, it is true, but with that lack of reverence and fear which characterizes those at home, who pay their shilling to see the latest human monstrosity, and thank God they are not like him or her. To give some idea of our experiences in Masai-land, I think I cannot do better than sketch a typical day's proceedings.

The moment a suitable camping ground is reached, the loads are stacked and, with astonishing rapidity, born of fear and daily drill, a strong circular thorn fence is built, inside which we feel safe—yet not quite safe, for no man dares lay down his gun or leave a single article exposed to the clutches of the thievish warriors. These may be prevented from stealing, but cannot be punished if caught in the act; so that for them the attempt is only rare sport—for us, a constant source of danger and worry. Soon the natives begin to appear. First the women and married men arrive, the former with clean shaved heads, neck and breast loaded with chain and bead necklets, body enveloped in dressed ox-hide, and arms and legs covered with thick iron wire coiled continuously round, to the weight of from twenty to thirty pounds. Their features are good, with but little trace of the negro, while their bearing is, compared with the negro, distinctly aristocratic. The married men, or elders, are more scantily dressed, usually in a kaross of monkey or hyrax skin, which partially covers the body, but with little regard to decency.

As the day wears on, parties of warriors arrive from the various districts, resplendent in red clay and grease, with which they are liberally plastered—almost their only dress. Nothing else covers their magnificent forms but a small kid-skin over the shoulders. They march in single file, holding their enormous spears—blades two feet and a half long—vertically in their hands, their buffalo-hide shields depending at their sides. They chant a war-song in stentorian tones, and go through a variety of evolutions, which show in this rudimentary drill their military instincts. The question of the "hongo" has now to be settled, with much decorous speechifying, for, like the North American Indians, they are born orators. The amount settled, the iron wire and beads are sometimes divided amicably, sometimes thrown into the midst of the warriors to be fought for as by beasts of prey. On these occasions blood is frequently drawn.

With the settlement of the hongo our greatest trials commence. The warriors flock into the camp to see what can be stolen, and what there is worthy of note. Naturally I am the cynosure of every eye, and, being modest, would prefer the privacy of my tent; but they overrule my objection, and it becomes necessary to do violence to my feelings and place myself *en évidence*. They crowd round about me in a stinking circle, laying their filthy paws on my person, stroking my cheek, feeling if my nose is of the same make as theirs, anxious even to see my teeth. They turn up my sleeve or my trousers to make sure that it is not a part of me, and the sight of my white skin gives them delicious thrills of horror—it looks so strangely dreadful.

Matters would be worse, but that the dignity that doth hedge in the civilized

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European, of whom I am the accredited representative, gradually impresses even their rude minds, and they mutter to themselves that the gods have descended among them. Certainly to them I am a great Lybon, or medicine-man. They make no demands upon my scanty medicine-chest. They come to me like pious Catholics to springs of healing virtue, and they ask to be spat upon to be made whole and blessed forever after. The situation is trying enough in all conscience, but what can I do? It may be repugnant to my feelings, but it is an honor and a pleasure to them, and my good-nature makes it as impossible for me to resist the mute appeal of the venerable graybeard, as the piquant up-turned nose of the Masai maiden. To the former it is something to boast of to his children, to the latter it is more precious than a kiss, a form of caress unknown to them.

This remarkable practice, so repugnant to all our ideas, is not merely medicinal. The stranger is thus greeted in sign of amity and friendship. To spit on your friend is a special mark of affection; to an enemy it is like offering salt among the Arabs. It is the final seal to a bargain, as it is also a lover's caress. Of course, life would have been intolerable if they had practised upon me, but happily they only went through the form.

This practice was only one of many remarkable customs characteristic of the Masai, as, for instance, that all the young men and women—between the ages of fourteen and thirty-five among the former—live together in villages apart from the children and married people. During this period the men are warriors, and devote their whole attention to cattle-lifting. Their diet is absolutely nothing but meat and milk, though these are never taken together, so many days being devoted to the one and so many to the other. The Masai are nomad in their habits, moving about according to the pasturage. Their sole subsistence depends upon their cattle-rearing and cattle-lifting. They always fight in the open and at close quarters, with their terrible spears and brain-crushers—a fact which explains the secret of the terror they inspire among the more cowardly and cover-loving tribes who surround them.

The moment a warrior feels that he is declining in strength he marries, passes his honeymoon in a woman's dress, and then devotes himself to rearing a new brood of warriors.

Their remarkable customs cannot very well be dealt with here, but sufficient has been said to point them out as a unique African race, though having almost no affinities with the negro.

Such are the people who daily crowd into our camp and make life a burden to us. No one dares venture out alone, and I, myself, Lybon as I am, require an escort if I go beyond the gate. The afternoon is one frightful turmoil—haggling over the sale of donkeys and bullocks, dangerous wrangles and rows, ever-attempted thefts, and the almost unbearable horse-play of the warriors, who amuse themselves trying the courage of our men with feigned thrusts of their daggers. The young unmarried women, lovers of the warriors, are almost a greater source of danger, for they jeer at the Zanzibaris, and incite their knights to further annoyances. They, indeed, have been the cause of more caravan massacres—and there have been many—than the innate bloodthirstiness of the warriors themselves.

With sunset comes a measure of comfort and quiet. The gate of the camp is securely blocked, and henceforth there is neither ingress nor egress. The guns are laid aside, fires lit, and pots set aboiling. A load seems taken off every man's mind and general cheerfulness prevails, till, round the glowing camp-fires, jokes and stories emanate from the circle of men, who look romantically picturesque in their white dresses, their black faces lit up with the ruddy glow. Guards patrol inside the fence, occasionally challenging a prowling Masai, or firing a warning gun, producing for a moment a death-like silence, a muttered question or two, till, nothing coming of it, the cheerful hum and laugh make glad the camp once more. Three hours after sunset the men have stretched themselves out to sleep, and then is heard only the low talk of the guards, or the champing noise of ruminating or feeding cattle. Outside, however, the night

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is made hideous by the horrid cries of hyenas, jackals, and, more rarely, of lions, attracted in large numbers by the scent of blood and the savory fumes arising from roasting meat; and so ends a day in Masai-land.

From Donyo Erok our route lay north by east, through the semi-barren, acacia-clad country of Matumbato. As we advanced the Masai became more numerous and more troublesome in proportion. More than once we thought a fight was inevitable, but, as has been invariably my experience in Africa, means were found to avoid bloodshed.

For the first five marches we crossed some broken country, which forms the commencement of a flanking section of land that, farther north, develops into the dignity of a plateau. On the sixth march we descended to what we may call the Masai plains, a narrow tract of land running like a broad, shallow trough through the plateau, dividing it into an eastern and western section. Once more, however, we reascended the higher uplands, for the purpose of putting ourselves in communication with a tribe of agriculturists, called Wa-kikuyu, to collect grain for our further advance. The flesh diet on which we had lived for some time was beginning to tell upon us, and vegetable food had become imperative.

The change from the burnt-up, dreary country we had so far traversed, to the breezy heights of the Kapté plateau was delicious in the extreme. We found ourselves on a fine, rolling plain, knee-deep in grass, and diversified with the most charming woodlands. Conifers and calodendrons gave a markedly temperate aspect to the scene, not belied by the cool temperature. Everywhere were springs and rushing streams. Altogether the country seemed a perfect Eden, after the repellent tracts and scorching heats we had just left.

At the outskirts of the Kikuyu forest we camped. As its inhabitants had the reputation of being the most treacherous and intractable of savages, we had to devote two days to the construction of a strong palisade round our camp, before we attempted to open communication with them.

The task of collecting food was no easy matter in this wild district, as we had to penetrate the dense forests to find the treacherous natives, who thus tried to lure us to possible destruction. All our dealings had more the aspect of war than marketing, and were continually marked by ugly rushes, of panics, and ranging up in battle array, till once more explanations were exchanged, a relaxation of the threatening ensued, and the buying and selling were resumed, weapons in hand. In this lively fashion a fortnight was consumed before we gathered all the food we calculated would be required for nearly a month.

On September 21st we resumed our journey. Our first march was one of much danger, as we had to traverse a part of the Kikuyu forest. We speedily found that the woods were swarming with Wa-kikuyu, bent on plunder and murder; and, heavily loaded as we were, hampered with a herd of cattle and many donkeys, and necessarily moving in a long narrow line, we had every cause for anxiety; and still more so at night, when we were compelled to camp in the forest without a protecting fence. That night was one of the liveliest in our experience, as incessant attempts were made to stampede our cattle; and what with the darkness of the forest, an accompaniment of drenching rain and fearful thunderstorm, an almost continuous fusillade of guns and shouts of men, it proved to be one not easily forgotten.

The morning showed that we had suffered no very serious losses, and we contrived to get away from the dreaded district without further misadventure. We had no desire, however, to pass another night in the neighborhood, and, though our men were all excessively overloaded—having to carry eight days' food in addition to their ordinary loads—we pushed on all day. Late in the afternoon we reached the edge of the plateau once more, and I stood riveted by the impressive spectacle presented to me. Below was the northern extension of the Masai plain, from which rose two remarkable extinct volcanoes, one of them a most beautifully preserved crater. Away beyond was the opposing escarpment of the western plateau.

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We had little time to stand and admire the picture, for the sun was rapidly setting, our camp was still far off, and our men rapidly breaking down. Considering ourselves now safe from the Wa-kikuyu, the usual order of march was suspended, and every man allowed to push on as he pleased. The bottom of the escarpment was reached by many about sunset, but still there was some distance to go. The shades of night had fallen when an extraordinary thing happened. One or more lions attacked our donkeys and produced an astounding panic. The porters threw down their loads; the cattle stampeded; the donkeys did the same, braying lustily. Some of the latter were shot down, in the belief that they were lions. The whole caravan was scattered to the winds, and only a few men contrived to get to the camping-ground, the rest spending the night up trees or in other places of security. To collect loads and animals, and otherwise repair the disasters of that night, necessitated a halt of three days.

Two more marches brought us to Lake Naivasha, visiting the remarkable volcanic crater of Donyo Longonot on the way.

We had here a very annoying and anxious time among the Masai, who swarmed in the neighborhood; still, in spite of everything, I was able to visit the steaming mountain of Buru.

After five days' detention at Naivasha, arranging the right-of-way question, we continued our way north along the meridional trough. At a small lake, called Elmeteita, I determined to make the hazardous attempt to reach the snow-clad peak of Kenia—a mountain long heard of but not hitherto seen. To do this I resolved to take only thirty men, lightly loaded, so that we could move about less conspicuously, and more easily hide in the forests when necessary.

We started on this dangerous expedition on October 6th, and that same day camped once more in the dense, mist-draped forest jungles of the plateau, here called Lykipia.

On the second day we were astonished to find the whole country littered with the carcases of dead cattle, which compelled us to travel with our fingers clutching our noses. We soon learned that a pestilence was raging and carrying off the Masai herds in myriads, reducing their owners to despair and starvation. A more unfortunate time I could not have selected to enter the country. To get along at all I had to exercise all my wits to keep up my character as a "Lybon," or medicine-man. My best "property" in this charlatan business was a couple of artificial teeth which I had the good luck to possess, and which I manipulated so effectively that all doubts as to my character were silenced. The incident has been since humorously employed by a recent novelist, but to us at the time the trick was a matter of deadly earnest. For a time, however, it seemed that I was likely to be "hoist with my own petard," for the Masai were so struck with my wonder-working powers, that they concluded I could cure their cattle and wanted to detain me till the cure was effected.

It is quite impossible, in the limits of this paper, to tell how we escaped from this and other difficulties and dangers; how life was made a veritable burden to us, and we were compelled for days together to live on horrible diseased meat that the very hyenas would not touch. Suffice it to say that we forgot them all when we finally reached the base of Mount Kenia. Like pious Moslem pilgrims before the sacred stone of Mecca, we paid our homage to the heaven-kissing mountain, and stood entranced before its awful beauty, as the snowy pinnacles caught the last rays of the sun, and shone with dazzling crystalline purity, till the after-glow and the chastened light of evening invested it with new charms, and night finally hid it from our view.

We had but little time to spend, however, about Kenia. Our position became so intolerable and dangerous that we resolved to fly in the middle of the night, and face the dangers of the wilderness rather than endure the Masai any longer. For eight days we traversed an uninhabited forest, aiming for Lake Baringo, where my caravan had been directed to proceed under Martin. This lake as yet had no place in our maps, and its position we could

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only conjecture; nevertheless, by a happy chance, we went straight for it, and for the third time we found ourselves on the edge of the plateau, looking down on the continuation of the meridional trough, with Baringo gleaming at our feet. We did not, however, reach our goal without misadventure, as I and two of my men got separated, and we had to spend a night by ourselves, contriving to reach Baringo next day, to find all safe and well. The rest of my men did not get in till two days later, having been unable to find a place to descend the escarpment.

At Baringo the last stage of my journey to Victoria Nyanza commenced. This new exploit had to be attempted in the face of the fact that the last three trading caravans which had preceded us had each lost more than a hundred men by violence, and yet all the men at my command amounted to that number. Trusting, however, in my ability to make the natives understand that we had nothing in common with slave-making traders, I determined to hazard the attempt.

Our line of route was now nearly due west, across a sharp range of high mountains named Kamasia, then up the precipitous face of the western plateau escarpment. The summit attained, we had five days' travelling over an uninhabited grassy plain, abounding in game.

On November 28th we entered Kavirondo, and found ourselves in a thickly inhabited country, where the people were agricultural, lived in beehive-shaped huts, and went absolutely naked, unless a little tuft of cord worn by the married women, and having a ludicrous resemblance to an animal's tail, could be designated a dress or article of clothing. Though in some danger of an attack at first, we speedily made it clear that we had nothing in common with the traders, and thenceforth we passed comparatively unmolested through the country, though all our tact and diplomacy were required to avoid collisions on more than one occasion.

On December 11th I had the supreme joy of bathing in the waters of the north-east corner of the Nyanza, no great distance from the point where the Nile leaves the lake. I would have proceeded to the lake's exit, but for news I gathered that I would inevitably fall into the clutches of the King of Uganda, who objected to his dominions being entered by the back door. I therefore resolved to return. Unhappily, Bishop Hannington, some two years after, following my footsteps and utterly disregarding my warnings and advice, marched with incredible rashness to the fate which befell him, a few miles west of my farthest point.

On Christmas-day, 1883, I commenced my return to the coast, taking a more northerly route to Baringo. On the 28th we reached the volcanic mountain of Elgon, chiefly remarkable for its great series of artificial caves cut out of the compact volcanic rock, and which I consider to be the work of the ancient Egyptians, as it is quite impossible to believe that the savages who now *build their villages* in them could have excavated these enormous galleries.

On the last day of the year, while hunting for my New-Year's dinner, an adventure befell me which nearly closed my days with the dying year. I had brought down a buffalo, and, thinking it disabled and helpless, I proceeded to make sure of my spoil. I had almost reached it before it seemed aware of my presence, when, with a grunt of vengeful significance, it was on its feet. Instinctively I turned and fled, happily presenting my rear to its inevitable onslaught. A few seconds, and its horn caught me in the hip, penetrated several inches, just grazing the femoral artery, and sending me twirling overhead like a bolt from a catapult. In my fall I got a couple of ribs broken, and thus lay stunned and helpless. I was aware, however, of its approach to finish me off, and I closed my eyes, thinking my days were numbered. Some seconds passed, and I was still alive. Opening my eyes, I found the brute lying dead beside me, and then I fainted away from loss of blood.

Since then a sportsman in Masai-land has been killed under precisely similar circumstances.

After this misadventure I had to be carried on a stretcher across the wilderness, till, reaching the mountains, I was able partly to ride, partly to walk.

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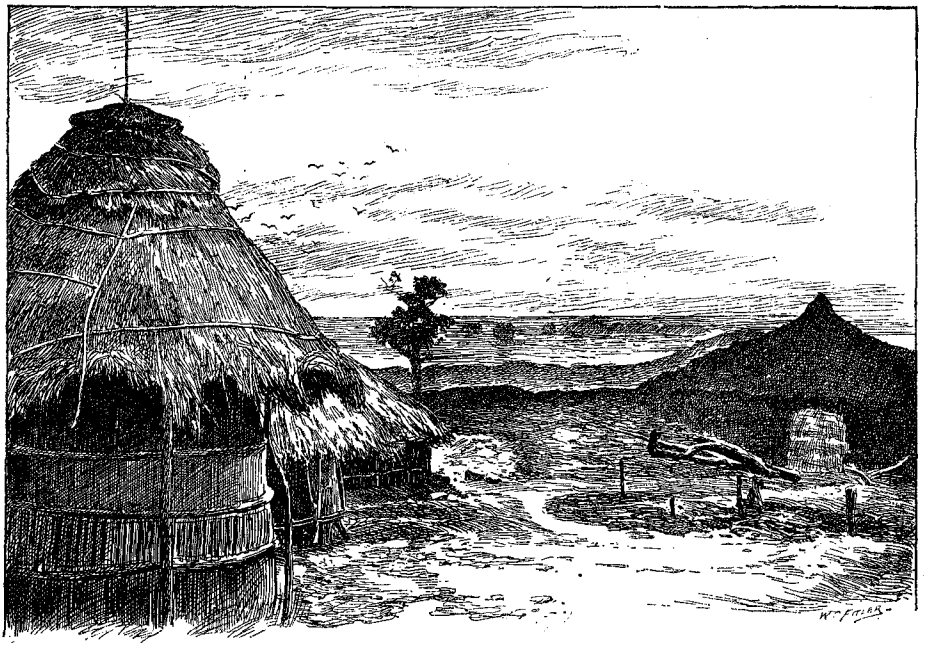

Northeast Corner of Lake Victoria Nyanza, near where Bishop Hannington was murdered.

At Baringo, where we arrived safely, I soon recovered, and then went off on an exploring and hunting expedition to the north, from which I returned with the first dread symptoms of dysentery. On commencing the homeward march, on February 22d, I was able to walk; on the two following days I felt very ill, and had to ride altogether. After that I had to be supported on the donkey, and by the time I reached Naivasha I was completely done up. Here I lay several days at the point of death, and then I seemed to get better, and would, indeed, have been soon all right, but that it was imperative to move up to the plateau to get food from the Wa-kikuyu, and escape from the Masai.

At Mianzini I had a relapse, and lay hovering between life and death for nearly two months, under the most distressing circumstances. At last, seeing no hope of recovery where I was, I resolved—if die I must—to die attempting to reach the coast, expecting, indeed, that a single day's jolting would finish me off and end my misery. To my surprise I began to recover slightly, and new hope of life took possession of me. We returned to our old camping-ground in Kikuyu, and there struck a new route to the coast through Ukamba-ni. This was much shorter, and, as far as the people were concerned, safer; but, unfortunately, we had to reckon unexpectedly with a famine, and we had a terrible struggle to keep alive, the men gladly eating skins or anything they could put their teeth through, if it promised some little nutriment. But with it all they tramped along like heroes, without a grumble, carrying me with devoted affection.

Ndara, in Teita, was reached on May 21st, where the missionary was so good as to give me a cupful of rice from his stores, while my starved men had to content themselves with sugar-cane. Three days later we reached Rabai, and, the first time for three months, I was able to walk a hundred yards, sustained by the new hope of life which the sight of the ocean gave me. Thus ended our journey of exploration through Masai-land. In attempting to sketch it, my aim has been to tell what we saw rather than what we experienced, and what a journey of exploration into an unknown district of Africa means.

Events march quickly in these days. The land so recently explored has already come under the "sphere of Brit-

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ish influence," and is the field of operations of a powerful commercial company, who expect great things in the future, if not in the present.

Europe is still tingling with the fame and the wonder of Stanley's heroic march from the Congo to the Albert Nyanza. While giving all due praise to the almost unparalleled feat, and recognizing that none but Stanley could have done it, it yet cannot but be a matter of genuine regret to all who know the subject, that he was tempted to take that route, instead of the one which General Gordon, Sir Samuel Baker, and Emin Pasha hold to be the route of the future, as a permanent means of communication between the Upper Nile provinces and Europe. That route I explored without the loss of a single man by violence, and found to be healthy, free from any serious obstacles, admirably adapted for all kinds of transport animals, including the camel. It is my belief that if Stanley had taken this route those disastrous losses in men and goods which befell him would have been avoided, the work would have been done in half the time, and a practicable route would have been opened—an all-important work still to be done, and which must yet be done if the great work commenced by Sir Samuel Baker, carried on by General Gordon, and solidified and extended by Emin Pasha, is not to be sacrificed, and the people once more given up to all the horrors of the slave-trade.

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# THE LAST GIUSTINIANI.

*By Edith Wharton.*

O WIFE, wife, wife! As if the sacred name
Could weary one with saying! Once again
Laying against my brow your lips' soft flame,
Join with me, Sweetest, in love's new refrain,
Since the whole music of my late-found life
Is that we call each other "husband—wife."

And yet, stand back, and let your cloth of gold
Straighten its sumptuous lines from waist to knee,
And, flowing firmly outward, fold on fold,
Invest your slim young form with majesty
As when, in those calm bridal robes arrayed,
You stood beside me, and I was afraid.

I was afraid—O sweetness, whiteness, youth,
Best gift of God, I feared you! I, indeed,
For whom all womanhood has been, forsooth,
Summed up in the sole Virgin of the Creed,
I thought that day our Lady's self stood there
And bound herself to me with vow and prayer.

Ah, yes, that day. I sat, remember well,
Half-crook'd above a missal, and laid in
The gold-leaf slowly; silence in my cell;
The picture, Satan tempting Christ to sin
Upon the mount's blue, pointed pinnacle,
The world outspread beneath as fair as hell—

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When suddenly they summoned me. I stood
Abashed before the Abbot, who reclined
Full-bellied in his chair beneath the rood,
And roseate with having lately dined;
And then—I standing there abashed—he said:
"The house of Giustiniani all lie dead."

It scarcely seemed to touch me (I had led
A grated life so long) that oversea
My kinsmen in their knighthood should lie dead,
Nor that this sudden death should set me free,
Me, the last Giustiniani—well, what then?
A monk!—The Giustiniani had been men.

So when the Abbot said: "The State decrees
That you, the latest scion of the house
Which died in vain for Venice overseas,
Should be exempted from your sacred vows,
And straightway, when you leave this cloistered place,
Take wife, and add new honors to the race,"

I hardly heard him—would have crept again
To the warped missal—but he snatched a sword
And girded me, and all the heart of men
Rushed through me, as he laughed and hailed me lord,
And, with my hand upon the hilt, I cried,
"Viva San Marco!" like my kin who died.

But, straightway, when, a new-made knight, I stood
Beneath the bridal arch, and saw you come,
A certain monkish warping of the blood
Ran up and struck the man's heart in me dumb;
I breathed an Ave to our Lady's grace,
And did not dare to look upon your face.

And when we swept the waters side by side,
With timbrelled gladness clashing on the air,
I trembled at your image in the tide,
And warded off the devil with a prayer,
Still seeming in a golden dream to move
Through fiendish labyrinths of forbidden love.

But when they left us, and we stood alone,
I, the last Giustiniani, face to face
With your unvisioned beauty, made my own
In this, the last strange bridal of our race,
And, looking up at last to meet your eyes,
Saw in their depths the star of love arise,

Ah, then the monk's garb shrivelled from my heart,
And left me man to face your womanhood.
Without a prayer to keep our lips apart
I turned about and kissed you where you stood,
And gathering all the gladness of my life
Into a new-found word, I called you "wife!"

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# THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE

*By Robert Louis Stevenson.*

## XII.

THE JOURNEY IN THE WILDERNESS (*concluded*).

MOUNTAIN'S story, as it was laid before Sir William Johnson and my lord, was shorn, of course, of all the earlier particulars, and the expedition described to have proceeded uneventfully until the Master sickened. But the latter part was very forcibly related, the speaker visibly thrilling to his recollections; and our then situation, on the fringe of the same desert, and the private interests of each, gave him an audience prepared to share in his emotions. For Mountain's intelligence not only changed the world for my Lord Durrisdeer, but materially affected the designs of Sir William Johnson.

These I find I must lay more at length before the reader. Word had reached Albany of dubious import; it had been rumored some hostility was to be put in act; and the Indian diplomatist had, thereupon, sped into the wilderness, even at the approach of winter, to nip that mischief in the bud. Here, on the borders, he learned that he was come too late; and a difficult choice was thus presented to a man (upon the whole) not any more bold than prudent. His standing with the painted braves may be compared to that of my Lord President Culloden among the chiefs of our own Highlanders at "the 'forty-five;" that is as much as to say, he was, to these men, reason's only speaking-trumpet, and counsels of peace and moderation, if they were to prevail at all, must prevail singly through his influence. If, then, he should return, the province must lie open to all the abominable tragedies of Indian war—the houses blaze, the wayfarer be cut off, and the men of the woods collect their usual disgusting spoil of human scalps. On the other side, to go further forth, to risk so small a party deeper in the desert, to carry words of peace among warlike savages already rejoicing to return to war: here was an extremity from which it was easy to perceive his mind revolted.

"I have come too late," he said more than once, and would fall into a deep consideration, his head bowed in his hands, his foot patting the ground.

At length he raised his face and looked upon us, that is to say, upon my lord, Mountain, and myself, sitting close round a small fire, which had been made for privacy in one corner of the camp.

"My lord, to be quite frank with you, I find myself in two minds," said he. "I think it very needful I should go on, but not at all proper I should any longer enjoy the pleasure of your company. We are here still upon the water-side; and I think the risk to southward no great matter. Will not yourself and Mr. Mackellar take a single boat's crew and return to Albany?"

My lord, I should say, had listened to Mountain's narrative, regarding him throughout with a painful intensity of gaze; and since the tale concluded had sat as in a dream. There was something very daunting in his look; something to my eyes not rightly human; the face, lean and dark and aged; the mouth painful, the teeth disclosed in a perpetual rictus; the eyeball swimming clear of the lids upon a field of blood-shot white. I could not behold him myself without a jarring irritation, such as (I believe) is too frequently the uppermost feeling on the sickness of those dear to us. Others, I could not but remark, were scarce able to support his neighborhood—Sir William eviting to be near him, Mountain dodging his eye, and, when he met it, blenching and halting in his story. At this appeal, however, my lord appeared to recover his command upon himself.

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"To Albany?" said he, with a good voice.

"Not short of it, at least," replied Sir William. "There is no safety nearer hand."

"I would be very sweir * to return," says my lord. "I am not afraid—of Indians," he added, with a jerk.

"I wish that I could say so much," returned Sir William, smiling; "although, if any man durst say it, it should be myself. But you are to keep in view my responsibility, and that as the voyage has now become highly dangerous, and your business—if you ever had any," says he, "brought quite to a conclusion by the distressing family intelligence you have received, I should be hardly justified if I even suffered you to proceed, and run the risk of some obloquy if anything regrettable should follow."

My lord turned to Mountain. "What did he pretend he died of?" he asked.

"I don't think I understand your honor," said the trader, pausing like a man very much affected, in the dressing of some cruel frost-bites.

For a moment my lord seemed at a full stop; and then, with some irritation, "I ask you what he died of. Surely that's a plain question," said he.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mountain. "Hastie even never knew. He seemed to sicken natural, and just pass away."

"There it is, you see!" concluded my lord, turning to Sir William.

"Your lordship is too deep for me," replied Sir William.

"Why," says my lord, "this is a matter of succession; my son's title may be called in doubt; and the man being supposed to be dead, of nobody can tell what, a great deal of suspicion would be naturally roused."

"But, God damn me, the man's buried!" cried Sir William.

"I will never believe that," returned my lord, painfully trembling. "I'll never believe it!" he cried again, and jumped to his feet. "Did he *look* dead?" he asked of Mountain.

"Look dead?" repeated the trader. "He looked white. Why, what would he be at? I tell you I put the sods upon him."

My lord caught Sir William by the coat with a hooked hand. "This man has the name of my brother," says he, "but it's well understood that he was never canny."

"Canny?" says Sir William. "What is that?"

"He's not of this world," whispered my lord, "neither him nor the black deil that serves him. I have struck my sword throughout his vitals," he cried, "I have felt the hilt dirl † on his breast-bone, and the hot blood spirt in my very face, time and again, time and again!" he repeated, with a gesture indescribable. "But he was never dead for that," said he, and sighed aloud. "Why should I think he was dead now? No, not till I see him rotting," says he.

Sir William looked across at me, with a long face. Mountain forgot his wounds, staring and gaping.

"My lord," said I, "I wish you would collect your spirits." But my throat was so dry, and my own wits so scattered, I could add no more.

"No," says my lord, "it's not to be supposed that he would understand me. Mackellar does, for he kens all, and has seen him buried before now. This is a very good servant to me, Sir William, this man Mackellar; he buried him with his own hands—he and my father—by the light of two siller candlesticks. The other man is a familiar spirit; he brought him from Coromandel. I would have told ye this long syne, Sir William, only it was in the family." These last remarks he made with a kind of melancholy composure, and his time of aberration seemed to pass away. "You can ask yourself what it all means," he proceeded. "My brother falls sick, and dies, and is buried, as so they say; and all seems very plain. But why did the familiar go back? I think ye must see for yourself it's a point that wants some clearing."

"I will be at your service, my lord, in half a minute," said Sir William, rising. "Mr. Mackellar, two words with you," and he led me without the camp, the frost crunching in our steps, the trees standing at our elbow hoar with frost, even as on that night in the Long Shrubbery. "Of course, this is mid-

* Unwilling.

† Ring.

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summer madness?" said Sir William, so soon as we were gotten out of hearing.

"Why, certainly," said I. "The man is mad. I think that manifest."

"Shall I seize and bind him?" asked Sir William. "I will upon your authority. If these are all ravings, that should certainly be done."

I looked down upon the ground, back at the camp with its bright fires and the folk watching us, and about me on the woods and mountains; there was just the one way that I could not look, and that was in Sir William's face.

"Sir William," said I at last, "I think my lord not sane, and have long thought him so. But there are degrees in madness; and whether he should be brought under restraint, Sir William, I am no fit judge," I concluded.

"I will be the judge," said he. "I ask for the facts. Was there, in all that jargon, any word of truth or sanity? Do you hesitate?" he asked. "Am I to understand you have buried this gentleman before?"

"Not buried," said I; and then, taking up courage at last, "Sir William," said I, "unless I were to tell you a long story, which much concerns a noble family (and myself not in the least), it would be impossible to make this matter clear to you. Say the word, and I will do it, right or wrong. And, at any rate, I will say so much, that my lord is not so crazy as he seems. This is a strange matter, into the tail of which you are unhappily drifted."

"I desire none of your secrets," replied Sir William; "but I will be plain, at the risk of incivility, and confess that I take little pleasure in my present company."

"I would be the last to blame you," said I, "for that."

"I have not asked either for your censure or your praise, sir," returned Sir William. "I desire simply to be quit of you; and to that effect I put a boat and complement of men at your disposal."

"This is fairly offered," said I, after reflection. "But you must suffer me to say a word upon the other side. We have a natural curiosity to learn the truth of this affair; I have some of it myself; my lord (it is very plain) has but too much. The matter of the Indian's return is enigmatical."

"I think so myself," Sir William interrupted, "and I propose (since I go in that direction) to probe it to the bottom. Whether or not the man has gone like a dog to die upon his master's grave, his life, at least, is in great danger, and I propose, if I can, to save it. There is nothing against his character?"

"Nothing, Sir William," I replied.

"And the other?" he said. "I have heard my lord, of course; but, from the circumstances of his servant's loyalty, I must suppose he had some noble qualities."

"You must not ask me that!" I cried. "Hell may have noble flames. I have known him a score of years, and always hated, and always admired, and always slavishly feared him."

"I appear to intrude again upon your secrets," said Sir William, "believe me, inadvertently. Enough that I will see the grave, and (if possible) rescue the Indian. Upon these terms, can you persuade your master to return to Albany?"

"Sir William," said I, "I will tell you how it is. You do not see my lord to advantage; it will seem even strange to you that I should love him; but I do, and I am not alone. If he goes back to Albany, it must be by force, and it will be the death-warrant of his reason, and perhaps his life. That is my sincere belief; but I am in your hands, and ready to obey, if you will assume so much responsibility as to command."

"I will have no shred of responsibility; it is my single endeavor to avoid the same," cried Sir William. "You insist upon following this journey up; and be it so! I wash my hands of the whole matter."

With which word he turned upon his heel and gave the order to break camp; and my lord, who had been hovering near by, came instantly to my side.

"Which is it to be?" said he.

"You are to have your way," I answered. "You shall see the grave."

The situation of the Master's grave was, between guides, easily described; it lay, indeed, beside a chief landmark of the wilderness, a certain range of

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peaks, conspicuous by their design and altitude, and the source of many brawling tributaries to that inland sea, Lake Champlain. It was therefore possible to strike for it direct, instead of following back the blood-stained trail of the fugitives, and to cover, in some sixteen hours of march, a distance which their perturbed wanderings had extended over more than sixty. Our boats we left under a guard upon the river; it was, indeed, probable we should return to find them frozen fast; and the small equipment with which we set forth upon the expedition, included not only an infinity of furs to protect us from the cold, but an arsenal of snow-shoes to render travel possible, when the inevitable snow should fall. Considerable alarm was manifested at our departure; the march was conducted with soldierly precaution, the camp at night sedulously chosen and patrolled; and it was a consideration of this sort that arrested us, the second day, within not many hundred yards of our destination—the night being already imminent, the spot in which we stood well qualified to be a strong camp for a party of our numbers; and Sir William, therefore, on a sudden thought, arresting our advance.

Before us was the high range of mountains toward which we had been all day deviously drawing near. From the first light of the dawn their silver peaks had been the goal of our advance across a tumbled lowland forest, thrid with rough streams, and strewn with monstrous boulders; the peaks (as I say) silver, for already at the higher altitudes the snow fell nightly; but the woods and the low ground only breathed upon with frost. All day heaven had been charged with ugly vapors, in the which the sun swam and glimmered like a shilling piece; all day the wind blew on our left cheek, barbarous cold, but very pure to breathe. With the end of the afternoon, however, the wind fell; the clouds, being no longer reinforced, were scattered or drunk up; the sun set behind us with some wintry splendor, and the white brow of the mountains shared its dying glow.

It was dark ere we had supper; we ate in silence, and the meal was scarce despatched before my lord slunk from the fireside to the margin of the camp, whither I made haste to follow him. The camp was on high ground, overlooking a frozen lake, perhaps a mile in its longest measurement; all about us the forest lay in heights and hollows; above rose the white mountains; and higher yet, the moon rode in a fair sky. There was no breath of air; nowhere a twig creaked; and the sounds of our own camp were hushed and swallowed up in the surrounding stillness. Now that the sun and the wind were both gone down, it appeared almost warm, like a night of July: a singular illusion of the sense, when earth, air, and water were strained to bursting with the extremity of frost.

My lord (or what I still continued to call by his loved name) stood with his elbow in one hand, and his chin sunk in the other, gazing before him on the surface of the wood. My eyes followed his, and rested almost pleasantly upon the frosted contexture of the pines, rising in moonlit hillocks, or sinking in the shadow of small glens. Hard by, I told myself, was the grave of our enemy, now gone where the wicked cease from troubling, the earth heaped forever on his once so active limbs. I could not but think of him as somehow fortunate, to be thus done with man's anxiety and weariness, the daily expense of spirit, and that daily river of circumstance to be swum through, at any hazard, under the penalty of shame or death. I could not but think how good was the end of that long travel; and with that my mind swung at a tangent to my lord. For was not my lord dead also? a maimed soldier, looking vainly for discharge, lingering derided in the line of battle? A kind man, I remembered him; wise, with a decent pride, a son perhaps too dutiful, a husband only too loving, one that could suffer and be silent, one whose hand I loved to press. Of a sudden, pity caught in my windpipe with a sob; I could have wept aloud to remember and behold him; and standing thus by his elbow, under the broad moon, I prayed fervently either that he should be released, or I strengthened to persist in my affection.

"O God," said I, "this was the best man to me and to himself, and now I

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shrink from him. He did no wrong, or not till he was broke with sorrows; these are but his honorable wounds that we begin to shrink from. O cover them up, O take him away, before we hate him!"

I was still so engaged in my own bosom, when a sound broke suddenly upon the night. It was neither very loud nor very near; yet, bursting as it did from so profound and so prolonged a silence, it startled the camp like an alarm of trumpets. Ere I had taken breath Sir William was beside me, the main part of the voyagers clustered at his back, intently giving ear. Methought, as I glanced at them across my shoulder, there was a whiteness other than moonlight on their cheeks; and the rays of the moon reflected with a sparkle on the eyes of some, and the shadows lying black under the brows of others (according as they raised or bowed the head to listen) gave to the group a strange air of animation and anxiety. My lord was to the front, crouching a little forth, his hand raised as for silence: a man turned to stone. And still the sounds continued, breathlessly renewed, with a precipitate rhythm.

Suddenly Mountain spoke in a loud, broken whisper, as of a man relieved. "I have it now," he said; and, as we all turned to hear him, "the Indian must have known the cache," he added. "That is he—he is digging out the treasure."

"Why, to be sure!" exclaimed Sir William. "We were geese not to have supposed so much."

"The only thing is," Mountain resumed, "the sound is very close to our old camp. And, again, I do not see how he is there before us, unless the man had wings!"

"Greed and fear are wings," remarked Sir William. "But this rogue has given us an alert, and I have a notion to return the compliment. What say you, gentlemen, shall we have a moonlight hunt?"

It was so agreed; dispositions were made to surround Secundra at his task; some of Sir William's Indians hastened in advance; and a strong guard being left at our headquarters, we set forth along the uneven bottom of the forest; frost crackling, ice sometimes loudly splitting under foot; and overhead the blackness of pine-woods and the broken brightness of the moon. Our way led down into a hollow of the land; and as we descended the sounds diminished and had almost died away. Upon the other slope it was more open, only dotted with a few pines, and several vast and scattered rocks that made inky shadows in the moonlight. Here the sounds began to reach us more distinctly; we could now perceive the ring of iron, and more exactly estimate the furious degree of haste with which the digger plied his instrument. As we neared the top of the ascent a bird or two winged aloft and hovered darkly in the moonlight; and the next moment, we were gazing through a fringe of trees upon a singular picture.

A narrow plateau, overlooked by the white mountains, and encompassed nearer hand by woods, lay bare to the strong radiance of the moon. Rough goods, such as make the wealth of foresters, were sprinkled here and there upon the ground in meaningless disarray. About the midst a tent stood, silvered with frost; the door open, gaping on the black interior. At the one end of this small stage lay what seemed the tattered remnants of a man. Without doubt we had arrived upon the scene of Harris's encampment; there were the goods scattered in the panic of flight; it was in yon tent the Master breathed his last; and the frozen carrion that lay before us was the body of the drunken shoemaker. It is always moving to come upon the theatre of any tragic incident; to come upon it after so many days, and to find it (in the seclusion of a desert) still unchanged, must have impressed the mind of the most careless. And yet it was not that which struck us into pillars of stone; but the sight (which yet we had been half expecting) of Secundra, ankle deep in the grave of his late master. He had cast the main part of his raiment by, yet his frail arms and shoulders glistered in the moonlight with a copious sweat; his face was contracted with anxiety and expectation; his blows resounded on the grave, as thick as sobs; and behind him,

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strangely deformed and ink-black upon the frosty ground, the creature's shadow repeated and parodied his swift gesticulations. Some night birds arose from the boughs upon our coming, and then settled back; but Secundra, absorbed in his toil, heard or heeded not at all.

I heard Mountain whisper to Sir William: "Good God, it's the grave! He's digging him up!" It was what we had all guessed, and yet to hear it put in language thrilled me. Sir William violently started.

"You damned sacrilegious hound!" he cried. "What's this?"

Secundra leaped in the air, a little breathless cry escaped him, the tool flew from his grasp, and he stood one instant staring at the speaker. The next, swift as an arrow, he sped for the woods upon the farther side; and the next again, throwing up his hands with a violent gesture of resolution, he had begun already to retrace his steps.

"Well, then, you come, you help——" he was saying. But by now my lord had stepped beside Sir William; the moon shone fair upon his face, and the words were still upon Secundra's lips, when he beheld and recognized his master's enemy. "Him!" he screamed, clasping his hands and shrinking on himself.

"Come, come," said Sir William, "there is none here to do you harm, if you be innocent; and if you be guilty, your escape is quite cut off. Speak, what do you here among the graves of the dead and the remains of the unburied?"

"You no murderer?" inquired Secundra. "You true man? You see me safe?"

"I will see you safe, if you be innocent," returned Sir William. "I have said the thing, and I see not wherefore you should doubt it."

"There all murderers," cried Secundra, "that is why! He kill—murderer," pointing to Mountain; "there two hire-murderers"—pointing to my lord and myself—"all gallows-murderers! Ah, I see you all swing in a rope. Now I go save the sahib; he see you swing in a rope. The sahib," he continued, pointing to the grave, "he not dead. He bury, he not dead."

My lord uttered a little noise, moved nearer to the grave, and stood and stared in it.

"Buried and not dead?" exclaimed Sir William. "What kind of rant is this?"

"See, sahib!" said Secundra. "The sahib and I alone with murderers; try all way to escape, no way good. Then try this way: good way in warm climate, good way in India; here in this damn cold place, who can tell? I tell you pretty good hurry; you help, you light a fire, help rub."

"What is the creature talking of?" cried Sir William. "My head goes round."

"I tell you I bury him alive," said Secundra. "I teach him swallow his tongue. Now dig him up pretty good hurry, and he not much worse. You light a fire."

Sir William turned to the nearest of his men. "Light a fire," said he. "My lot seems to be cast with the insane."

"You good man," returned Secundra. "Now I go dig the sahib up."

He returned as he spoke to the grave, and resumed his former toil. My lord stood rooted, and I at my lord's side, fearing I knew not what.

The frost was not yet very deep, and presently the Indian threw aside his tool and began to scoop the dirt by handfuls. Then he disengaged a corner of a buffalo robe; and then I saw hair catch among his fingers; yet a moment more and the moon shone on something white. Awhile Secundra crouched upon his knees, scraping with delicate fingers, breathing with puffed lips; and when he moved aside I beheld the face of the Master wholly disengaged. It was deadly white, the eyes closed, the ears and nostrils plugged, the cheeks fallen, the nose sharp as if in death; but for all he had lain so many days under the sod, corruption had not approached him and (what strangely affected all of us) his lips and chin were mantled with a swarthy beard.

"My God!" cried Mountain, "he was as smooth as a baby when he laid him there!"

"They say hair grows upon the dead," observed Sir William, but his voice was thick and weak.

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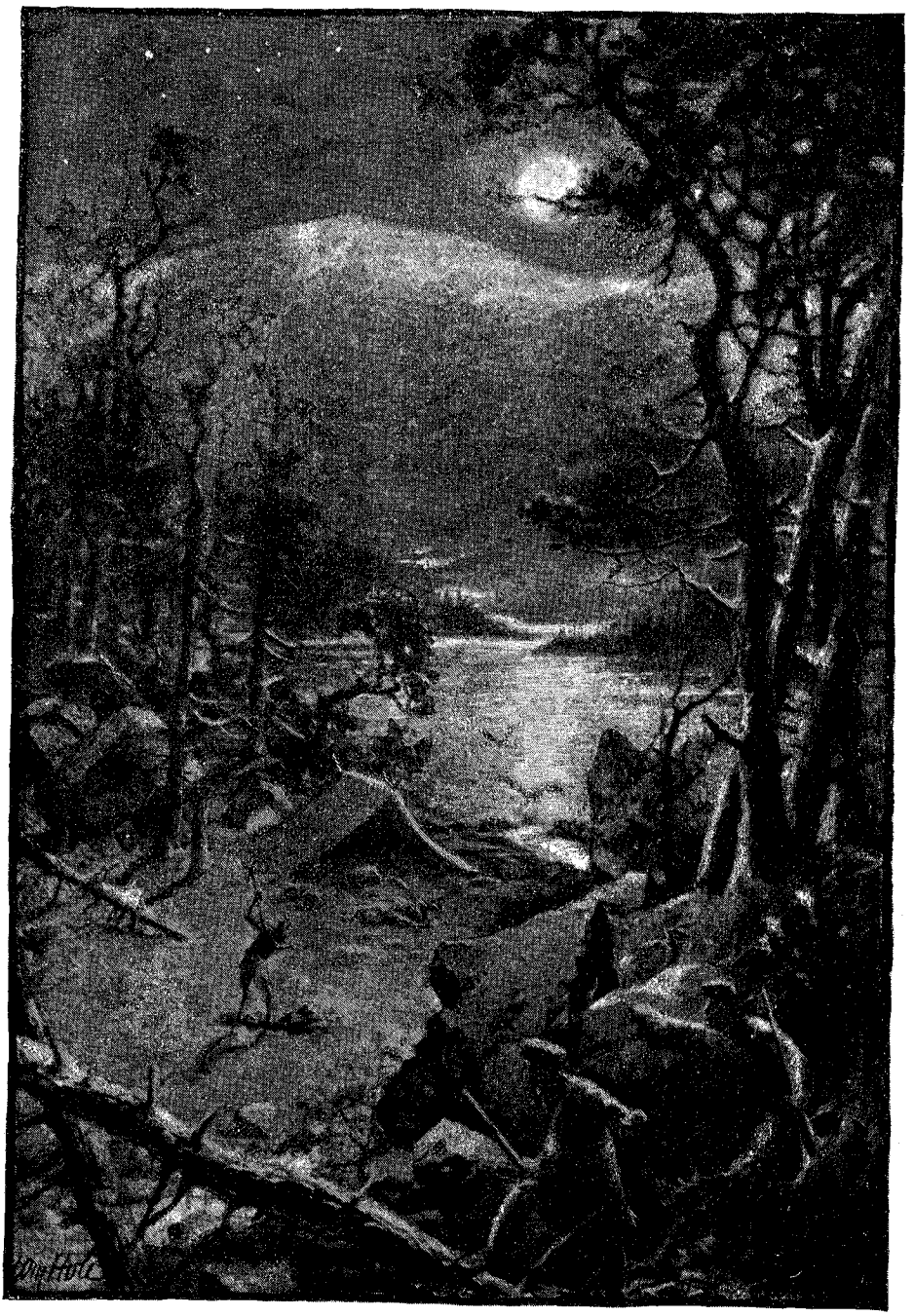

"Secundra, absorbed in his toil, heard or heeded not at all."



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Secundra paid no heed to our remarks, digging swift as a terrier in the loose earth; every moment the form of the Master, swathed in his buffalo robe, grew more distinct in the bottom of that shallow trough; the moon shining strong, and the shadows of the standers-by, as they drew forward and back, falling and flitting over his emergent countenance. The sight held us with a horror not before experienced, I dared not look my lord in the face, but for as long as it lasted I never observed him to draw breath; and a little in the background one of the men (I know not whom) burst into a kind of sobbing.

"Now," said Secundra, "you help me lift him out."

Of the flight of time I have no idea; it may have been three hours, and it may have been five, that the Indian labored to reanimate his master's body. One thing only I know, that it was still night, and the moon was not yet set, although it had sunk low, and now barred the plateau with long shadows, when Secundra uttered a small cry of satisfaction; and, leaning swiftly forth, I thought I could myself perceive a change upon that icy countenance of the unburied. The next moment I beheld his eyelids flutter; the next they rose entirely, and the week-old corpse looked me for a moment in the face.

So much display of life I can myself swear to. I have heard from others that he visibly strove to speak, that his teeth showed in his beard, and that his brow was contorted as with an agony of pain and effort. And this may have been; I know not, I was otherwise engaged. For, at that first disclosure of the dead man's eyes, my Lord Durrisdeer fell to the ground, and when I raised him up he was a corpse.

Day came, and still Secundra could not be persuaded to desist from his unavailing efforts. Sir William, leaving a small party under my command, proceeded on his embassy with the first light; and still the Indian rubbed the limbs and breathed in the mouth of the dead body. You would think such labors might have vitalized a stone; but, except for that one moment (which was my lord's death) the black spirit of the Master held aloof from its discarded clay, and by about the hour of noon even the faithful servant was at length convinced. He took it with unshaken quietude.

"Too cold," said he, "good way in India, no good here." And, asking for some food, which he ravenously devoured as soon as it was set before him, he drew near to the fire and took his place at my elbow. In the same spot, as soon as he had eaten, he stretched himself out, and fell into a childlike slumber, from which I must arouse him, some hours afterward, to take his part as one of the mourners at the double funeral. It was the same throughout; he seemed to have outlived at once, and with the same effort, his grief for his master and his terror of myself and Mountain.

One of the men left with me was skilled in stone-cutting; and before Sir William returned to pick us up, I had chiselled on a boulder this inscription, with a copy of which I may fitly bring my narrative to a close:

J. D.,
HEIR TO A SCOTTISH TITLE,
A MASTER OF THE ARTS AND GRACES,
ADMIRED IN EUROPE, ASIA, AMERICA,
IN WAR AND PEACE,
IN THE TENTS OF SAVAGE HUNTERS AND THE CITADELS OF KINGS, AFTER SO MUCH ACQUIRED, ACCOMPLISHED, AND ENDURED, LIES HERE FORGOTTEN.

H. D.,
HIS BROTHER,
AFTER A LIFE OF UNMERITED DISTRESS,
BRAVELY SUPPORTED,
DIED ALMOST IN THE SAME HOUR,
AND SLEEPS IN THE SAME GRAVE
WITH HIS FRATERNAL ENEMY.

THE PIETY OF HIS WIFE AND ONE OLD SERVANT RAISED THIS STONE
TO BOTH.

END OF "THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE."

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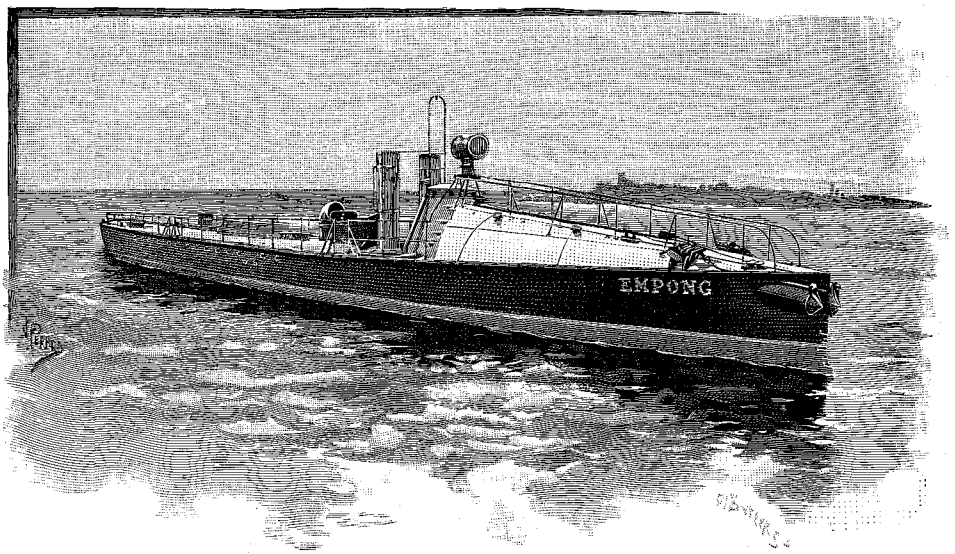


Yarrow Torpedo-boat Empong, showing Search-light.

# ELECTRICITY IN WAR.

## I.—IN NAVAL WARFARE.*

*By Lieutenant W. S. Hughes, U. S. Navy.*

THE extension of the applications of electricity has been nowhere more rapid or remarkable than on board ships-of-war. Only a little more than six years have elapsed since the Navy Department fitted out the frigate Trenton with an electric incandescent plant, and, so far as is known, she was the first naval vessel to be lighted by electricity.

The experiment with the Trenton was watched with interest both at home and abroad. Serious apprehensions had been entertained that firing the ship's guns would break the glass bulbs, or destroy the carbon filaments of the lamps, and that other causes would operate against the successful employment of electricity on board a man-of-war; but the thorough test on the Trenton, lasting through a three-years' cruise, proved beyond question the fallacy of such fears.

Foreign countries were not slow to follow the footsteps of the United States, and the latter government gradually extended the system of electric lighting to other vessels of the navy.

It had been early discovered that the installation of an electric plant on board naval ships required a decided modification of the electrical appliances employed for similar purposes on shore. The limited space that could be spared on the crowded decks of a man-of-war demanded that engines and dynamos of a special and compact type should be used; and these requirements were further complicated by the necessity, which soon developed, of providing naval vessels with two systems of illumination. Gradually, however, man's ingenuity overcame every obstacle—and how completely, the reader will not fail to appreciate by a glance at the wonderfully compact electrical machinery included among the illustrations of this paper—until, at the present day, no modern-built vessel-of-war goes to sea without complete electrical plants, both "arc" and "incandescent," the latter principally for the purpose of interior light-

* In the preparation of this article the writer has been greatly indebted to valuable reports made to the U. S. Office of Naval Intelligence by Lieutenant J. B. Murdock, U. S. N., and by Mr. S. Dana Greene, late Ensign, U. S. N.

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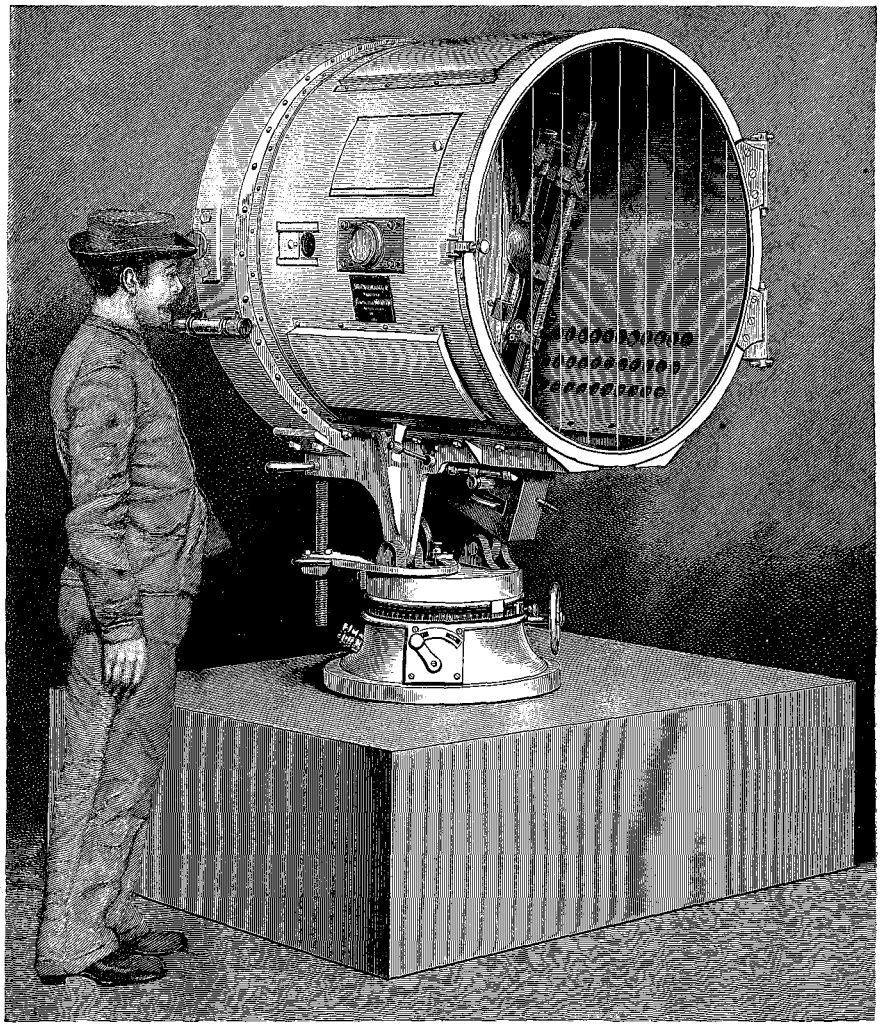

Ship-of-War's Search-light, 25,000 Candle-power.
(*From a photograph furnished by Messrs. Sautter, Lemonnier & Company, Paris.*)

ing, and the former for operating the so-called "search-light."

The name of the "search-light" suggests, to some extent, the chief purpose for which it is used. It is mainly employed in searching for an enemy. It consists of a powerful "arc" light, usually of about twenty-five thousand candle-power, contained in a metal cylinder about thirty inches long by twenty-four to thirty inches diameter. A good idea of its construction and general appearance may be obtained from the illustration above and the one on the opposite page.

One end of the cylinder is closed by a silvered, concave reflecting-lens; and the carbon points of the lamp, as represented in the sectional view, are placed in such a position within the cylinder as to bring them in the focus of the lens. The opposite, or front, end of the cylinder is fitted with a glass door through which the beam of light passes. Other mechanical features are shown in the illustrations.

The whole apparatus is mounted on a pivot, so that it may be revolved around its centre—and the beam of light be thus thrown in any desired direction—while it admits, also, of ele-

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vation or depression from a horizontal position.

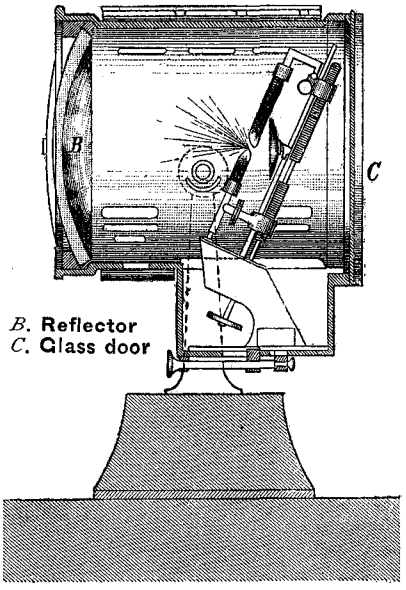
As ordinarily used on ships-of-war, the beam of light emerging from the cylinder is so concentrated that at a distance of a thousand yards from the ship it illuminates a path only about fifteen yards in width. Every search-light, however, is provided with arrangements for increasing the divergence of the rays of light, in order, when necessary, to illuminate a broader arc. Only one man is required to work the apparatus, and to facilitate its use it is always, on board ships, mounted in some position considerably elevated above the deck.

In time of war, ships at night would constantly sweep the surrounding waters with their search-lights, illuminating, in succession, every part of the circle around them, in order to detect the presence of an enemy; and the practical value of the light, in such cases, will be readily comprehended when it is understood that, with one of only twenty-thousand candle-power, no difficulty is experienced in lighting up any object, such as an enemy's ship, at a distance of two and a half miles; thus rendering firing the guns at night as easy and accurate as by day.

The view at the beginning of this article of the Empong, one of those phenomenally swift little vessels called "torpedo-boats," shows its search-light mounted on top of the pilot-tower, just in front of the two smoke-pipes.

In the practical use of the search-light, by the method just explained, it has been found that, in order to afford sufficient time for a careful examination of the water's surface at points far removed from the ship, the beam of light must be revolved very slowly; and, in consequence, during a great proportion of the time, any particular section of the water is in darkness. When it is remembered that it requires less than five minutes for modern torpedo-boats to pass over a distance of two miles, it may be easily conceived how, in the interval between two successive illuminations of the same spot, a little craft like the Empong might dart in and discharge its torpedoes.

With the object of averting such a danger, another method of illuminating the surrounding space has been adopted on one or two ships of the French Navy, and on the Danish cruiser Ivert, where, instead of a single revolving light, a number of stationary search-lights are grouped together, each illuminating its proper section, thus keeping the ship continuously surrounded by an unbroken circle of light.




Sectional View of Ship's Search-light.
(From a sketch by Ensign H. H. Eames, U. S. N.)

But the search-light is not only used to discover an enemy, and to keep the latter visible in firing at night; it has been, also, successfully employed in signalling messages where the distances over which they are to be sent are very great. One of the methods of using it for this purpose is somewhat novel: the beam of light is simply flashed repeatedly against the clouds, lighting them up in each instance for a certain number of seconds, according to a pre-arranged code of signals, the letters of which are indicated by combinations of flashes of different durations of time. Messages are said to have been sent in this manner between ships separated by a distance of sixty miles. For shorter distances the ordinary incandescent lamps have been frequently used. Probably one of the most successful sys-



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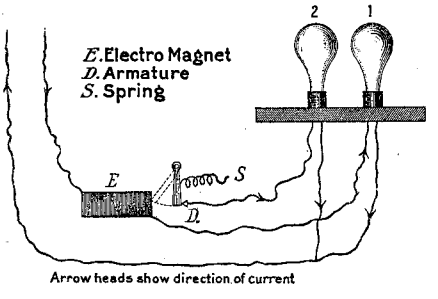
tems with these lamps is that now in use in the navies of Italy and Germany. Its essential feature consists in the successive display of different combinations of red and of white incandescent lamps of about fifty candle-power each. It is, of course, necessary that the lamps be exhibited in some elevated position, such, for example, as suspended from one of the ship's yards, where they will be plainly visible from a considerable distance, and that the electric current connected with them be under the control of an operator at a key-board, in order that any lamp may be ignited or extinguished at pleasure. With such an apparatus it will be readily understood how the letters of a signal-code could be indicated, and a message rapidly transmitted.

In the United States Navy a more simple plan, requiring only two incandescent lamps, has been very successfully used in connection with Morse's telegraphic code, in which, as is well known, the letters of the alphabet are represented by combinations of "dots" and "dashes." In signalling by this code the two lamps were controlled by keys, as in the figure here shown.

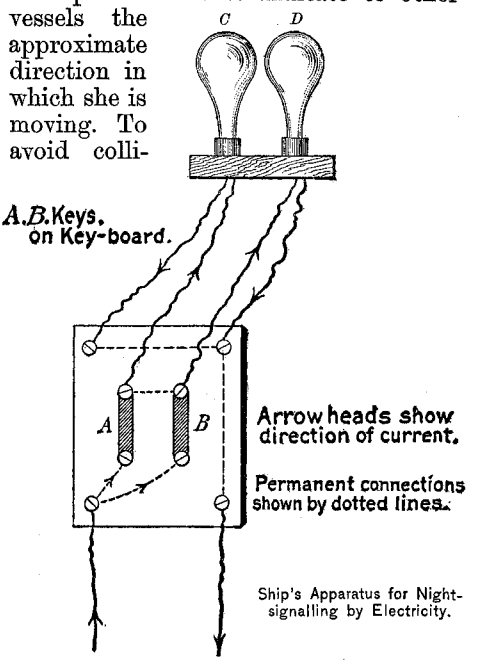
It will be observed, from an inspection of the electrical connections in the figure, that when the key A is pressed, the lamp C is alone ignited, or "flashed;" and that when B is pressed, both lamps are flashed simultaneously. To indicate a "dot" of the Morse code, only a single lamp is used; to denote a "dash," both are ignited together.

Every steamer displays, when under-




Arrangement of Electrical "Running Lights" for Ships.

way at night, as doubtless most of our readers have observed, three lights of different colors*—green, red, and white. These "running lights," as they are technically called, are exhibited on the outside of the ship, in such positions as to indicate to other vessels the approximate direction in which she is moving. To avoid collisions, and loss of human life, it is of vital importance that these lights be never for a moment extinguished. With the aid of electricity the possibility of such an accident as the unexpected extinguishing of a "running light"† at a critical moment will be reduced to a minimum, if not altogether eliminated, by an ingenious appliance in which the breaking or burning out of one incandescent lamp *automatically* completes a circuit and ignites another. Only a casual inspection of the figure to the left will show how this is effected: A small electro-magnet, E, is placed in the circuit of the lamp 1; and, while the latter is burning, the attraction of the magnet keeps the armature D in the position shown by the dotted lines, with the circuit of lamp 2 broken. But, should the circuit of 1 be broken by the burning out or breaking of the lamp, or from




Ship's Apparatus for Night-signalling by Electricity.

* A green light on the starboard (or right) side; a red light on the port side, and a white light at the mast-head.

† Electric "running lights" have not been yet adopted by ships-of-war; but it seems probable that they will be used in the near future.—W. S. H.

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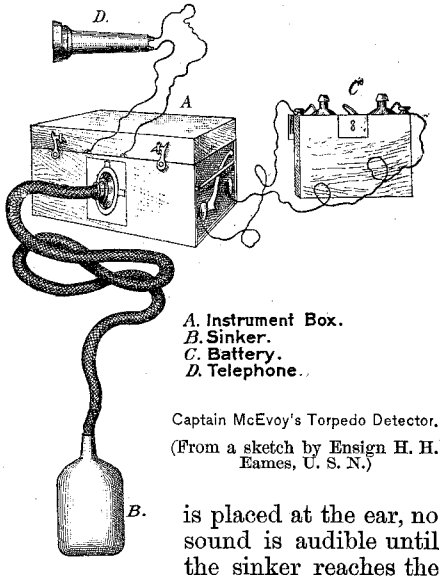
any cause, the magnet will, of course, cease to attract the armature, and the latter is at once drawn back by a spring, S, to the position shown in the figure, thus completing the circuit and igniting lamp 2. The figure represents this as having already occurred.

Another application of the incandescent lamp has developed from a series of experiments made at the Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I., with the object of ascertaining to what extent electricity could be utilized at night for lighting up water below the surface. In these experiments incandescent lamps of about one hundred and fifty candle-power were immersed to a depth of fifteen to twenty feet, with the result that sunken objects could be readily seen within the distance of a hundred feet from the light. The discovery thus made is of considerable importance from a naval point of view. Modern naval fleets must be not only prepared to rapidly remove the stationary torpedoes, or "fixed mines," with which every important port in time of war will be protected, but the ships themselves must be provided with a complete system of such weapons, ready to block up harbors in which an enemy's vessels may be discovered, or in which they themselves may have taken refuge. Much of this service, in the event of war, would be necessarily performed at night, and a part of it under water; hence, it may be certainly expected that modern navies will avail themselves of the valuable agent that the Newport experiments have placed in their hands. A portion of the force employed for such duty would be a body of trained divers; and, not only will these men carry with them under the water an electric light, but the telephone has been recently added to their outfit, so that they may communicate constantly and easily with assistants above the surface.

In this connection may be mentioned a remarkable electrical apparatus known as a "Torpedo Detector." As its name implies, it is designed for use in searching for hidden torpedoes, or mines, in harbors and channels. This appliance depends for its action upon the principle of the induction-balance. A representation of it is shown above. The box A, in the figure, contains a set of induction-coils, and a vibratory magneto-electric machine, with which a telephone is connected. The metal sinker B contains, also, a set of induction-coils, and is connected with A by a short electric cable. The small battery C has connections, as shown in the figure, the circuit of which can be opened or closed by a key.

In practical use, searching for torpedoes, the box and battery are carried in a boat, and the metal sinker, to which the small cable is attached, is dragged overboard along the bottom of a channel or harbor where the presence of torpedoes is suspected. When the telephone




*A.* Instrument Box.
*B.* Sinker.
*C.* Battery.
*D.* Telephone.

Captain McEvoy's Torpedo Detector.
(From a sketch by Ensign H. H. Eames, U. S. N.)

is placed at the ear, no sound is audible until the sinker reaches the vicinity of some metal body, such as a torpedo; then a buzzing noise is heard, which becomes gradually louder as the torpedo is approached, and loudest when it is touched.

Electricity is employed on some of the vessels of the British Navy, and will probably be made use of on the new ships of the United States service, to render visible the sights of the guns when firing at night. As applied on the English iron-clad Colossus, one of the wires from a small Leclanché battery leads to the rear, or "breech," sight of the gun, and is there joined to a fine platinum wire running across the bottom of the "sight-notch." The platinum wire

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interposes just sufficient resistance to cause it to glow with heat while the current from the battery is passing through it. From the rear-sight the battery wire continues on to the front-sight of the gun, where it meets the second wire from the battery. Here the ends of the two wires are brought very near each other, at the apex of the sight, so that the electric sparks passing between them serve to mark its position. The practical utility of such an arrangement may be shown by a familiar illustration: Everyone has observed, when looking from the window of a lighted room on a dark night, how difficult it is to distinguish any outside object beyond the distance of a few feet. The same effect is naturally experienced on board ship, and for this reason, among others, men-of-war, on going into battle at night, have every unnecessary light extinguished — thus rendering *some* plan of indicating the position of the guns' sights almost absolutely indispensable. That above described, the writer was informed by an officer of the Colossus, has proved perfectly successful in actual practice.

On some of the larger European ships-of-war, and on a few United States vessels, arrangements have been made for firing the guns by electricity. This is usually accomplished by causing the current from an ordinary zinc-carbon battery to pass through what is known as an electric primer, inserted in the vent of the gun. The primer, as used in the United States service, is simply a quill tube nearly filled with small-grained powder, and containing a fine platinum wire wrapped with a wisp of gun-cotton. The platinum wire is connected with the wires of the electric battery. When the battery circuit is closed, the platinum becomes instantly white-hot, thus igniting the primer and firing the gun. The firing-key, with which the circuit may be closed at pleasure, is placed in the pilot-tower, or in some other position where it is directly under the control of the commanding officer, and the circuit is of course kept open until the instant of firing. The advantages claimed for such a system are many. Obviously, under some circumstances, as, for example, where it is desirable to concentrate the whole broadside upon a certain point, and to fire all the guns together, such an arrangement would have a great advantage over the ordinary method of depending upon the simultaneous action of the gunners. Again, it is no uncommon occurrence in battle for a ship's gun-decks to become so enveloped in smoke that the enemy cannot be seen by the men at the guns, and in such cases, with an electric system, the firing could be done by an officer clear of such an obstruction. Usually the electrical appliances admit, also, of the guns being fired singly and in succession; and for cases where the ship is rolling heavily from side to side, an "automatic circuit-closer" is sometimes employed, which, *after the regular firing-key has been pressed*, closes the circuit and discharges the guns the instant the vessel reaches an upright position.

Electric "logs," for measuring the speed of a ship, usually depend for their action upon the revolutions of a small screw-propeller, or "fan," attached to the end of a short electric cable, and trailed through the water astern of the vessel. The velocity with which the fan revolves at any given speed through the water has been previously determined by an actual trial. The wires of its cable are connected with a battery on board the ship, and its revolutions periodically open and close the circuit of the battery, which action is communicated by suitable mechanism to a register, or dial, so graduated as to show the corresponding speed in miles and tenths. While such an apparatus is valuable for the purposes of navigation—since it affords an accurate measure of the distance passed over by the ship in the *interval* between any two readings of the dial—it fails to show the speed of the vessel at the *moment of observation.*

This latter knowledge will be an important factor in future naval fights. The commander of a modern ship of war, engaged in battle, must be able to ascertain the rate at which his vessel is moving at any desired moment, in order to make allowance for the deflection of shot, and still more for that of torpedoes, due to the speed of the ship at the instant of their discharge. Hitherto, so far as the writer knows, only a single

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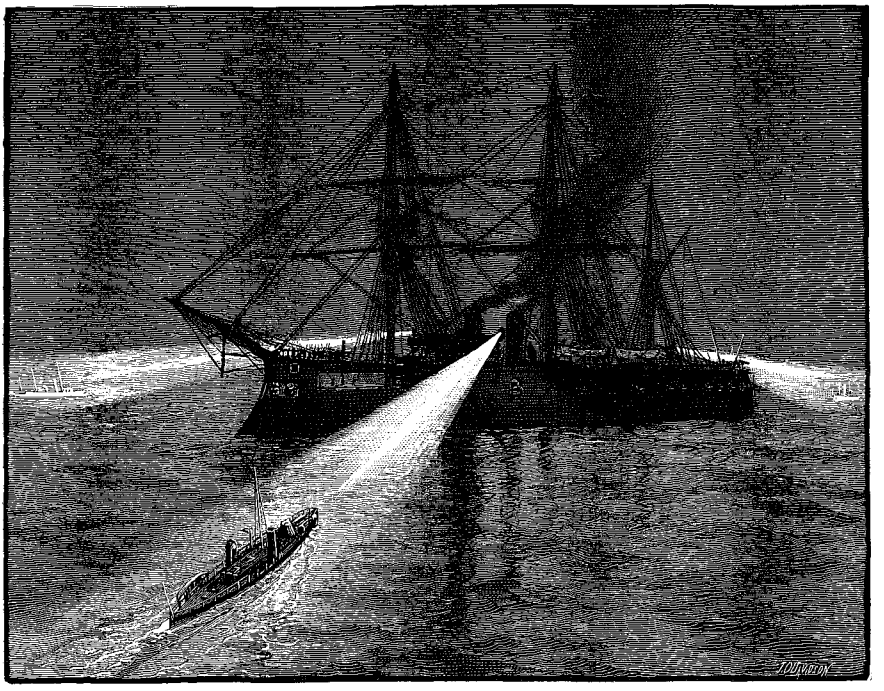

Ship-of-War using her Search-lights.

"log" has been designed which accurately furnishes this essential information. This instrument is an ingenious "speed indicator," the invention of Lieutenant Hogg, of the United States Navy, but of which, since it depends upon no principle of electricity (but upon that of the vacuum-gauge), no more than the mere mention of its existence can be here made.

The question of introducing electric motors in ships-of-war, to take the place of the numerous small steam-engines now required on board for various purposes, is one that is occupying the serious attention of naval authorities. That such a substitution will be made in the near future seems now assured. An electric current is the most convenient method of transmitting power from one point to another, at a considerable distance, that has been yet discovered. It is also the most economical where the conditions, as on board a modern man-of-war, require the power to be conveyed from a single source to a number of different points of application. Yet, at the present writing, no use of an electric motor is made in any of the great navies of the world. It has been left to the United States to take the initial steps toward its introduction, by employing electricity to work one of the eight-inch guns of the steel cruiser Chicago. This motor is to be supplied with the requisite electric current by connecting its wires with those from the dynamo used for lighting the ship. Should this experiment prove successful, as it undoubtedly will, similar motors will probably be applied to the remaining eight-inch guns of the Chicago; and the system, or some modification of it, will doubtless be extended to other ships now under construction for the United States Navy.

Electricity has been the chief element in the development of those remarkable inventions known as auto-mobile, or "fish," torpedoes. They are, with few exceptions, steered, propelled, or exploded by an electric current; and in some all three of these applications are made. In a former number of this Magazine * the present writer has described the mechanical features of the most ap-

* "Modern Aggressive Torpedoes," SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, April, 1887.



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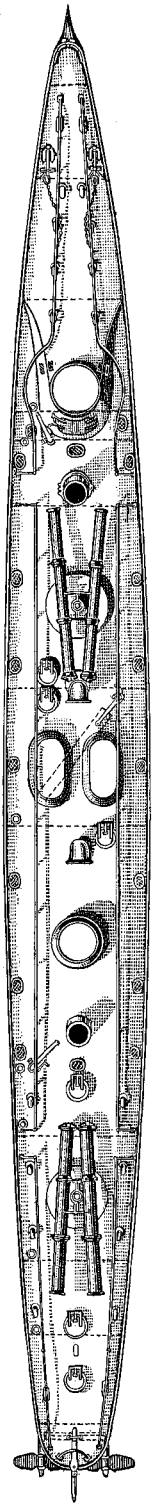
proved torpedoes of the present day. No ship-of-war is now regarded as efficient whose armament does not include a number of these weapons. It will be sufficient here to recall to the memory of the reader that the "Whitehead" is the torpedo in general use in the navies of Europe. Briefly, it is cigar-shaped, from 9 to 19 feet long by 11 to 16 inches diameter, made of thin steel, propelled by compressed air, and carries an explosive charge of gun-cotton ranging from 40 to 105 pounds. In practical use the torpedo is discharged at the enemy's vessel through a tube, which may be mounted on board ship either above or below the surface, and upon reaching the water it is propelled by its own engines. The initial motion, or "discharge," is effected by an electric fuse which ignites a very small charge of gunpowder placed in the tube behind the torpedo. The wires from the fuse are connected in the circuit of a battery, and lead to the pilot-tower, where the firing is accomplished by the usual means of a key-board under the control of an officer. The illustrations on this page, and opposite, show the tubes in place on the deck of a torpedo-boat, and also represent them separately on a larger scale. It will be observed that they are mounted on a turn-table, so that they may be pointed in any direction, and that they are set at a slightly divergent angle with each other. By this arrangement of tubes—that now most approved by the naval authorities of Europe—two torpedoes are discharged at the same instant, and it is believed that the slight divergence of their courses will greatly increase the chances of either one or the other striking the enemy's ship.

An ingenious application of electricity is employed to explode the projectiles discharged by the pneumatic guns with which that remarkable craft the United States dynamite-cruiser Vesuvius is to be armed. These projectiles are, in fact, aërial torpedoes, and for the 15-inch guns now proposed for the Vesuvius, they will carry a charge of six hundred pounds of explosive gelatine. High explosives, such as dynamite, gun-cotton, and explosive gelatine, require to be detonated in order to develop their full energy; and for this purpose fulminate



Deck-plan of Yarrow Torpedo-boat, showing discharging tubes mounted on turn-tables.

of mercury has been found to be best adapted. It has been found, also, that a very much greater destructive effect upon a target is obtained when the explosive charge of an elongated projectile, like those to be used in the guns of the Vesuvius, is first ignited *at the rear end*, or "base," instead of at the point—and recourse was had to electricity to accomplish this result. The fuse consists of a fine platinum wire—wrapped with a fibre of gun-cotton and embedded in fulminate of mercury—connected with the circuits of two small galvanic batteries carried within the projectile itself. With either of these batteries active, the platinum wire becomes instantly heated to redness and explodes the charge. In one, the electrical connection is kept broken until the projectile strikes some solid body, such as a ship or a target, when the shock of impact closes the circuit and causes the explosion. The circuit of the other battery is complete; but the battery itself requires to be moistened in order to become active, and the explosion consequently takes place after the projectile has sunk below the surface of the water.

The use of elec-

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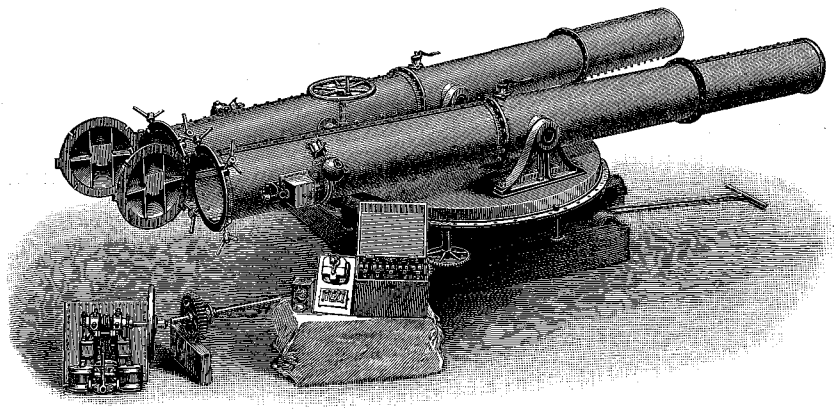
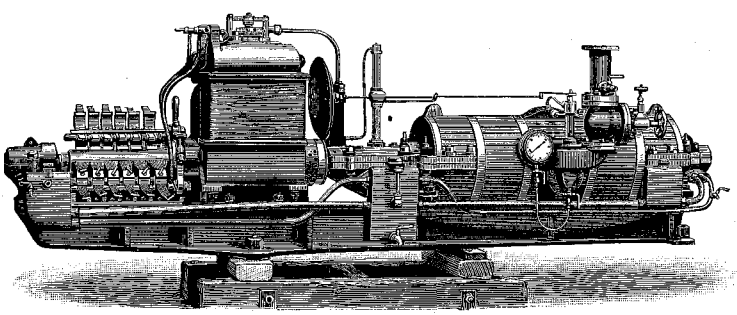
tricity for the propulsion of boats has met with considerable success. But the low speed hitherto attained by such vessels, and the fact that their motive power is necessarily derived from storage-batteries, which are notoriously uneconomical, have prevented their use as torpedo-boats. Yet, next to great speed, the most essential quality of a torpedo-boat is noiselessness, and this requisite electric boats possess in an unsurpassed degree. This latter may even become, under some circumstances, of more importance than high speed; for on a dark night, or in a fog, the success of a torpedo-boat will often depend upon a silent, unperceived approach, and the suddenness of its attack. Hence, it appears safe to predict that electric torpedo-boats, armed with both automobile and the ordinary "spar" torpedoes, will find a place in the navies of the future.



Revolving Deck Tubes for Yarrow Torpedo-boats, showing electrical discharging apparatus.

For *submarine boats* no motive power yet discovered seems comparable with electricity. High speed in vessels of this class will probably never be of the first importance, since they are mainly designed for attacking ships at anchor. The part such vessels are destined to play in naval warfare is an interesting and unsettled question, and their development is being closely watched by the naval powers of the world. Hitherto, when subjected to rigid practical tests, they may be said to have been unsuccessful.

Lieutenant Fiske, of the United States Navy, has designed very recently an electrical "range-finder," for measuring the distance of an enemy's ship or of a target, but at the present writing the details of his invention have not been made public. This same officer was engaged for some time on board the steel cruiser Atlanta, in conducting a series



Torpedo-boat Electrical Plant, now in use in the Navies of Italy, Spain, Austria, France, Russia, and Denmark.

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of experiments with the object of devising some means of telephoning or telegraphing, either through the air or the water, in order that ships might be enabled to communicate with each other in a fog, where signals could not be seen, or at night, when, as in the proximity of an enemy, the use of signal-lights might not be advisable. But while "results were obtained which were in themselves encouraging, they seemed to indicate the impracticability of the scheme." *

In the French Mediterranean fleet, during recent naval manœuvres, a novel use of the telephone was made in connection with a balloon. The latter, carrying with it a telephone connected with the ship, was secured to the deck by a rope which allowed it to rise to the height of about a thousand feet. From this lofty point of observation an officer watched through a telescope the operations of a distant squadron representing the enemy, and from time to time telephoned the results of his examination to those on the vessel below.

A number of other applications of electricity, such as electrical steering-gear, electrical engine-room annunciators, etc., have been made on ships-of-war; but they have either proved to be unsuccessful, or, if successful, they were found to be of such doubtful utility as to render their adoption unadvisable.

The development of electricity is so rapidly progressing that no limit to its future naval applications can now be assigned. But, with the assistance of the Office of Naval Intelligence, it may be safely assumed that the proposed "New Navy" of the United States will have the benefit of every useful naval invention. This office, to which the writer is greatly indebted for information and illustrations included in this paper, is a branch of the Navy Department specially charged with the duty of keeping informed upon the latest advances in all branches of naval science throughout the world.

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## II.—IN LAND WARFARE.

*By John Millis, First Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army.*

IT is not an uncommon observation that all the great inventions and discoveries which have contributed to mark the present century as the most extraordinary in the history of the world's progress have been immediately employed, so far as possible, to the "abominable end of annihilating mankind;" but though it is true that a majority, perhaps, of the improved appliances of modern warfare have thus resulted, from the application to military purposes of discoveries which first found practical use in the industrial or commercial world, the high degree of perfection which has been attained in the development of military methods and material of the present time is also largely due to the special devotion to this particular object of the best educated intelligence and inventive talent.

To the reader accustomed only to the peaceful occupations of business or professional life this may seem like a perverted application of human knowledge and technical science, and one entirely inconsistent with modern ideas concerning the proper relations which should exist among civilized nations. It is evident, however, on reflection, that there can be no possible insurance for the nation against attack and defeat by a foreign power, except the most perfect preparation to meet and resist such an attack that the skill and knowledge of man can devise. Moreover, from a humane point of view, it is a gratifying reflection, and a fact fully established by history, that with the improvements and advancements in military science and art of modern times, warfare now consists of much shorter conflicts in arms than was formerly the case, and though the action is thereby rendered vastly more intense while it continues, it also becomes the more decisive, hostilities are terminated the sooner, and the loss

* Report of the Office of Naval Intelligence.

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of life is actually less; so that instead of contributing to the "abominable end" of exterminating the human race, the application of the most advanced discoveries and inventions to the art of war has in reality mitigated the distressing results of armed conflict.

The numerous and constantly increasing adaptations to the needs of man of that wonderful and still mysterious force or agent called electricity have naturally attracted great attention in the military world, both from the inventor who is inspired by the hope of a large pecuniary reward, and also on the part of those who have adopted "the service" as a life work.

Since a greater portion of the details of the so-called "operations of war" are in reality only the operations of peace greatly intensified and prosecuted under more difficult and exacting conditions, it will be seen that nearly all the industrial uses of electricity find a more or less direct application for military purposes; but it is proposed to present here only a brief review of some of the more important of these applications, together with references to certain uses of electricity which are peculiar to the military art.

It must be borne in mind that the preparations for war which are made in time of peace are often of necessity more or less tentative and experimental in their nature, requiring the test of actual service in time of war, or, at least, in the field, to determine their practical utility, to develop their defects, and to suggest the remedies. It would therefore be futile to attempt a reference to many ingenious and promising devices for use in war which have been suggested and made possible by the more recent advances in electrical science, but for the actual trial of which there has, fortunately, been as yet no opportunity.

Beginning with the permanent military establishment in time of peace, we find that electricity renders important assistance in maintaining this establishment in a proper state of drill, discipline, and general efficiency, as well as in the manifold technical processes connected with the fabrication of arms, ammunition, equipments, and other war material.

The soldier must first be supplied with an efficient weapon, and in the design, manufacture, and test of improved fire-arms many intricate problems arise, the solution of which could not be satisfactorily effected without the aid of electricity. One of the most interesting of these problems relates to ballistics, or the scientific study of the motion of a projectile when fired from a gun. It is evident that in order to predict the range of the shot, and its penetration or effect on striking the object fired at, and to determine the accuracy and efficiency of the gun, of the powder, and, to a certain extent, of the projectile itself, an accurate knowledge of the velocity imparted to the shot when the weapon is discharged is of the greatest importance to the ordnance officer. The rate at which the projectile moves when leaving the muzzle of the gun is called its *initial velocity*, and since its rate of motion rapidly diminishes during flight, the observations to determine this initial velocity must be confined to a short portion of the projectile's path immediately after it is clear of the gun.

With modern high-power guns the shot is often given an initial velocity of more than two thousand feet per second, which is at the rate of a mile in less than three seconds, and hence it will be understood that the determination of the initial velocity involves, besides ascertaining the exact instant at which the shot passes two fixed points near the beginning of its path, the precise measurement of an extremely small interval of time.

Suppose a wire to be stretched across in front of the muzzle of the gun, and at a short distance from it, this wire forming part of a complete electric circuit, which includes also an electric battery and an electro-magnet. When the gun is fired this wire will be broken, the circuit interrupted, and the armature of the magnet released at the instant that the projectile reached the wire in its flight. Now imagine a second wire stretched across the path of the shot, at a point one hundred feet in front of the first one, with a similar arrangement of electric circuit, battery, and electro-



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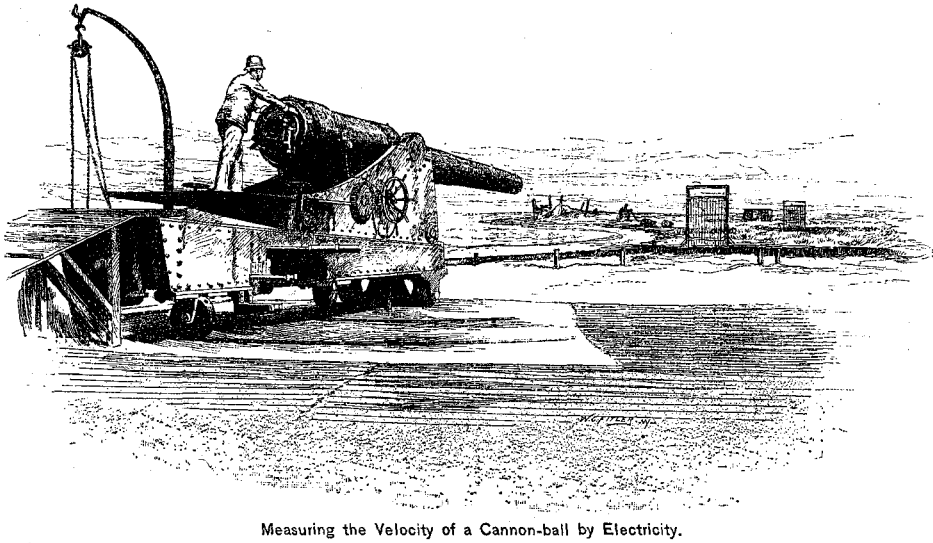
magnet. The breaking of this second wire by the flying projectile will release the armature of the second magnet, and if the interval of time between the release of the two armatures can be determined, the velocity of the projectile is easily calculated. If the projectile has a velocity of 2,000 feet per second, and the wires are 100 feet apart, the interval of time will be one-twentieth of a second, and since it is necessary to know the velocity of the shot to within a few feet per second, an instrument capable of measuring the time-interval to within the five-thousandth part of a second is required ; and the instrument must also record its measurement, since the mind cannot conceive, and much less note, such a very brief period.



Measuring the Velocity of a Cannon-ball by Electricity.

These exacting conditions are completely fulfilled by the electric chronograph, which is an instrument embodying the two electro-magnets already referred to, together with a recording apparatus, and certain attachments for making necessary adjustments, etc. The armature of the first magnet is an iron rod about three feet long, which is suspended in a vertical position from the core of the magnet. The breaking of the first wire releases this rod, allowing it to fall, and when the second wire is broken the armature of the second electro-magnet, which is placed a short distance below the first, is also released, operating a sort of knife which strikes the side of the falling rod, and makes a cut or indentation. The distance of this cut from the end of the rod shows exactly how far the rod dropped while the shot was passing over the distance between the first and second wires, and the corresponding interval of time is readily computed from known laws of falling bodies. Knowing this interval and the distance between the two wires, the initial velocity of the projectile is easily determined.

In testing large guns at the United States Proving Ground at Sandy Hook, New York Harbor, two open frames or targets are set up in front of the gun, and the wire to be broken is strung many times back and forth from one side of the frame to the other, to better insure the rupture of the circuit by the shot as it passes through the frame. From these targets conducting wires lead to the laboratory near by, where the chronographs, batteries, switch-board, and other apparatus are located. In order to obtain more reliable results two or more chronographs may be used for testing the same shot, and the laboratory at Sandy Hook is provided with a number of these instruments.

Another interesting application of electricity at the Proving Grounds is the employment of a small incandescent electric lamp, mounted in connection

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with a magnifying mirror on the end of a long rod, for examining the bore of large guns. By the aid of this apparatus most complete inspection can readily be made of the condition of the chamber and rifling, and any erosion or wear, which frequently occurs from the action of the projectile and the gases from the powder, can at once be detected. Photographs of the interior of the gun are even taken by means of the electric light, and the information obtained by these means is most valuable, and is manifestly more satisfactory than that given by the method of taking impressions of the bore in soft rubber.

Photography has also been made use of in studying the motion of the projectile. In the case of large guns instantaneous views of the shot during its flight have been successfully taken by means of a camera provided with a quick-acting shutter. This method is not applicable, however, to small arms. A rifle-bullet is a very small object, and the camera must be set very near its path in order to obtain a picture of sufficient size to be of use; but the nearer the instrument is placed to the moving object to be photographed, the more rapid is the motion of the image over the plate, and no "instantaneous" or quick-acting shutter could possibly be made to operate with sufficient rapidity, or at the proper instant, to give a sharply defined picture. The desired end is accomplished, however, by the aid of electricity. The camera is provided with an extremely sensitive plate and placed in a dark room, through which the bullet is made to pass. The instant the bullet is in front of the camera it breaks an electric circuit, producing a spark which illuminates the bullet for an instant, and its image is impressed upon the sensitive plate. The duration of the electric spark is almost infinitesimal, and since the plate is affected only during the continuance of the spark, a well-defined photograph of an object moving at a greater velocity than that of sound is obtained. Such pictures show the condensation of the air in front of the bullet, the vacuum left behind it, and the eddies and currents produced in the surrounding atmosphere by its motion; and they afford information which is of value in determining the best shape to be given to the projectile in order to reduce to a minimum the resistance which the air opposes to its flight, and so increase its range and effect.

The gun and ammunition having been brought to a proper degree of perfection for efficient service, electricity again comes to the soldier's aid in assisting to teach him how to use his weapon.

The electrical target, invented by an officer of our service, is designed to remove the dangers of small-arms practice and to facilitate instruction in marksmanship. This target is made of metal, its surface consisting of a great many separate plates accurately fitted together, and each one having a circuit-closer at the back, and admitting of a slight movement independent of the others. Each circuit-closer is connected by a wire with an annunciator located at the firing stand. When a shot strikes any part of the target the corresponding plate is slightly depressed, its circuit-closer operates, and the position of the shot on the target is at once indicated by the annunciator. The necessity of having a man at the target to mark the shots is thus obviated, and mistakes in marking, as well as accidents, which frequently happen from firing when the marker is exposed, are prevented.

As the telegraph was the pioneer among the great industrial applications of electricity, so it was also one of the first electrical inventions to be systematically and generally adopted as a necessary adjunct to the methods of warfare, and its recognized importance will be understood from the fact that the military organizations of nearly all civilized nations now comprise a special telegraph or signal corps, which is instructed and trained in all the duties and operations pertaining to the electric telegraph. Indeed, it has recently been remarked by a foreign military authority, that "so important will be the part played by military telegraphy . . . that the army which has the most efficient system of electric signalling will hold a trump card which may be a decisive influence on the game in any future European war."

Telegraph lines, constructed primarily

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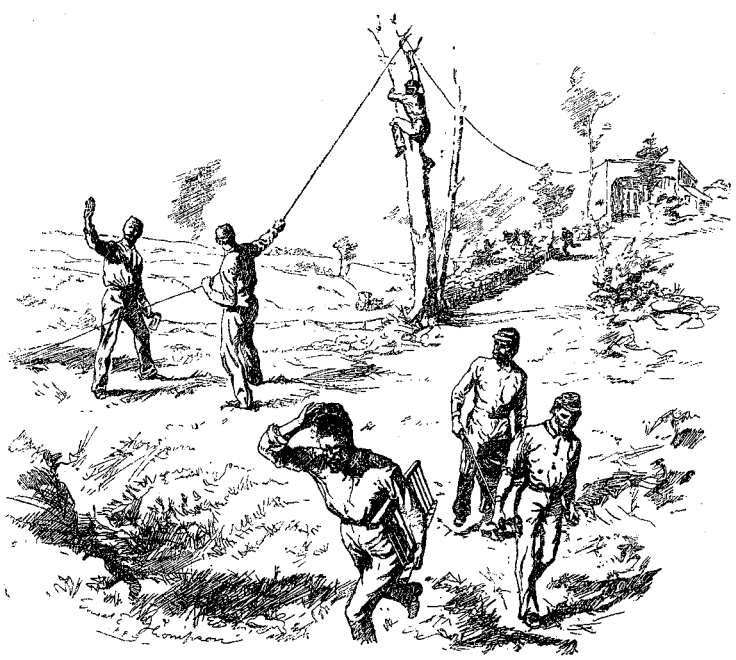
for commercial purposes only, render valuable service in the various duties connected with the regular maintenance of the permanent military force, and upon the approach of hostilities such lines may prove indispensable. The army must then be promptly mobilized, or placed in a condition for active service, and means of rapid communication between the capital or general head-quarters and the centres of the various separate organizations is essential; as is also the prompt transmission of the news of the approach of the enemy, of his arrival on the sea-coast or frontier, and of his movements generally.

The army having been mobilized and placed in the field, the commanding general must maintain communication with the home government and with his subordinate commanders, who may be at a distance. In all these cases commercial telegraph lines are utilized to the fullest extent possible, as well as under any other circumstances where such lines exist and can be made available.

Permanent telegraph lines are frequently erected, especially for military purposes, to connect established posts, depots, or stations with each other and with head-quarters, or to insure communication between other places which in time of war are likely to become of strategic importance. Such military telegraph lines being constructed in time of peace are, of course, similar in all respects to commercial lines.

But in active operations in the field, in presence of the enemy, and perhaps in the enemy's country, entirely new conditions are met with. The commanding general may find himself in a region where none of the conveniences of civilization ever existed, or where all such conveniences that may have existed have been destroyed. His command may extend over a large area, and some of the corps or divisions may be miles away, with dense forests, marshes, streams, mountains, or country occupied by the enemy intervening. Communication must be established through the nearest point to which the permanent lines are still in operation with the home capital, and it is absolutely essential that the commander be provided with the means of transmitting his orders to his subordinates, and of receiving intelligence of their positions and movements, and of those of the enemy, if he is to have



Running the Wires of a Field-telegraph.

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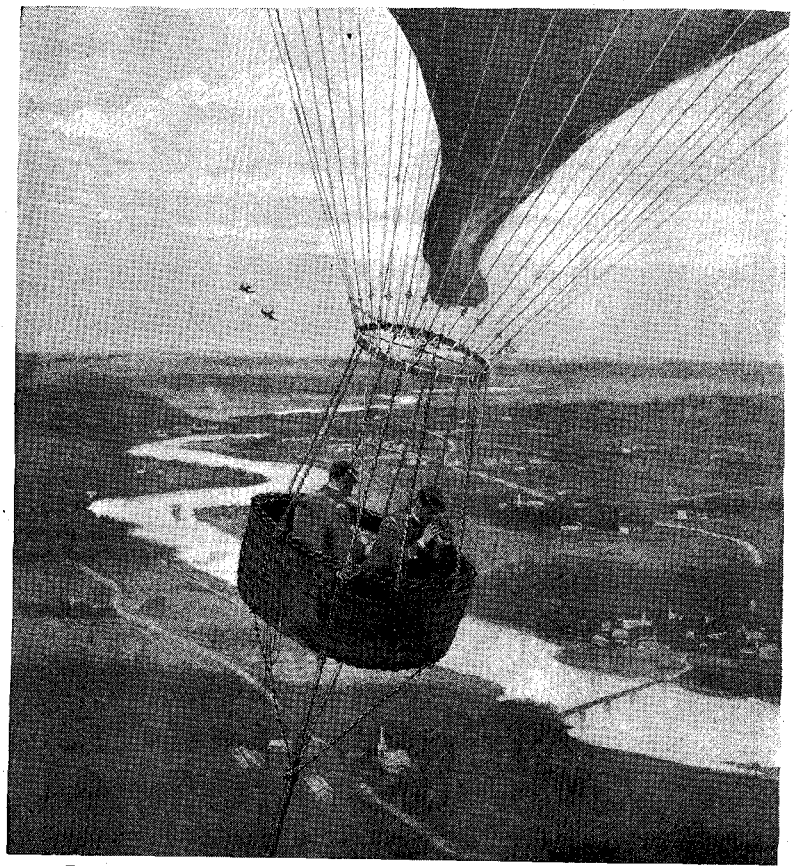

Telegraphing Military Observations from a Captive Balloon; the wire along the cable.

any hope of successfully executing the plan of operations which it is his duty to carry out.

The Field Telegraph Corps now comes to his aid. This corps is provided with its train of wagons or carts, drawn by horses or mules, and carrying wire, poles, instruments, etc., and the tools and material needed in erecting the lines, in taking them down, and in making necessary repairs. For lines which are to be in a measure permanent, like those erected to maintain communication between the field of operations and the home government or the general headquarters, the wires will be put up in the ordinary manner, making use of such available material for poles, etc., as may be found in the vicinity.

In the case of temporary lines, which must be more hastily constructed and removed, the wagon carrying the wire is driven over the route and the wire reeled out along the ground, to be afterward raised and supported on insulators attached to trees, buildings, fences, etc.; or where such supports are not available, to light wooden poles carried for the purpose. The batteries, instruments, etc., can be set up in the wagon, which is thus made to serve as an operating station.

For still more rapid work, wire or cable having an insulating covering throughout is used, and this is reeled out along the ground, crossing marshes, streams, etc., if necessary, when it is ready for immediate use without requiring insulating supports. In crossing roads, and at other points where the wire would otherwise be exposed to injury, it is raised on poles or may be buried in the ground. In rough, mountainous, or thickly wooded regions, where



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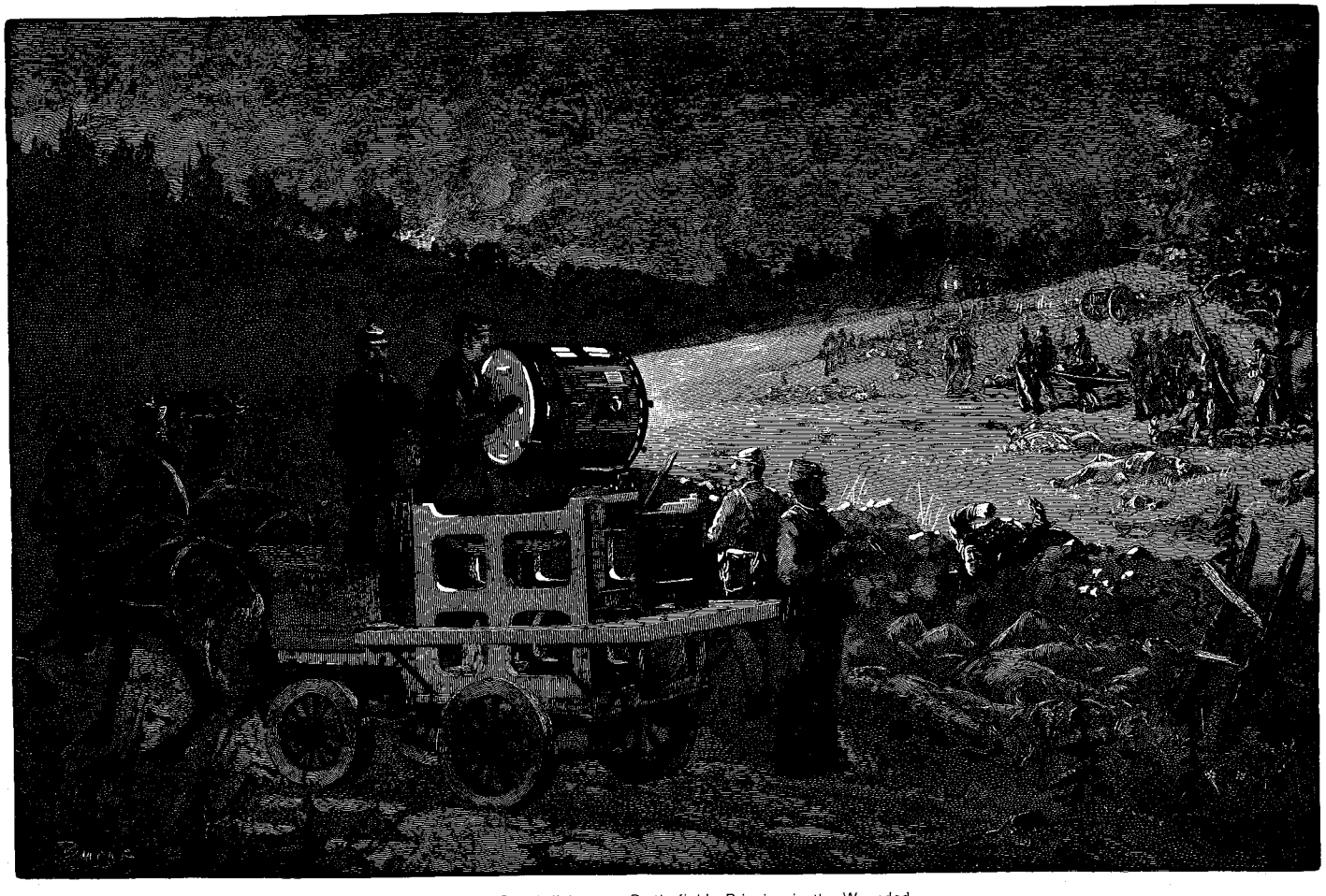

Using the Search-light on a Battle-field—Bringing in the Wounded.

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wheeled vehicles cannot be used, the wire and other material is transported on pack animals, and in running short lines which must be very hastily established in difficult situations, the reels may even be carried by men on foot.

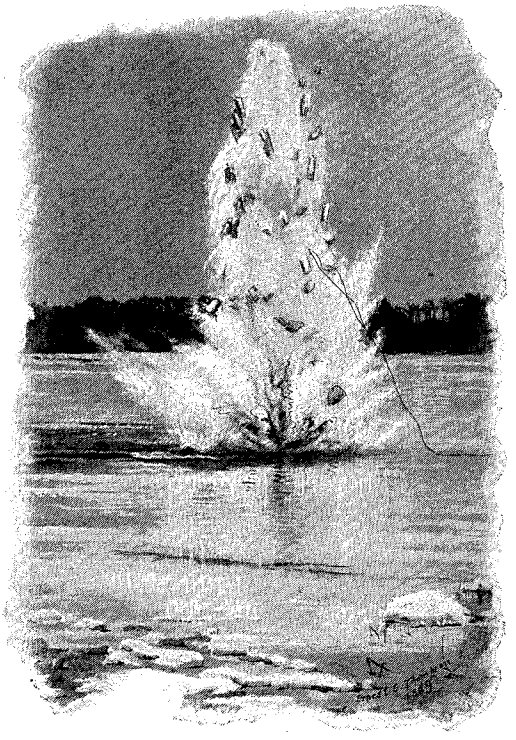
For operating the line an instrument similar to the ordinary Morse apparatus, arranged in compact form, is generally used; but the telephone has also a limited application for the purpose, and an improved instrument has recently been devised for the field telegraph service which will work for moderate distances through an ordinary bare wire laid along the ground or through the wire of fences.

In the use of captive balloons for observing the strength and position of the enemy or of his works, or for obtaining information regarding his movements, the telegraph or telephone furnishes the best means of communication between the observers in the car of the balloon and persons on the ground. The instrument in the balloon is readily connected with that below by wires carried along or enclosed within the cable by which the balloon is secured, and the results of the observations, instructions or orders, etc., can be communicated almost as easily as between two stations on the ground.

The members of the Telegraph Corps must of course be thoroughly drilled in all the manœuvres connected with packing, transporting, erecting, operating, and taking down the special apparatus of the field signal train, and they must be able to operate the apparatus in commercial use as well. Besides having a thorough knowledge of the ordinary or Morse code, they must be familiar with various secret codes and ciphers, adapted for use in presence of the enemy, and they must be instructed in the methods of destroying or interrupting the telegraph lines of the enemy and intercepting his messages.

Recent improvements in synchronous telegraph apparatus, the action of which depends upon the continuous motion in perfect unison of two instruments in electrical connection, but at different stations, have rendered it practicable to make, at a distant station, an exact reproduction of any writing or drawing executed on suitably prepared paper and placed in the instrument at the sending station.* Though the principle of this instrument is not new, and it has never been used to any extent for commercial purposes, the improvements referred to give promise of rendering the system of great value in sending vastly more complete and reliable information concerning the plans of forts and other works of defence, the disposition of troops, maps of the country, etc., than could possibly be conveyed in words, and with a great saving in time and almost absolute security against the interception of the message by the enemy.

But even the field telegraph may fail, as when it becomes necessary to transmit messages over large bodies of water, or across intervening country which on account of its occupation by the enemy or from some other cause is inacces-



Torpedo Explosion under Ice.

* See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for July, 1889, page 15.

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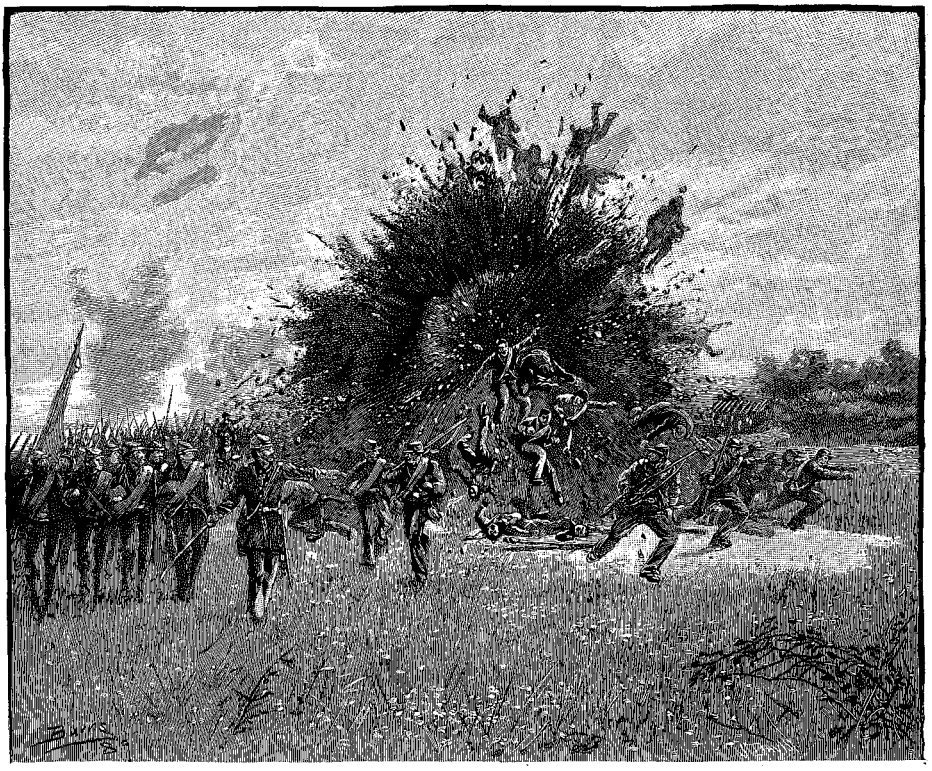

A Mine Explosion during an Advance.

sible. Flashes of light, produced by the field search-light apparatus, directed upon the clouds or upon high terrestrial objects in the vicinity, may then be employed, or signals may be sent by means of incandescent lamps sent up in a balloon and made to flash by manipulating a key introduced into the circuits. This is a method of signalling which cannot be interrupted by the enemy, though it is, of course, only available at night and in clear weather.

The search-light apparatus consists of the well-known arrangement of a powerful electric lamp placed in the focus of a reflector, so contrived that the lamp and reflector can be easily turned and the beam of light sent in any desired direction. For field service the lamp and the steam-boiler, engine, and dynamo for operating it, are mounted on wheels for facility in transportation. The more important uses of this light are to disclose the position and movements of the enemy; to blind and confuse him in the event of an attack at night; to enable the fire of a fort to be properly directed; to facilitate night movements of the army, and the construction of earthworks or other hasty defences. After an action the light may also be employed to search out and care for the wounded on the field of battle, and it assists in the merciful work of the surgeons by enabling them to promptly perform delicate operations which otherwise could only be done in daytime (p. 430).

It is, however, in immediate connection with the high explosives that the military adaptations of electricity have received their most perfect development and have contributed to the most astonishing results, and there is probably no military weapon with which the general public has been made more familiar by repeated descriptions and illustrations than that class of instruments of destruction known under the general name of torpedoes.

The almost universal adaptability of

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the method of firing charges of gunpowder, dynamite, gun-cotton, or other explosives, by means of the electric spark or an electric fuse, follows from the great ease and facility with which the firing circuit can be established in almost any situation, however difficult or unfavorable, and carried to almost any point, however remote; thus enabling the operator, by simply manipulating a key or electric exploder, to fire the charge from a place of perfect security, with certainty and at the proper instant. There is no "slow match" or powder-train liable to be ruptured, to become damp, or to be found inoperative from other causes when most needful; and the unsatisfactory percussion cap and lock, always subject to accidental discharge, are also done away with.

More especially in permanent fortifications, and in the complete and complicated systems of defence established to protect important seaports, does the electric apparatus, or "plant," become an important factor in the organization, and under these circumstances it requires a special corps of skilled operatives carefully trained in its establishment, care, and manipulation.

The main station, containing the steam-power, dynamos, batteries, etc., is located in a thoroughly secure place within the work, or it may even be removed to a point some distance away and the conductors carried to the fort under ground. Electric motors will enable the aiming and manipulation of the heaviest guns, mounted on "disappearing gun-carriages," to be effected with the greatest facility, and they will also be brought into use in moving and hoisting the enormous charges of explosive and projectiles which constitute the ammunition of modern high-power ordnance.

The guns have electric fuses, or primers, connected with wires which are led to a secure place of observation, where the commanding officer, provided with instruments which enable him to accurately determine the position and distance of the enemy's vessels, has the entire battery of the fort under immediate control, and he can direct and regulate the fire of the guns to the best possible advantage.



The approaches to the fort by land will be defended by ground torpedoes or mines, properly distributed and carefully concealed, and passages over frozen streams or other small bodies of water in the vicinity may be defended in a similar manner. Mines placed under ground or under the ice are also employed in field operations, and frozen bodies of water are readily made passable for friendly boats by blasting with charges of explosive placed on the ice or beneath the surface.

These mines or torpedoes constitute a formidable and much-dreaded means of defence, since they are entirely concealed from sight and their position cannot easily be discovered by the enemy. By providing them with electrical fuses, placed in circuits under control from the fort, they will be absolutely inoperative and harmless until, upon the approach of the enemy, the time arrives for their deadly work. The mines can also be arranged to operate automatically if liable to be disturbed during darkness, or if planted where their location cannot be observed from the fort.

The electric light is also a valuable aid in the general system of defence. The incandescent lamp is particularly adapted to illuminating dark passages and the magazines in which the ammunition is stored, and where, on account of the danger of fire, any other form of artificial light has to be employed with the utmost caution.

In the pneumatic dynamite gun, which has recently received so much attention both from military men and from the world at large, and which undoubtedly will have a place in shore defence, electricity is employed to regulate the explosion of the charge carried by the projectile. The shell carries a small battery in one of its compartments, and this battery is entirely inoperative under ordinary circumstances, rendering the shell entirely safe to handle and place in the gun. When the gun is fired, should the shot fall short, the battery becomes active soon after immersion in the water, and the explosion is caused to take place below the water-line, where it is most likely to do injury to the vessel aimed at.

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But it is in the system of defensive torpedoes, or submarine mines, which is provided for obstructing the entrance to the harbor, and which is operated from stations on shore, that we find perhaps a more elaborate and complete arrangement of electric apparatus than in any other portion of the defensive establishment.

The conditions imposed upon this part of the defence are many and exacting, and a vast amount of study and experiment has been devoted to its development and perfection.

A submarine mine consists essentially of a water-tight metallic case containing a large charge of dynamite or other powerful explosive, and provided with an electric fuse and a circuit regulator of peculiar construction. An anchor or sinker is placed on the bottom of the channel it is desired to obstruct, and to this the mine is moored so as to float a short distance below the surface. The fuse and circuit regulator are connected by means of a cable with the testing and firing apparatus in the operating-room, which is located in a secure place within the work on shore, and a large number of such mines are distributed over that portion of the channel through which an enemy's vessel must pass in order to enter the harbor.

Those mines which are placed in the main channel or entrance must be under most perfect control of the operator, since they are planted before the arrival of the enemy, and the channel must afford a safe passage for friendly vessels until hostile ships attempt an entrance. With this object the apparatus can be adjusted so as to merely give warning if the torpedo be struck or disturbed in any way, leaving the matter of firing entirely to the will of the operator or to that of the officer in command of the defence, who is stationed in a suitable place for observation and in telegraphic communication with the torpedo operating-room.

By making suitable connections with the shore firing-circuits, guns ready loaded and aimed over the places where the mines are planted are automatically discharged as soon as a mine is disturbed, thus preventing boat parties from tampering with the system, while the mine itself is reserved for its proper work. Finally, the mine and gun circuits may be so arranged that either the mine alone, or both mine and guns are automatically discharged at the proper instant upon the attempted passage of a man-of-war.

There are, besides, a great many other details connected with this system which cannot be referred to here, but which are, nevertheless, important, since the efficiency of the entire system depends largely upon careful attention to these very details. For example, it is necessary that provision be made for accurate electrical tests and measurements, both while the mines are being planted and after they are established, in order to determine with certainty their condition of efficiency at all times, and to make the best use of such as may give signs of deterioration; and it will be readily understood that with such large charges of deadly explosive and apparatus which is necessarily somewhat delicate and complicated, the greatest care must be exercised in order to prevent serious accidents.

Movable or fish torpedoes also form part of the shore-defence system, and in one of the forms of this torpedo adapted to this purpose the weapon is propelled through the water at great speed by an electric motor connected to the propeller-wheel and driven by an electric current conveyed to it from the dynamo on shore through a cable which the torpedo pays out while in motion. The steering apparatus is also operated electrically from shore through a separate conductor contained in the same cable, and the charge of dynamite which the torpedo carries is exploded either at will or automatically upon striking the enemy's vessel.

Although extraordinary results may reasonably be expected from the employment of the electrical torpedo and dynamite gun for coast defence in future wars that may occur, it must be admitted that there is a popular tendency to overestimate their value and the security which their use will afford the country. Granting that they both are now recognized weapons of warfare, it must be remembered that neither one alone, nor both together, are able to cope

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The Sims-Edison Electric Torpedo, steered from the shore.

with an adversary fully equipped with both these and with other modern weapons besides. To provide only torpedoes and dynamite guns for the country's land defence would be as great folly as to send an army into the field with only the modern artillery arm, knowing that it would have to encounter an enemy armed with the same weapon and with the rifle and sabre as well.

## SONG.

*By Duncan Campbell Scott.*

I HAVE done,
Put by the lute;
Songs and singing soon are over,
Soon as airy shades that hover
Up above the purple clover;
I have done, put by the lute—
Once I sang as early thrushes
Sing about the dewy bushes;
Now I'm mute;
I am like a weary linnet,
For my throat has no song in it,
I have had my singing minute;
I have done—
Put by the lute.

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# IN THE VALLEY.

*By Harold Frederic.*

## CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH I BECOME THE SON OF THE HOUSE.

THE French, for some reason or other, did not follow up their advantage and descend upon the lower Valley; but had they done so there could scarcely have been a greater panic among the Palatines. All during the year there had been seen at times, darkly flitting through the woods near the sparse settlements, little bands of hostile Indians. It was said that their purpose was to seize and abduct Sir William; failing in this they did what other mischief they could, so that the whole Valley was kept in constant alarm. No household knew, on going to bed, that they would not be roused before morning by savage war-cries. No man ventured out of sight of his home without entertaining the idea that he might never get back alive. Hence, when the long-expected blow was really struck, and the town on the German Flatts devastated, everybody was in an agony of fear. To make matters worse, Sir William was at his home ill in bed, and there was some trouble between him and the English commanders which stood in the way of troops being sent to our aid.

Those few days following the dreadful news of the attack above us seem still like a nightmare. The settlers up the river began sending their household goods down to Albany; women and children, too, passed us in great parties, to take refuge in Fort Hunter, or at Schenectady. The river suddenly became covered with boats once more, but this time representing the affrighted flight of whole communities instead of a peaceful commerce.

During this season of terror I was, as may be conceived, indeed unhappy. I had no stomach even for play with the new addition to our household, yet scarcely dared to show my nose outside the stockade. Mr. Stewart spent his days abroad, either with Sir William, or up at Caughnawaga, concerting means of defence with our friends the Fondas. He did, however, find time to cross the river and reassure my mother, who trembled with apprehension for her great brood of young, but was brave as a lion for herself. Weeks afterward, when I visited her once more, I saw baskets of lime in the attic which this devoted woman had stored there, to throw with water on the Indians when they came. This device she had learned from the family traditions of her ancestors' doings, when the Spaniards were in Holland.

Gradually the alarm wore away. The French and Indians, after killing fifty Palatines and taking thrice that number prisoners, turned tail and marched back to the Lake again, with some of Honikol Herkimer's lead in their miserable bodies. The Valley was rarely to be cursed with their presence again. It was as if a long fever had come to its climax in a tremendous convulsion, and then gone off altogether. We regained confidence, and faced the long winter of '57 with content.

Before the next snowfall succeeded to that first November flurry, and the season closed in in earnest, Mr. Stewart was able, by the aid of a number of neighbors, to build and roof over two additions to his house. The structure was still all of logs, but with its new wings became almost as large, if not as imposing, as any frame-house round about. One of these wings was set aside for Dame Kronk and the little girl. The other, much to my surprise, was given to me. At the same time my benefactor formally presented me with my little black playmate, Tulp. He had heretofore been my friend; henceforth he was my slave, yet, let me add, none the less my friend.

All this was equivalent to my formal

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adoption as Mr. Stewart's son. It was the custom in those days, when a slave child came of a certain age, to present it to the child of the family who should be of the same age and sex. The presentation was made at New Year's, ordinarily, and the white child acknowledged it by giving the little black a piece of money and a pair of shoes. My mother rather illogically shed some tears at this token that I was to belong henceforth to Mr. Stewart; but she gave me a bright Spanish dollar out of her small hoard for Tulp, and she had old William Dietz, the itinerant cobbler of Schoharie, construct for him a very notable pair of shoes, which did him no good since his father promptly sold them over at Fort Hunter for rum. The old rascal would have made away with the coin as well, no doubt, but that Mr. Stewart threatened him with a hiding, and so Tulp wore it on a leather string about his neck.

I did not change my name, but continued to be Douw Mauverensen. This was at the wish of both Mr. Stewart and my mother, for the name I bore was an honorable one. My father had been for years a clergyman in the Valley, preaching now in Dutch, now in German, according to the nationality of the people, and leading a life of much hardship travelling up and down among them. It is not my business to insist that he was a great man, but it is certain that through all my younger years I received kindnesses from many people because I was my father's son. For my own part I but faintly remember him, he having been killed by a fractious horse when I was a very small boy.

As he had had no fixed charge during life, but had ministered to half a dozen communities, so it was nobody's business in particular to care for his family after his death. The owner of the horse did send my mother a bushel of apples, and the congregation at Stone Arabia took up a little money for her. But they were all poor people in those days, wresting a scanty livelihood from the wilderness, and besides, I have never noticed that to be free with their money is in the nature of either the Dutch or the Palatines. The new Dominie too, who came up from Albany to take my father's place, was of the opinion that there was quite little enough coming in for the living pastor, without shearing it, as he said, to keep alive dead folk's memories. Thus sadly a prospect of great destitution opened before my mother.

But she was, if I say it myself, a superior woman. Her father, Captain Baltus Van Hoorn, had been a burgher of substance in old Dorp, until the knavery of a sea-captain who turned pirate with a ship owned by my grandfather drove the old gentleman into poverty and idleness. For years his younger daughter, my mother, kept watch over him, contrived by hook or by crook to collect his old credits outstanding, and maintained at least enough of his business to ward the wolf from the door. It was only after his death, and after her older sister, Margaret, had gone to Coeymans with her husband, Kronk, that my mother married the elderly Dominie Mauverensen. When he was so untowardly killed, fifteen years later, she was left with eight children of whom I, a toddling urchin, was among the youngest. She had no money save the pittance from Stone Arabia, no means of livelihood, nor even a roof of her own over her head, since the new Dominie made harsh remarks about her keeping him out of his own every time he visited our village. To add to the wretchedness of her plight, at this very time her sister Margaret came back in destitution and weakness to her, having been both widowed and sorely shaken in wits by the small-pox.

It was then that Mr. Stewart, who had known my father, came to our relief. He first loaned my mother a small sum of money—she would take no more, and was afterward very proud to repay him penny for penny. He further interested Sir William Johnson, Mr. Douw Fonda, Mr. John Butler and others in the project of aiding her to establish a small school at Fort Hunter, where little children might be taught pure Dutch.

This language, which I have lived to see almost entirely fade from use, was even then thought to be most probably the tongue of the future in the Colony, and there was the more need to teach it correctly since, by the barbarous commingling of Rhenish peasant dialects,

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Irish and Scotch perversions of English, Indian phrases, the lingo of the slaves, and the curious expressions of the Yankees from the East—the most villainous jargon ever heard was commonly spoken in our Valley. My mother knew the noble language of her fathers in all its strength and sweetness, and her teaching was so highly prized that soon the school became a source of steady support to us all. Old "Uncle" Conrad—or Coonrod as we used to call him—the high-shouldered old pedagogue who was at once teacher, tithing-man, herb-doctor and fiddler for our section, grumbled a little at the start, but either he had not the heart to take the bread from our mouths, or his own lips were soon silenced by the persuasion of our patrons.

It was out of respect for one of these, good old Douw Fonda, who came from Schenectady to live at Caughnawaga when I was two years old, that I had been named. But even more we all owed to the quiet lonely man who had built the log house opposite Aries Creek, and who used so often to come over on Sunday afternoons in the warm weather and pay us a friendly visit.

My earliest recollections are of this Mr. Stewart, out of whom my boyish fancy created a beneficent sort of St. Nicholas, who could be good all the year round instead of only at New Year's. As I grew older his visits seemed more and more to be connected with me, for he paid little attention to my sisters, and rarely missed taking me on his knee or, later on, leading me out for a walk. Finally I was asked to go over and stay with him for a week, and this practically was the last of my life with my mother. Soon afterward my aunt was engaged as his housekeeper, and I tacitly became a part of the household as well. Last of all, on my eighth birthday, in this same November of '57, I was formally installed as son of the house.

It was a memorable day, as I have said, in that Tulp was given me for my own. But I think that at the time I was even more affected by the fact that I was presented with a coat, and allowed to forever lay aside my odious aprons. These garments, made by my mother's own hands, had long been the bane of my existence. To all my entreaties to be dressed as the other boys of my age, like Matthew Wormuth or Walter Butler, were, instead of like a Dutch infant, she was accustomed to retort that young Peter Hansenius, the son of the Dominie at Schenectady, had worn aprons until he was twelve. I had never seen Peter Hansenius, nor has it ever since been my fortune so to do, but I hated him bitterly as the cause of my humiliation.

Yet when I had got my coat, and wore it, along with breeches of the same pearl-gray color, dark woollen stockings, copper buckles on my shoes, and plain lace at my wrists and neck, and on my new hat, I somehow did not feel any more like the other boys than before.

It was my bringing up, I fancy, which made me a solitary lad. Continual contact with Mr. Stewart had made me older than my years. I knew the history of Holland almost as well, I imagine, as any grown man in the neighborhood, and I had read many valuable books on the history of other countries and the lives of famous men, which were in Mr. Stewart's possession. Sir William also loaned me numerous books, including the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which I studied with delight. I had also from him *Roderick Random*, which I did not at all enjoy, nor do I even now understand how it, or for that matter, any of its rowdy fellows, found favor with sensible people.

My reading was all very serious—strangely so, no doubt, for a little boy—but in truth reading of any sort would have served to make me an odd sheep among my comrades. I wonder still at the unlettered condition of the boys about me. John Johnson, though seven years my senior, was so ignorant as scarcely to be able to tell the difference between the Dutch and the Germans, and whence they respectively came. He told me once, some years after this, when I was bringing an armful of volumes from his father's mansion, that a boy was a fool to pore over books when he could ride and fish and hunt instead. Young Butler was of a better sort mentally, but he too never cared to read much. Both he and the Freys, the Nellises, the Cosselmans, young Wormuth—in fact all the boys of good families I knew in the valley—derided education, and

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preferred instead to go into the woods with a negro and hunt squirrels while he chopped, or to play with their traps.

Perhaps they were not to be blamed much, for the attractions of the rough out-of-door life which they saw men leading all about them might very easily outweigh the quiet pleasures of a book. But it was a misfortune none the less in after-years to some of them, when they allowed uninformed prejudices to lead them into a terrible course of crime against their country and their neighbors, and paid their estates or their lives as the penalty for their ignorance and folly.

Fortunately, things are better ordered for the youth of the land in these days.

## CHAPTER V.

### HOW A STATELY NAME WAS SHORTENED AND SWEETENED.

It was on the morrow after my birthday that we became finally convinced of the French retreat. Mr. Stewart had returned from his journeys, contented, and sat now, after his hot supper, smoking by the fire. I lay at his feet on a bear-skin, I remember, reading by the light of the flames, when my Aunt brought the baby-girl in.

During the week that she had been with us, I had been too much terrified by the menace of invasion to take much interest in her, and Mr. Stewart had scarcely seen her. He smiled now, and held out his hands to her. She went to him very freely, and looked him over with a wise, wondering expression when he took her on his knee. It could be seen that she was very pretty. Her little white rows of teeth were as regular and pearly as the upper kernels on an ear of fresh sweet corn. She had a ribbon in her long, glossy hair, and her face shone pleasantly with soap. My Aunt had made her some shoes out of deer-hide which Mr. Stewart chuckled over.

"What a people the Dutch are!" he said, with a smile. "The child is polished like the barrel of a gun. What's your name, little one?"

The girl made no answer, from timidity, I suppose.

"Has she no name? I should think she would have one," said I. It was the first time I had ever spoken to Mr. Stewart without having been addressed. But my new position in the house seemed to entitle me to this much liberty, for once.

"No," he replied, "your Aunt is not able to discover that she has a name—except that she calls herself Pulkey, or something like that."

"That is not a good name to the ear," I said, in comment.

"No; doubtless it is a nickname. I have thought," he added, musingly, "of calling her Desideria."

I sat bolt upright at this. It did not become me to protest, but I could not keep the dismay from my face, evidently, for Mr. Stewart laughed aloud.

"What is it, Douw? Is it not to your liking?"

"Y-e-s, sir—but she is such a very little girl!"

"And the name is so great, eh? She'll grow to it, lad, she'll grow to it. And what kind of a Dutchman are you, sir, who are unwilling to do honor to the greatest of all Dutchmen? The Dr. Erasmus, upon whose letters you are to try your Latin this winter—his name was Desiderius. Can you tell what it means? It signifies 'desired,' as of a mother's heart, and he took a form of the Greek verb *erao*, meaning about the same thing, instead. It's a good, famous name, you see. We mean to make our little girl the truest lady, and love her the best, of all the women in the Valley. And so we'll give her a name—a fair-sounding, gracious, classical name—which no other woman bears, and one that shall always suggest home love—eh, boy?"

"But if it be so good a name, sir," I said, gingerly, being conscious of presumption, "why did Dr. Erasmus not keep it himself instead of turning it into Greek?"

My patron laughed heartily at this. "A Dutchman for obstinacy!" he said, and leaned over to rub the top of my head, which he did when I specially pleased him.

Late that night, as I lay awake in my new room, listening to the whistling of the wind in the snow-laden branches

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outside, an idea came to me which I determined to put into action. So next evening, when the little girl was brought in after our supper, I begged that she might be put down on the fur before the fire, to play with me, and I watched my opportunity. Mr. Stewart was reading by the candles on the table. Save for the singing of the kettle on the crane—for the mixing of his night-drink later on—and the click of my Aunt's knitting-needles—there was perfect silence. I mustered my bravery, and called my wee playmate "Daisy."

I dared not look at the master, and could not tell if he had heard or not. Presently I spoke the name again, and this time ventured to steal an apprehensive glance at him, and fancied I saw the workings of a smile repressed in the deep lines about his mouth. "A Dutchman for obstinacy" truly, since two days afterward Mr. Stewart himself called the girl "Daisy"—and there was an end of it. Until confirmation time, when she played a queenly part at the head of the little class of farmers' and villagers' daughters whom Dominie Romeyn baptized into full communion, the ponderous Latin name was never heard of again. Then it indeed emerged for but a single day, to dignify a state occasion, and disappeared forever. Except alone on the confirmation register of the Stone Church at Caughnawaga, she was Daisy thenceforth for all time and to all men.

The winter of 1757–58 is still spoken of by us old people as a season of great severity and consequent privation. The snow was drifted over the roads up to the first branches of the trees, yet rarely formed a good crust upon which one could move with snow-shoes. Hence the outlying settlements, like Cherry Valley and Tribes Hill, had hard work to get food.

I do not remember that our household stood in any such need, but occasionally some Indian who had been across the hills carrying venison would come in and rest, begging for a drink of raw rum, and giving forth a strong smell like that of a tame bear as he toasted himself by the fire. Mr. Stewart was often amused by these fellows, and delighted to talk with them as far as their knowledge of language and inclination to use it went, but I never could abide them.

It has become the fashion now to be sentimental about the red man, and young people who never knew what he really was like find it easy to extol his virtues, and to create for him a chivalrous character. No doubt there were some honest creatures among them; even in Sodom and Gomorrah a few just people were found. It is true that in later life I once had occasion to depend greatly upon the fidelity of two Oneidas, and they did not fail me. But as a whole the race was a bad one—full of laziness and lies, and cowardly ferocity. From earliest childhood I saw a good deal of them, and I know what I say.

Probably there was no place on the whole continent where these Indians could be better studied than in the Mohawk Valley, near to Sir William's place. They came to him in great numbers, not only from the Six Nations, but often from far-distant tribes living beyond the Lakes, and north of the St. Lawrence. They were on their best behavior with him, and no doubt had an affection for him in their way, but it was because he flattered their egregious vanity by acting and dressing in Indian fashion, and made it worth their while by constantly giving them presents and rum. Their liking seemed always to me to be that of the selfish, treacherous cat, rather than of the honest dog. Their teeth and claws were always ready for your flesh, if you did not give them enough, and if they dared to strike. And they were cowards, too, for all their boasting. Not even Sir William could get them to face any enemy in the open. Their notion of war was midnight skulking, and shooting from behind safe cover. Even in battle they were murderers, not warriors.

In peace they were next to useless. There was a little colony of them in our orchard one summer which I watched with much interest. The men never did one stroke of honest work, all the season long, except to trot on errands, when they felt like it, and occasionally salt and smoke fish which they caught in the river.

But the wretched squaws—my word

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but *they* worked enough for both! These women, wrinkled, dirty, sore-eyed from the smoke in their miserable huts, toiled on patiently, ceaselessly, making a great variety of wooden utensils and things of deer-hide like snow-shoes, moccasins, and shirts, which they bartered with the whites for milk and vegetables and rum. Even the little girls among them had to gather berries and mandrake, and, in the Fall, the sumach blows which the Indians used for savoring their food. And if these poor creatures obtained in their bartering too much bread and milk and too little rum and tobacco, they were beaten by their men as no white man would beat the meanest animal.

Doubtless much of my dislike for the Indian came from his ridiculous and hateful assumption of superiority over the negro. To my mind, and to all sensible minds I fancy, one simple, honest, devoted black was worth a score of these conceited, childish brutes. I was so fond of my boy Tulp that, even as a little fellow, I deeply resented the slights and cuffs which he used to receive at the hands of the savages who lounged about in the sunshine, in our vicinity. His father, mother, and brothers, who herded together in a shanty at the edge of the clearing back of us, had their faults, no doubt, but they would work when they were bid, and they were grateful to those who fed and clothed and cared for them. These were reasons for their being despised by the Indians—and they seemed also reasons why I should like them, as I always did.

There were other reasons why I should be very fond of Tulp. He was a queer, droll little darky as a boy, full of curious fancies and comical sayings, and I never can remember a time when he would not, I veritably believe, have laid down his life for me. We were always together, indoors or out. He was exceedingly proud of his name, which was in a way a badge of ancient descent—having been borne by a long line of slaves, his ancestors, since that far-back time when the Dutch went crazy over collecting tulip-bulbs.

His father had started in life with this name, too, but, passing into the possession of an unromantic Yankee at Albany, had been re-christened Eli—a name which he loathed yet perforce retained when Mr. Stewart bought him. He was a drunken, larcenous old rascal, but as sweet-tempered as the day is long, and many's the time I've heard him vow, with maudlin tears in his eyes, that all his evil habits came upon him as the result of changing his name. If he had continued to be Tulp, he argued, he would have had some incentive to an honorable life; but what self-respecting nigger could have so common a name as Eli, and be good for anything? All this warranted my boy in being proud of his name, and, so to speak, in living up to it.

I have gossiped along without telling much of the long winter of 1757. In truth there is little to tell. I happen to remember that it was a season of cruel hardship to many of our neighbors. But it was a happy time for me. What mattered it that the snow was piled outside high above my head; that food in the forest was so scarce that the wolves crept yelping close to our stockade; that we had to eat cranberries to keep off the scurvy until I grew for all time to hate their very color; or that for five long months I never saw my mother and sisters, or went to church? It was very pleasant inside.

I seem still to see the square, homelike central room of the old house, with Mr. Stewart's bed in one corner, covered with a great robe of pieced panther skins. The smoky rafters above were hung with strings of onions, red-peppers, and long ears of Indian corn, the gold of which shone through pale parted husks and glowed in the firelight. The rude home-made table, chairs, and stools stood in those days upon a rough floor of hewn planks, on projecting corners of which an unlucky toe was often stubbed. There were various skins spread on this floor, and others on the log walls, hung up to dry. Over the great stone mantel were suspended Mr. Stewart's guns, along with his sword and pistols. Back in the corners of the fireplace were hung traps, nets, and the like, while on the opposite side of the room was the master's bookcase, well filled with volumes in English, Latin, and other tongues. Three doors, low and unpanelled, opened from this room to the other chambers of

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the house—leading respectively to the kitchen, to my room, and to the room now set apart for my Aunt and little Daisy.

No doubt it was a poor abode, and scantily enough furnished, judged by present standards, but we were very comfortable in it none the less. I worked pretty hard that winter on my Latin, conning Cæsar for labor, and Dr. Erasmus for play, and kept up my other studies as well, reading for the first time, I remember, the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. For the rest, I busied myself learning to make snow-shoes, to twist cords out of flax, to mould bullets, and to write legibly—or else played with Daisy and Tulp.

To confess how simply we amused ourselves, we three little ones, would be to speak in an unknown tongue, I fear, to modern children. Our stock of playthings was very limited. We had, as the basis of everything, the wooden works of the old clock, which served now for a grist mill like that of the Groats, now for a fort, again for a church. Then there were the spindles of a discarded spinning-wheel, and a small army of spools which my Aunt used for winding linen thread. These we dressed in odd rags for dolls—soldiers, Indians, and fine ladies, and Knights of old. To our contented fancy, there was endless interest in the lives and doings of these poor puppets. I made them illustrate the things I read, and the slave boy and tiny orphan girl assisted and followed on with equal enthusiasm, whether the play was of Alexander of Macedon, or Captain Kidd, or only a war-council of Delaware Indians, based upon Mr. Colden's book.

Sometimes, when it was warm enough to leave the hearth, and Mr. Stewart desired not to be disturbed, we would transport ourselves and our games to my Aunt's room. This would be a dingy enough place, I suppose, even to my eyes now, but it had a great charm then. Here from the rafters hung the dried, odoriferous herbs—sage, summer-savory, and mother-wort; bottles of cucumber ointment and of a liniment made from angle worms—famous for cuts and bruises; strings of dried apples and pumpkins; black beans in their withered pods; sweet clover for the linen—and I know not what else besides. On the wall were two Dutch engravings of the killing of Jan and Cornelis De Wit by the citizens of The Hague, which, despite their hideous fidelity to details, had a great fascination for me.

My childhood comes back vividly indeed to me as I recall the good old woman, in her white cap and short gown (which she had to lift to get at the pocket tied over her petticoat by a string to her waist) walking up and down with the yarn taut from the huge, buzzing wheel, crooning Dutch hymns to herself the while, and thinking about our dinner.

## CHAPTER VI.

### WITHIN SOUND OF THE SHOUTING WATERS.

If I relied upon my memory, I could not tell when the French War ended. It had practically terminated, so far as our Valley was concerned, with the episode already related. Sir William Johnson was away much of the time with the Army, and several of the boys older than myself, John Johnson, John Frey, and Adam Fonda among them, went with him. We heard vague news of battles at distant places, at Niagara, at Quebec, and elsewhere. Once indeed a band of Roman Catholic Indians appeared at Fort Herkimer and did bloody work before they were driven off, but this time there was no panic in the lower settlements.

Large troops of soldiers continually passed up and down on the river in the open seasons, some of them in very handsome clothes.

I remember one body of Highlanders in particular, whose dress and mien impressed me greatly. Mr. Stewart, too, was much excited by the memories this noble uniform evoked, and had the officers into the house, to eat and drink with him. I watched and listened to these tall, fierce, bare-kneed warriors in awe, from a distance. He brought out bottles from his rare stock of Madeira, and they drank it amid exclamations which, if I mistake not, were highly treasonable. This was almost the last

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occasion on which I heard references made to his descent, and he did his best to discourage them then. Most of these fine red-haired men, I learned afterward, laid their bones on the bloody plateau overlooking Quebec.

Far fresher in my recollection than these rumors of war is the fact that my Tulp caught the small-pox, in the spring of '60, the malady having been spread by a Yankee who came up the Valley selling sap-spouts that were turned with a lathe instead of being whittled. The poor little chap was carried off to a sheep-shed on the meadow clearing, a long walk from our house, and he had to remain there by himself for six weeks. At my urgent request, I was allowed to take his food to him daily, leaving it on a stone outside and then discreetly retiring. He would come out and get it, and then we would shout to each other across the creek. I took up some of our dolls to him, but he did not get much comfort out of them, being unable to remember any of the stories which I illustrated with them, or to invent any for himself. At his suggestion I brought him instead a piece of tanned calf-skin, with a sailor's needle and some twine, and the little fellow made out of this a lot of wallets for his friends, which had to be buried a long time before they could be safely used. I have one of these yet—mildewed with age, and most rudely stitched, but still a very precious possession.

Tulp came out finally, scarred and twisted so that he was ever afterward repellent to the eye, and as crooked as Richard the Third. I fear that Daisy never altogether liked him after this. To me, he was dearer than ever, not because my heart was tenderer than hers, of course, but because women are more delicately made, and must perforce shudder at ugliness.

How happily the years went by! The pictures in my memory, save those of the snug winter rooms already referred to, are all of a beautiful Valley, embowered in green, radiant with sunshine—each day live-long with delight.

There was first of all in the spring, when the chorus of returning song-birds began, the gathering of maple-sap, still sacred to boyhood. The sheep were to be washed and sheared too, and the awkward, weak-kneed calves to be fed. While the spring-floods ran high, ducks and geese covered the water, and musk-rats came out, driven from their holes. Then appeared great flocks of pigeons, well fattened from their winter's sojourn in the South, and everybody, young and old, gave himself up to their slaughter; while this lasted, the crack! crack! of guns was heard all the forenoon long, particularly if the day was cloudy and the birds were flying low—and ah! the buttered pigeon-pies my Aunt made, too!

As the floods went down, and the snow-water disappeared, the fishing began, first with the big, silly suckers, then with wiser and more valued fish. The woods became dry, and then in long, joyous rambles we set traps and snares, hunted for nests among the low branches and in the marsh-grass, smoked woodchucks out of their holes, gathered wild flowers, winter-green and dye-plants, or built great fires of the dead leaves and pithless, scattered branches, as boys to the end of time will delight to do.

When autumn came, there were mushrooms, and beech-nuts, butter-nuts, hickory-nuts, wild grapes, pucker-berries, not to speak of loads of elder-berries for making wine. And the pigeons, flying southward, darkened the sky once more; and then the horses were unshod for treading out the wheat, and we children fanned away the chaff with big palm-leaves; and the combs of honey were gathered and shelved; and the October husking began by our having the first kettleful of white corn, swollen and hulled by being boiled in lye of wood ashes, spooned steaming into our porringers of milk by my Aunt.

Ah, they were happy times indeed!

Every other Sunday, granted tolerable weather, I crossed the river early in the morning to attend church with my mother and sisters. It is no reflection upon my filial respect, I hope, to confess that these are wearisome memories. We went in solemn procession, the family being invariably ready and waiting when I arrived. We sat in a long row in a pew quite in front of the slate-colored pulpit—my mother sitting sternly upright at the outer end, my tallest sister

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next, and so on, in regular progression, down to wretched baby Gertrude and me. The very color of the pew, a dull Spanish brown, was enough to send one to sleep, and its high, uncompromising back made all my bones ache.

Yet I was forced to keep awake, and more, to look deeply interested. I was a clergyman's son, and the ward of an important man ; I was the best-dressed youngster in the congregation, and brought a slave of my own to church with me. So Dominie Romeyn always fixed his lack-lustre eye on me, and seemed to develop all his long prosy arguments one by one to me personally. Even when he turned the hour-glass in front of him, he seemed to indicate that it was quite as much my affair as his. I dared not turn clear around, to see Tulp sitting among the negroes and Indians, on one of the backless benches under the end gallery ; it was scarcely possible even to steal glances up to the side galleries, where the boys of lower degree were at their mischief, and where fits of giggling and horse-play rose and spread from time to time until the tithing-man, old Conrad to wit, burst in and laid his hickory gad over their irreverent heads.

When at last I could escape without discredit, and get across the river again, it was with the consoling thought that the next Sunday would be Mr. Stewart's Sunday.

This meant a good, long walk with my patron. Sometimes we would go down to Mount Johnson, if Sir William was at home, or to Mr. Butler's, or some other English-speaking house, where I would hear much profitable conversation, and then be encouraged to talk about it during our leisurely homeward stroll. But more often, if the day were fine, we would leave roads and civilization behind us, and climb the gradual elevation to the north of the house, through the woodland to an old Indian trail which led to our favorite haunt—a wonderful ravine.

The place has still a local fame, and picnic parties go there to play at forestry, but it gives scarcely a suggestion now of its ancient wildness. As my boyish eyes saw it, it was nothing short of awe-inspiring. The creek, then a powerful stream, had cut a deep gorge in its exultant leap over the limestone barrier. On the cliffs above, giant hemlocks seemed to brush the very sky with their black, tufted boughs. Away below, on the shadowed bottomland, which could be reached only by feet trained to difficult descents, strange plants grew rank in the moisture of the waterfall, and misshapen rocks wrapped their nakedness in heavy folds of unknown mosses and nameless fern-growths. Above all was the ceaseless shout of the tumbling waters, which had in my ears ever a barbaric message from the Spirit of the Wilderness.

The older Mohawks told Mr. Stewart that in their childhood this weird spot was held to be sacred to the Great Wolf, the totem of their tribe. Here, for more generations than any could count, their wise men had gathered about the mystic birch flame, in grave council of war. Here the tribe had assembled to seek strength of arm, hardness of heart, cunning of brain for its warriors in solemn incantations and offerings to the Unknown. Here hostile prisoners had been tortured and burned. Some mishap or omen or shift of superstitious feeling had led to the abandonment of this council place. Even the trail, winding its tortuous way from the Valley over the hills toward the Adirondack fastnesses, had been deserted for another long before—so long in fact that the young brave who chanced to follow the lounging tracks of the black bear down the creek to the gorge, or who turned aside from the stealthy pursuit of the eagle's flight to learn what this muffled roar might signify, looked upon the remains of the council-fire's circle of stone seats above the cataract, and down into the chasm of mist and foam underneath, with no knowledge that they were a part of his ancestral history.

Mr. Stewart told me that when he first settled in the Valley, a disappointed and angry man, this gorge had much the satisfaction for him that men in great grief or wrath find in breasting a sharp storm. There was something congenial to his ugly unrest in this place, with its violent clamor, its swift dashing of waters, its dismal shadows, and damp chilliness of depths.

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But we were fallen now upon calmer, brighter days. He was no longer the discouraged, sullen misanthropist, but had come to be instead a pacific, contented, even happy, gentleman. And lo! the meaning of the wild gorge changed to reflect his mood. There was no stain of savagery upon the delight we had in coming to this spot. As he said, once listened rightly to, the music of the falling waters gave suggestions which, if they were sobering, were still not sad.

This place was all our own, and hither we most frequently bent our steps on Sundays, after the snow-water had left the creek, and the danger of lurking colds had been coaxed from the earth by the May sun. Here he would sit for hours on one of the stones in the great Druid-like circle which some dead generation of savages had toiled to construct. Sometimes I would scour the steep sides of the ravine and the moist bottom for curious plants to fetch to him, and he would tell me of their structure and design. More often I would sit at his feet, and he, between whiffs at his pipe, would discourse to me of the differences between his Old World and this new one, into which I providentially had been born. He talked of his past, of my future, and together with this was put forth an indescribable wealth of reminiscence, reflection, and helpful anecdote.

On this spot, with the gaunt outlines of mammoth primeval trunks and twisted boughs above us, with the sacred memorials of extinct rites about us, and with the waters crashing down through the solitude beneath us on their way to turn Sir William's mill-wheel, one could get broad, comprehensive ideas of what things really meant. One could see wherein the age of Pitt differed from and advanced upon the age of Colbert, on this new continent, and could as in prophecy dream of the age of Jefferson yet to come. Did I as a lad feel these things? Truly it seems to me that I did.

Half a century before, the medicine-man's fire had blazed in this circle, its smoky incense crackling upward in offering to the gods of the pagan tribe. Here too, upon this charred, barren spot, had been heaped the blazing faggots about the limbs of the captive brave, and the victim bound to the stake had nerved himself to show the encircling brutes that not even the horrors of this death could shake his will, or wring a groan from his heaving breast. Here, too, above the unending din of the waterfall and the whisper of these hemlocks overhead, had often risen some such shrill-voiced defiant death-song from the smoke and anguish of the stake as that chant of the Algonquin son of Alknomuk, which my grandchildren still sing at their school. This dead and horrible past of heathenism I saw as in a mirror, looking upon these council-stones.

The children's children of these savages were still in the Valley. Their council fires were still lighted, no further distant than the Salt Springs. In their hearts burned all the old lust for torture and massacre, and the awful joys of rending enemies limb by limb. But the spell of Europe was upon them, and, in good part or otherwise, they bowed under it. So much had been gained, and two peaceful white people could come and talk in perfect safety on the ancient site of their sacrifices and cruelties.

Yet this spell of Europe, accomplishing so much, left much to be desired. It was still possible to burn a slave to death by legal process, here in our Valley; and it was still within the power of careless, greedy noblemen in London, who did not know the Mohawk from the Mississippi, to sign away great patents of our land, robbing honest settlers of their all. There was to come the spell of America, which should remedy these things. I cannot get it out of my head that I learned to foresee this, to feel and to look for its coming, there in the gorge as a boy.

But there are other reasons why I should remember the place—to be told later on.

The part little Daisy played in all these childhood enjoyments of mine is hardly to be described in words, much less portrayed in incidents. I can recall next to nothing to relate. Her presence as my sister, my comrade, and my pupil, seems only an indefinable part of the sunshine which gilds these old mem-

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ories. We were happy together—that is all.

I taught her to read and write and cipher, and to tell mushrooms from toadstools, to eschew poisonous berries, and to know the weather signs. For her part, she taught me so much more that it seems effrontery to call her my pupil. It was from her gentle, softening companionship that I learned in turn to be merciful to helpless creatures, and to be honest and cleanly in my thoughts and talk. She would help me to seek for birds' nests with genuine enthusiasm, but it was her pity which prevented their being plundered afterward. Her pretty love for all living things, her delight in innocent, simple amusements, her innate repugnance to coarse and cruel actions—all served to make me different from the rough boys about me.

Thus we grew up together, glad in each other's constant company, and holding our common benefactor, Mr. Stewart, in the greatest love and veneration.

## CHAPTER VII.

THROUGH HAPPY YOUTH TO MAN'S ESTATE.

As we two children became slowly transformed into youths, the Valley with no less steadiness developed in activity, population, and wealth. Good roads were built; new settlements sprang up; the sense of being in the hollow of the hand of savagery wore off. Primitive conditions lapsed, disappeared one by one. We came to smile at the uncouth dress and unshaven faces of the "bush-bauer." Palatines—once so familiar, now well nigh outlandish. Families from Connecticut and the Providence Plantations began to come in numbers, and their English tongue grew more and more to be the common language. People spoke now of the Winchester bushel, instead of the Schoharie spint and skipple. The bounty on wolves' heads went up to a pound sterling. The number of gentlemen who shaved every day, wore ruffles, and even wigs or powder on great occasions, and maintained hunting with hounds and horse-racing, increased yearly—so much so that some innocent people thought England itself could not offer more attractions.

There was much envy when John Johnson, now twenty-three years old, was sent on a visit to England, to learn how still better to play the gentleman—and even more when he came back a Knight, with splendid London clothes, and stories of what the King and the Princes had said to him.

The Johnsons were a great family now, receiving visits from notable people all over the colony at their new hall, which Sir William had built on the hills back of his new Scotch settlement. Nothing could have better shown how powerful Sir William had become, and how much his favor was to be courted, than the fact that ladies of quality and strict propriety, who fancied themselves very fine folk indeed, the De Lanceys and Phillipses, and the like, would come visiting the widower baronet in his hall, and close their eyes to the presence there of Miss Molly and her half-breed children. Sir William's neighbors indeed overlooked this from their love for the man, and their reliance in his sense and strength. But the others, the aristocrats, held their tongues from fear of his wrath, and of his influence in London.

They never liked him entirely; he in turn had so little regard for them and their pretensions that, when they came, he would suffer none of them to markedly avoid or affront the Brant squaw, whom indeed they had often to meet as an associate and equal. Yet this bold, independent, really great man, so shrewdly strong in his own attitude toward these gilded water-flies, was weak enough to rear his own son to be one of them, to value the baubles they valued, to view men and things through their painted spectacles—and thus to come to grief.

Two years after Johnson Hall was built, Mr. Stewart all at once decided that he too would have a new house—and before snow flew the handsome, spacious "Cedars," as it was called, proudly fronted the Valley highway. Of course it was not, in size, a rival of the Hall at Johnstown, but it none the less was among the half-dozen best houses in the Mohawk Valley, and con-

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tinued so to be until John Johnson burned it to the ground fifteen years later. It stood in front of our old log structure, now turned over to the slaves. It was of two storeys, with lofty and spacious rooms, and from the road it presented a noble appearance, now that the old stockade had given place to a wall of low, regular masonry.

With this new residence, came a prodigious change in our way of life. Daisy was barely twelve years old, but we already thought of her as the lady of the house, for whom nothing was too good. The walls were plastered, and stiff paper from Antwerp with great sprawling arabesques, and figures of nymphs and fauns chasing one another up and down with ceaseless, fruitless persistency, was hung upon them, at least in the larger rooms. The floors were laid smoothly, each board lapping into the next by a then novel joiner's trick.

On the floor in Daisy's room there was a carpet, too, a rare and remarkable thing in those days, and also from the Netherlands. In this same chamber, as well, were set up a bed of mahogany, cunningly carved and decorated, and a tall foreign cabinet, of some rich dark wood, for linen, frocks, and the like. Here, likewise, were two gilt cages from Paris, in which a heart-breaking succession of native birds drooped and died, until four Dublin finches were at last imported for Daisy's special delight; and a case with glass doors and a lock, made in Boston, wherein to store her books; and—best of all—a piano—or was it a harpsichord?—standing on its own legs, which Mr. Stewart heard of as for sale in New York and bought at a pretty high figure. This last was indeed a rickety, jangling old box, but Daisy learned in a way to play upon it, and we men-folk, sitting in her room in the candle-light, and listening to her voice cooing to its shrill tinkle of accompaniment, thought the music as sweet as that of the cherubim.

Mr. Stewart and I lived in far less splendor. There was no foreign furniture to speak of in our portions of the house; we slept on beds the cords of which creaked through honest American maple posts; we walked on floors which offered gritty sand to the tread instead of carpet-stuffs. But there were two great stands laden with good books in our living-room; we had servants now within sound of a bell; we habitually wore garments befitting men of refinement and substance; we rode our own horses; and we could have given Daisy a chaise had the condition of our roads made it desirable.

I say "we" because I had come to be a responsible factor in the control of the property. Mr. Stewart had never been poor; he was now close upon being wealthy. Upon me little by little had devolved the superintendence of affairs. I directed the burning over and clearing of land, which every year added scores of tillable acres to our credit; saw to the planting, care, and harvesting of crops; bought, bred, and sold the stock; watched prices, dickered with travelling traders, provisioned the house—in a word, grew to be the manager of all, and this when I was barely twenty.

Mr. Stewart bore his years with great strength, physically, but he readily gave over to me, as fast as I could assume them, the details of out-door work. The taste for sitting in-doors, or in the garden, and reading, or talking with Daisy—the charm of simply living in a home made beautiful by a good and clever young girl—gained yearly upon him.

Side by side with this sedentary habit, curiously enough, came up a second growth of old-world, mediæval notions—a sort of aristocratic aftermath. It was natural, no doubt. His inborn feudal ideas had not been killed by ingratitude, exile, or his rough-and-ready existence on the edge of the wilderness, but only chilled to dormancy; they warmed now into life under the genial radiance of a civilized home. But it is not my purpose to dwell upon this change, or rather upon its results, at this stage of the story.

Social position was now a matter for consideration. With improved means of intercourse and traffic, each year found some family thrifty enough to thrust its head above the rude level of settlers' equality, and take on the airs of superiority. Twenty years before, it had been Colonel Johnson first, and nobody else second. Now the Baronet-

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General was still pre-eminently first; but every little community in the Valley chain had its two or three families holding themselves only a trifle lower than the Johnsons.

Five or six nationalities were represented. Of the Germans, there were the Herkimers up above the Falls, the Lawyers at Schoharie, the Freys, who were commonly thus classed though they came originally from Switzerland, and many others. Of important Dutch families there were the Fondas at Caughnawaga, the Mabies and Groats at Rotterdam, below us, and the Quackenbosses to the west of us, across the river. The Johnsons and Butlers were Irish. Over at Cherry Valley the Campbells and Clydes were Scotch—the former being indeed close blood-relatives of the great Argyll house. Colonel Isaac Paris, a prominent merchant near Stone Arabia, came from Strasbourg, and accounted himself a Frenchman, though he spoke German better than French, and attended the Dutch Calvinistic church. There were also English families of quality. I mention them all to show how curious was the admixture of races in our Valley. One cannot understand the terrible trouble which came upon us later without some knowledge of these race divisions.

Mr. Stewart held a place in social estimation rather apart from any of these cliques. He was both Scotch and Irish by ancestry; he was French by education; he had lived and served in the Netherlands and sundry German states. Thus he could be all things to all men—yet he would not. He indeed became more solitary as he grew older, for the reasons I have already mentioned. He once had been friendly with all his intelligent neighbors, no matter what their nationality. Gradually he came to be intimate with only the Johnsons and Butlers, on the theory that they were alone well born. Hours upon hours he talked with them of the Warrens and the Ormond-Butlers in Ireland, from whom they claimed descent, and of the assurance of Dutch and German cobblers and tinkers in setting up for gentlemen.

Sir William, in truth, had too much sense to often join or sympathize with these notions. But young Sir John and the Butlers, father and son, adopted them with enthusiasm, and I am sorry to say there were both Dutch and German residents, here and there, mean-spirited enough to accept these reflections upon their ancestry, and strive to atone for their assumed lack of birth by aping the manners, and fawning for the friendship, of their critics.

But let me defer these painful matters as long as possible. There are still the joys of youth to recall.

I had grown now into a tall, strong young man, and I was in the way of meeting no one who did not treat me as an equal. It seems to me now that I was not particularly popular among my fellows, but I was conscious of no loneliness then. I had many things to occupy my mind, besides my regular tasks. Both natural history and botany interested me greatly, and I was privileged also to assist Sir William's investigations in the noble paths of astronomy. He had both large information and many fine thoughts on the subject, and used laughingly to say that if he were not too lazy he would write a book thereon. This was his way of saying that he had more labor to get through than any other man in the Colony. It was his idea that some time I should write the work instead; upon the Saconda ga hills, he said, we saw and read the heavens without old-world dust in our eyes, and our book that was to be should teach the European moles the very alphabet of planets. Alas! I also was too indolent—truly, not figuratively; the book was never written.

In those days there was royal sport for rod and gun, but books also had a solid worth. We did not visit other houses much—Daisy and I—but held ourselves to a degree apart. The British people were as a whole nearer our station than the others, and had more ideas in common with us, but they were not of our blood, and we were not drawn toward many of them. As they looked down upon the Dutch, so the Dutch in turn were supercilious toward the Germans. I was Dutch, Daisy was German, but by a sort of tacit consent we identified ourselves with neither race, and this aided our isolation.

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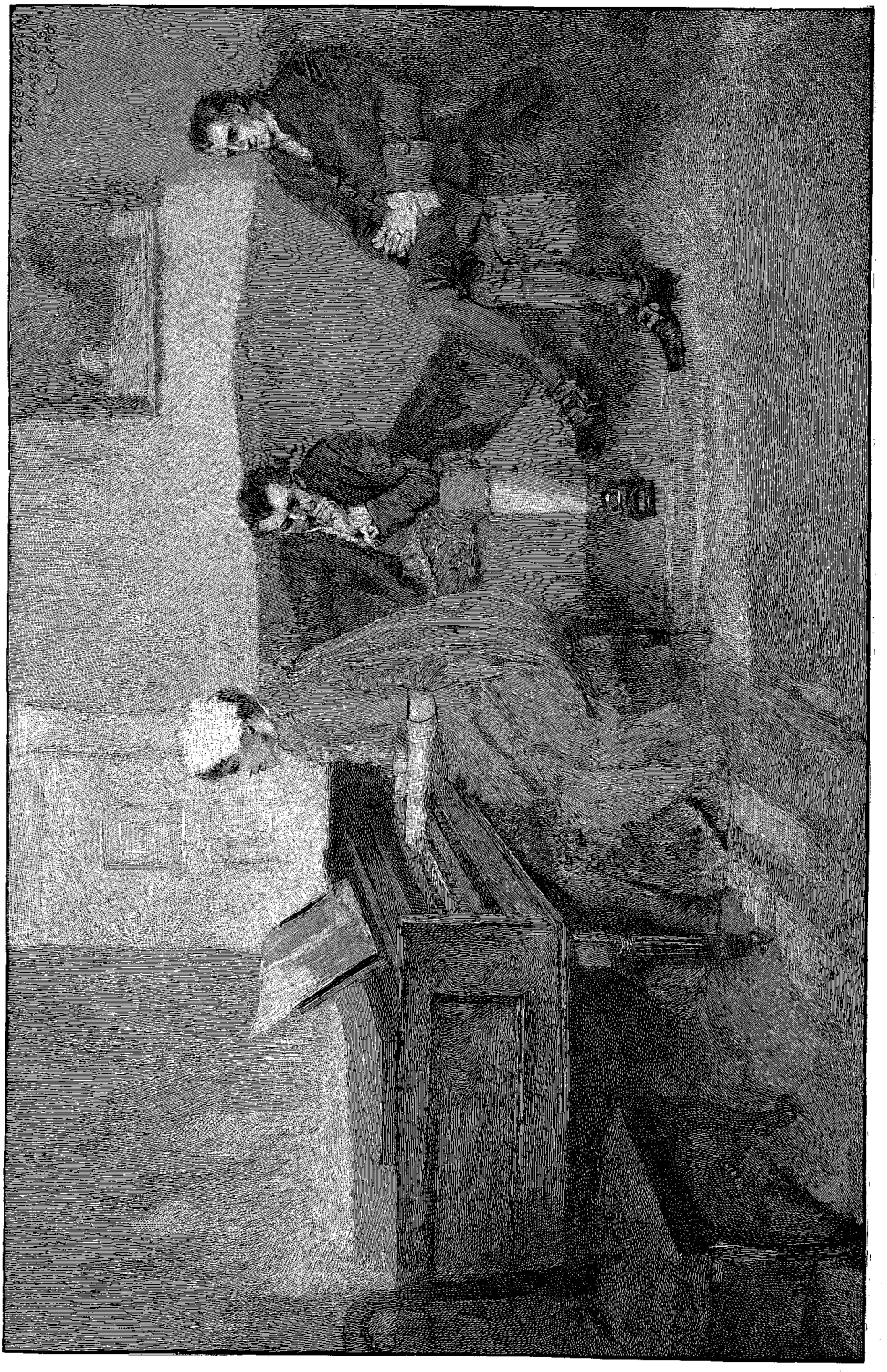

"We men-folk thought the music as sweet as that of the cherubim."



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There was also the question of religion. Mr. Stewart had been bred a Papist, and at the time of which I write, after the French War, Jesuit priests of that nation several times visited him to renew old European friendships. But he never went to Mass, and never allowed them or anybody else to speak with him on the subject, no matter how deftly they approached it. This was prudent, from a worldly point of view, because the Valley, and for that matter the whole upper Colony, was bitterly opposed to Romish pretensions, and the first Scotch Highlanders who brought the Mass into the Valley above Johnstown were openly denounced as idolaters. But it was certainly not caution which induced Mr. Stewart's backsliding. He was not the man to defer in that way to the prejudices of others. The truth was that he had no religious beliefs or faith whatever. But his scepticism was that of the French noble of the time, that of Voltaire and Mirabeau, rather than of the English plebeian and democrat, Thomas Paine.

Naturally Daisy and I were not reared as theologians. We nominally belonged to the Calvinistic church, but not being obliged to attend its services, rarely did so. This tended to further separate us from our neighbors, who were mainly prodigious church-goers.

But more than all else, we lived by ourselves because, by constant contact with refined associations, we had grown to shrink from the coarseness which ruled outside. All about us marriages were made between mere children, each boy setting up for himself and taking a wife as soon as he had made a voyage to the Lakes and obtained a start in fur-trading. There was precious little sentiment or delicacy in these early courtships and matches, or in the state of society which they reflected — uncultured, sordid, rough, unsympathetic, with all its elementary instincts bluntly exposed and expressed. This was of course a subject not to be discussed by us. Up to the spring of 1772, when I was twenty-three years of age and Daisy was eighteen, no word of all the countless words which young men and women have from the dawn of language spoken on this great engrossing topic, had ever been exchanged between us. In earlier years, when we were on the threshold of our teens, Mr. Stewart had more than once thought aloud in our hearing upon the time when we should inherit his home and fortune as a married couple. Nothing of that talk, though, had been heard for a long while.

I had not entirely forgotten it; but I carried the idea along in the attic of my mind—as a thing not to be thrown away, yet of no present use or value or interest.

Occasionally indeed I did recall it for the moment, and cast a diffident conjecture as to whether Daisy also remembered. Who shall say? I have been young and now I am old, yet have I not learned the trick of reading a woman's mind. Very far indeed was I from it in those callow days.

And now, after what I fear has been a tiresome enough prologue, my story awaits.

(To be continued.)

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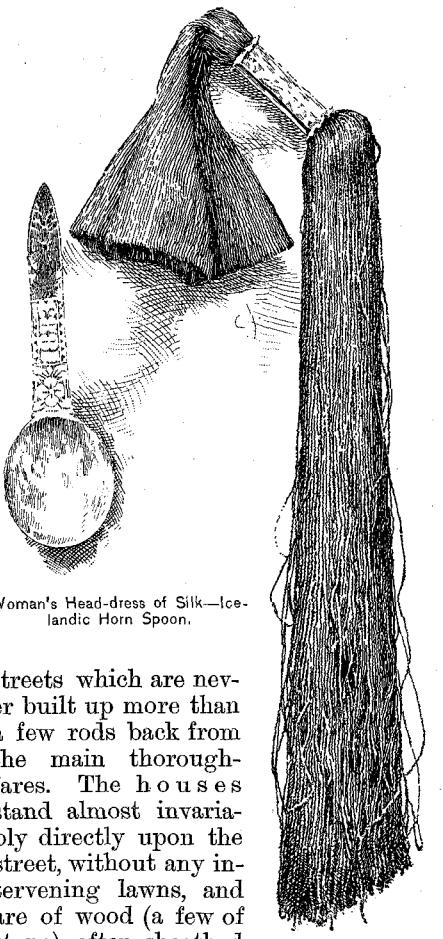
# A SUMMER IN ICELAND.

*By Charles Sprague Smith.*

IT was eleven o'clock of a cool June evening. After rounding Reykjanes the boisterous North Atlantic had been by degrees stilled as into the placidity of a landlocked bay, and the low cloud masses that had hidden from us almost the whole south of Iceland, filling the vacant spaces of the air with their trailing fog pendants, had been dissipated or had shrunk away along the borders of the horizon. The sun had just sunk behind the peninsula that bounds on the north the Faxa Bay. And now night descended gently upon this northern world, not to enfold it in darkness, but to displace the cold, colorless, opaque day with a warm and glowing twilight, in which all objects were clearly discernible, and which continued until dawn. At daybreak we were lying at anchor in the port of the capital.



Woman's Head-dress of Silk—Icelandic Horn Spoon.

Seen from the harbor across a quarter of a mile of fretting sea—seen after nearly a month of journeying, of which *terra firma* had claimed less than a week, after seven days of the discomforts, dietetic and otherwise, of a small Danish steamer—Reykjavik, while certainly richer in promise than the sea, hardly appeared likely to afford those substantial creature comforts which the weary traveller craves. The shore was lined with a few hundred primitive-looking structures confusedly jostled together, and entirely lacking in individuality, presenting a most uninteresting picture to the artistic sense. For that freshness of green turf-roofs, vividly contrasting with the whitewash or the iron gray of the stone walls, and that omnipresent Norse spirit of neatness; in fine, all that constitutes the charm and individuality of the Faroese hamlet was lacking here. The old was falling into desuetude and decay, while the new was rude and inharmonious.

The town itself, structurally considered, upon nearer acquaintance but confirmed the first impression. It is composed of a few streets facing the sea, intersected by a certain number of cross-streets which are never built up more than a few rods back from the main thoroughfares. The houses stand almost invariably directly upon the street, without any intervening lawns, and are of wood (a few of stone), often sheathed in metal, and are painted some dull color. They are of one and one-half or two stories in height, and in rare instances of three. The old Icelandic type of house, such as still obtains in the country, has almost passed away in Reykjavik; though here and there, and notably upon the outskirts of the town, decrepit, turf-roofed, and walled hovels, reeking with peat-smoke, still afford shelter for the poorer classes. On both sides of the main streets run open sewers, about eighteen inches wide, discharging into a main sewer that passes in front of the Governor's house. The Parliament

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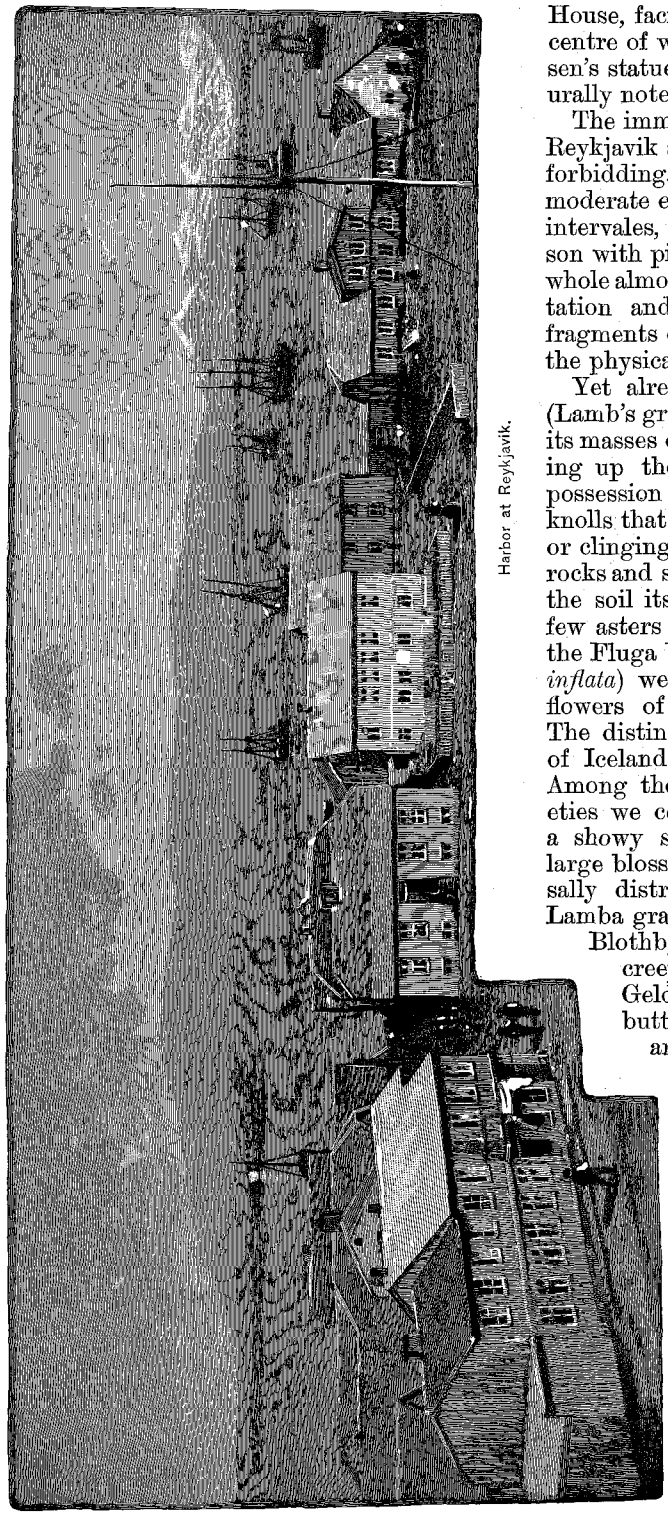

Harbor at Reykjavik.

House, facing the square, in the centre of which stands Thorwaldsen's statue, is the only architecturally noteworthy structure.

The immediate surroundings of Reykjavik are also in the extreme forbidding. Rounded hills of moderate elevation, with low, dank intervales, diversified at this season with piles of drying peat, the whole almost entirely bare of vegetation and thickly strewn with fragments of brown lava; such is the physical aspect of this region.

Yet already the Lamba grass (Lamb's grass, *Silene acaulis*), with its masses of pink stars, was lighting up the waste, having taken possession everywhere of little knolls that rose above the swamp, or clinging to the bare faces of the rocks and sending deep down into the soil its long, fleshy roots. A few asters and the white cups of the Fluga blom (Fly-flower, *Silene inflata*) were also among the first flowers of Iceland's spring-time. The distinguishing characteristic of Iceland's flora is its delicacy. Among the eighty and more varieties we collected there is hardly a showy specimen, not a single large blossom. The most universally distributed plants are the Lamba grass, the Fluga blom, the Blothbjörg (Blood-giver, our creeping thyme), and the Geldinga hnappr (Wetherbutton, *Armeria maritima*), and these are found even where the grass cannot, or at least does not, grow. I have often seen the lavender and purple tufts of the wild thyme, or the creamy cups of the fly-flower bearing the only witness of life upon the rugged crests of a rigid lava sea, or the iridescent slopes of a cone of volcanic deposits.

The visitor to Reykjavik will dis-

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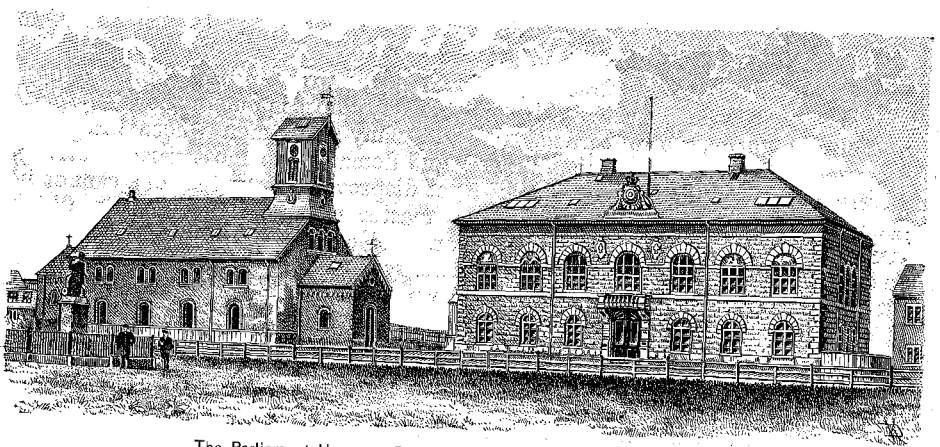
cover little in the setting of the town to redeem its unsightliness, until following the highway eastward he gains an elevation whence he can overlook and forget the nearer view. Then the grand outlines of Mount Esja, and of Akranes just beyond; the long, serrated peninsula to the north, ending in the shapely glacier of Snaefell; the southern horizon wall of sombre abrupt peaks, with a conspicuous volcanic cone midway in the file; the treeless, undulating stretches between, innocent, apparently, of all vegetation; these, and the spacious Faxa Bay



The Parliament House at Reykjavik—Thorwaldsen's Statue at the Left.

itself combine to form a picture whose impressiveness never diminishes. And how intense and wonderful the color effects wrought by the sun and the suspended vapors! Esja is at times of as rich a purple as that in which the petals of the clematis are dipped; again it is bathed in the most delicate rose, now banded symmetrically with purple, red, and green, and now, through a rift in the fog, it reveals a white cross of snow outlined with startling distinctness upon its dark front.

The two most distinct impressions made upon the stranger's mind during the earlier period of his sojourn are, first, the physical inertia of the ordinary Icelander, and second, his hospitality. The monotony of our dinner-hour at the Hotel Island was often relieved by the diverting spectacle of four adults, men, or men and women, laboriously tugging at a bag of flour, in order to convey it from the handcart to the storehouse a few yards distant. This physical incompetence is, I suppose, largely attributable to the wretched diet of the poorer classes, and to the enervating sanitary condition of their abodes. As regards the marvellous hospitality of these island dwellers, no effort in our behalf, no expenditure of time seemed too great for those to whom we had been addressed. Repeatedly upon our journeys we had occasion to remark this quality, and the open-handedness and broad welcome of many an Icelandic host are astounding, when one considers the universal poverty. The custom of accepting some compensation for a night's lodging is, fortunately, to-day the rule; but the exceptions are very frequent, and there are roofs in Iceland which probably shelter, every night of the three hundred and sixty-five, at least one stranger, and at times many, where the host would esteem it an insult to be offered a silver piece.

Once thoroughly installed, life in Reykjavik moved forward with the same regularity as upon Manhattan Island. The night without darkness; the table without fruit or vegetables, except potatoes; and without fresh meat, save occasionally, presented at first formidable difficulties; but what cannot one become wonted to with this magnificent air? At eight o'clock our ponies would appear, ungroomed little roans that had not shed their shaggy winter coats, and we were off for a drive of an hour or more over the hills. A ten o'clock breakfast



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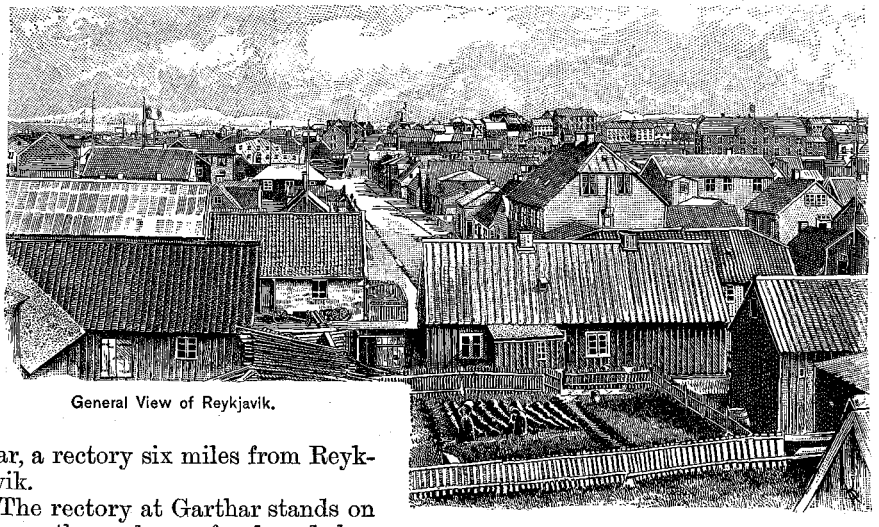
followed, a four o'clock dinner, and supper at half-past eight; the intervals were filled with congenial occupations and the day closed, perchance, with a stroll along the sea until about half-past ten, when the sun sank behind the Snaefell's range, and the serried circles of sea-birds, whirring just above the breaking surf, began to lose their continuity as the white and the gray wings turned homeward. Occasional calls, a picnic, a wild scamper on horseback over fen and moor, to spread our cloth finally in some amphitheatre formed by a volcanic upheaval, a dinner on land or on board a Danish man-of-war—so the days and the weeks sped. But Reykjavik is not Iceland; it is rather a remote Danish settlement, so far at least as customs, and to a large extent also language, are concerned. To one conversant with Danish it is all but impossible to secure here constant opportunities for acquiring the Icelandic idiom. Indeed, if one desires to become acquainted with the national life, he must turn his back upon the capital. And so, one day, having sent my baggage landwise on pony-back, I walked down to the sea, boarded a little craft, and after a twenty minutes' sail and a half hour's walk was welcomed to Garthar, a rectory six miles from Reykjavik.



General View of Reykjavik.

The rectory at Garthar stands on the southern slope of a broad, low headland which divides the harbor of Hafnarfjörthr (Harbor Bay) from the Skerjafjörthr (Skerry Bay), a bay to the south of Reykjavik. To reach the rectory one must cross the Gartha-hraun, a lava-stream whose source lies in the volcanic regions to the south. The house itself faces the bay, from which it is separated by about one-sixteenth of a mile of marshy meadow. It is a plain wooden structure, a story and a half high, flanked by a few buildings, partly of wood, partly of sods, for the dependents, with winter stalls for the cattle, and a barn for storing hay in the rear. The church, a small stone structure with a wooden cupola, is within a rod of the house and on the same level to the north; while the graveyard lies below and about twenty feet from the front door. The family consists of Sira Thorarinn, his wife, and two foster-daughters. My host is one of those energetic and many-sided men whose brain and hand demand the most varied activity, yet disprove the saw that one cannot be a master at all trades. Besides filling various local offices, he is one of the twenty deans of the island church, has been an active member of the Althing for quite a term of years, has a pen ready for every useful employ, and a hand deft, at least, in that craft which secured Tubal Cain immortality.

The custom honored in saga times of receiving within the home the children of others, friends and relatives, still obtains in Iceland. After establishing well in the Icelandic community his own

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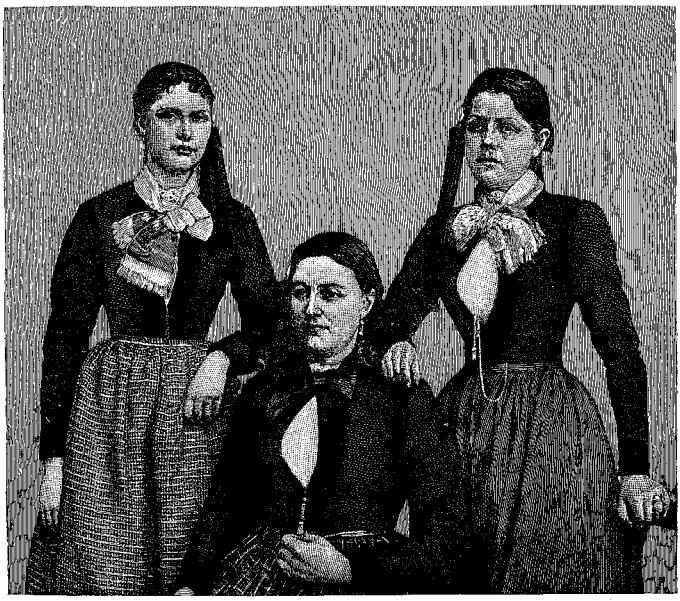
son and daughters, the good dean has opened his doors more than once to welcome these children of less favored



Ordinary Icelandic Costumes for Women.

homes. A rap on my door at 7 A.M., and the elder of the foster-daughters appeared with coffee and wafers, and removed my outer garments and shoes to brush them. This serving of the guests by the daughters of the house, a custom recalling heroic days, is quite universal in Iceland. The fair girl who brings your coffee will frequently wait by your bedside until you have finished eating and drinking. Formerly a kiss was given at night and morning and the guest largely assisted in his toilet, but this practice has been wisely abandoned. After dressing I joined the family in the dining-room, exchanging the morning salutations, and soon a breakfast was served, meats cold and cured, eggs, dried fish, sardines, milk, coffee, beer. Breakfast over, the foster-daughters having waited upon the table, we rose and exchanged the greetings custom imposes in Germanic countries. "May it be of good to you," I said to the foster-daughters, and to my host and hostess, "I thank you." A half-hour's chat and we dispersed, the dean to his study, the foster-daughters to their various household avocations, including, perhaps, the spreading with the maids of the new-mown hay; Fru Thora to her knitting, and I to my books. Dinner was served at 2.30 P.M., and there was always a good roast of some kind, wine, and a dessert; supper, at 8.30 P.M., was a repetition of the breakfast.

The life at the rectory, though unvarying, was far from monotonous. Ever and anon the genial face and generous figure of the dean appeared in my door-way, and now it was a volume of Jónas Hallgrímsson, with leaf opened to a favorite poem; now it was Dasent's translation of the Njála that he brought with him, and in the interchange of thought and instruction the sense of being foreign to land and language wore imperceptibly away.

The glad and the sombre sides alike of the pastoral calling, in turn, offered themselves to our acquaintance. A dull sound of slow chanting calls my attention from my books. It is a funeral procession entering the little churchyard, led by the dean in the black robes and the white ruff of his office; or we are in the church at Bessastathir, whose chancel is filled with the guests summoned to witness the betrothal of the

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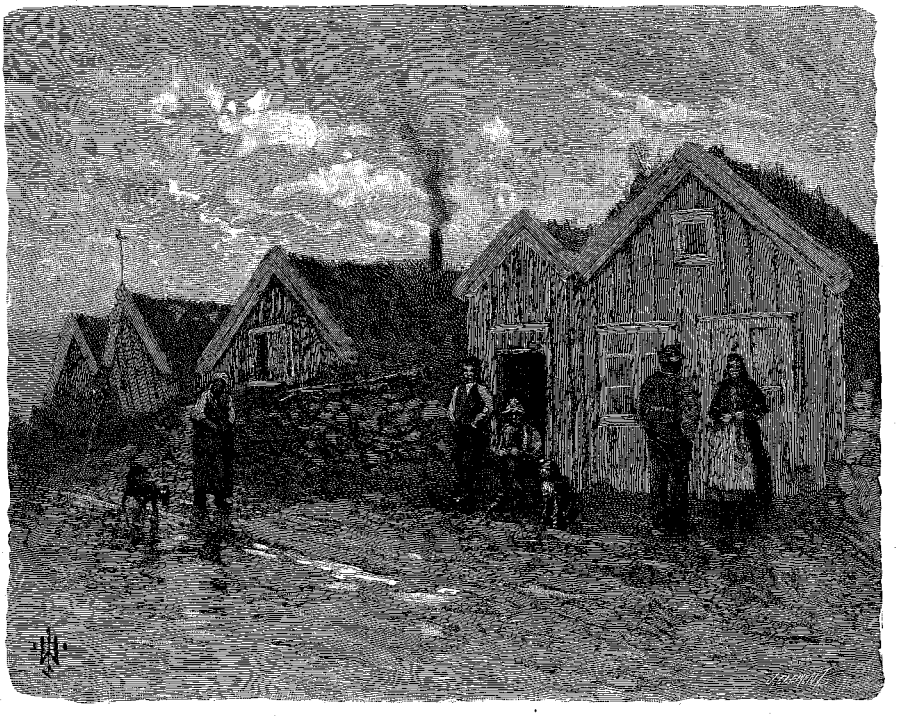
foster-daughter of the poet Grímur Thomsen to a young priest. The bride is in the conventional festal costume; Phrygian hat with flowing veil, held in place by a broad-linked gold or gilded band; a snowy chemisette, revealed beneath a close-fitting black bodice, embroidered in gold, and a short black skirt with a band of deft tracery in colors around the bottom. One of the wedding-guests appears to have a loose heavy coil of gold about her neck, and, as this is something phenomenal, I lean forward, only to find that the sun and a braid of hair have combined to delude me. But surely some Icelandic maidens can boast of tresses whose heavy gold would be a dowry all-sufficient for the daughters of other climes. May those Northern maids excuse a stranger's remarks, but this, combined with a figure the pledge of robust health, constitutes all too frequently their sole attraction. The sun and the wind leave them little of that delicacy of complexion which we admire, for the national head-costume, the "hûfa," affords no protection whatsoever against either hostile element, while lack of education deprives them of that expressive play of the features, of that light which comes and goes in the eyes of their more favored sisters. And, as a result, while in the homes of Iceland a warm family affection reigns, true intellectual companionship between husband and wife can be rarely possible. For while there are an unusual number of well-educated men in Iceland, there are, so far as I could learn, exceedingly few even tolerably educated women. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, and the traveller cannot fail to meet, here and there—notably in Reykjavik—charming and refined women, and these I found, in one and another instance, were keenly conscious of the low estate of their sisters and alive to effort in their behalf. Schools have been established in Reykjavik, in the north near Akreyri, and, I believe, also in the east; but these are feebly attended—there being less than a dozen girls in the Reykjavik school at one time. And it is difficult to persuade even these to remain



Farm Buildings.

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long enough to derive any permanent profit from their schooling. For the education of the boys, however, larger provision has been made in the high school at Reykjavik and in the *Realschulen* at Hafnarjörthr and at Möthruvellir in the north. And as official appointment, as in Germany, is a reward of scholarship, these, like the university departments of medicine and theology in Reykjavik, attract numbers fully proportionate to the population, while Copenhagen, with its stipendia for Icelandic students, enlists many in still more advanced research. The name of Jón Thorkelsson, rector of the school at Reykjavik, is a familiar one to all Scandinavian philologists, and in an Icelandic farm-house you will not infrequently meet with a roughly dressed university graduate who will be able to sustain more than his half of a conversation in Latin.

It is incumbent upon every dean to inspect, biennially, all the churches in his diocese, and I was forewarned by Sira Thorarinn that, if I accepted his hospitality, I must either consent to his absence for the greater portion of the first fortnight, or else be his companion upon one of these visitations. His diocese, Gullbringa and Kjós, embraces from Reynivellir in the north to Reykjanes in the south, including the south-western peninsula as far east as Krísuvik, and, for convenience' sake, the diocesan round is usually divided into two sections—a northern of two days and a southern and western of four or five. Upon this double tour we visited some thirteen to fifteen churches. The Icelandic churches outside the towns are almost invariably built of wood, and are very small, rude structures, accommodating from twenty-five to seventy-five worshippers. Outside they are painted white, or white-washed. Capped with a low bell-tower, they stand in the midst of the memorials in oblong mounds and gray slabs of the generations of worshippers that have gone. I met with a few examples of what seemed to be a more primitive type of ecclesiastical architecture, in which the bell-tower consisted of a low structure under which you must pass to enter the church-yard. The interior, sometimes with, though generally without plaster, consists of a nave with rude benches on either side of a central aisle, and a chancel with an altar surmounted by a highly colored representation of some Bible-scene. At times there is a low gallery in the rear. The walls are hung with memorials of the departed, usually nothing more than printed records of the family relations, the virtues, etc., accompanied by one or

Icelandic Festal Costume.

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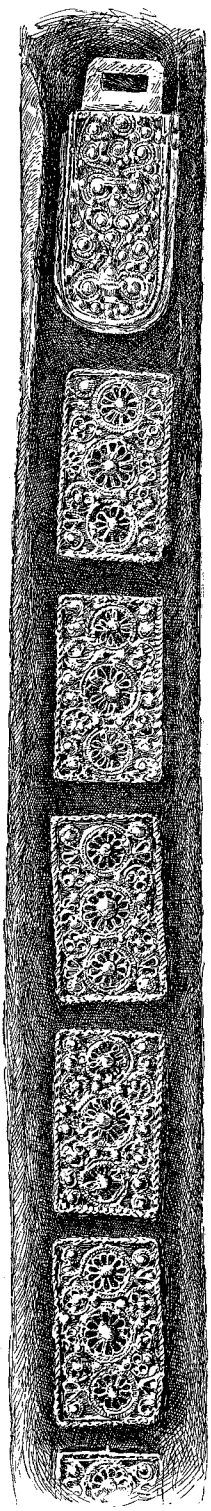

A Belt of Velvet with Gold Ornaments.

more poems; the whole not infrequently being in alliterative verse. Somewhat rarely one will find similar though briefer memorials engraved upon metallic tablets. The pulpit stands in the front and on one side of the nave, and, though elevated only by one or two steps above the floor, brings, at times, the priest's head into dangerous proximity with the boards resting upon the cross-beams. I recall one instance where the irony of fate had attached a tall clergyman to a particularly unfortunate pulpit, and, in order that he might officiate, the boards above had first to be removed. But the rude simplicity of the island church is due to the extreme poverty of the people rather than to their indifference to religious observance. There are apparently, in the country, places of worship amply sufficient for all the spiritual needs of the population. A stone building, one of the most substantial and tasteful structures which I saw anywhere in Iceland, was the gift of a well-to-do farmer. Should a sudden fervor of church attendance, however, seize upon the whole population of Reykjavik, the cathedral would need to be supplemented by at least two structures of equal seating capacity. The evidence upon the point of outward religious fervor, or its opposite, afforded by a brief residence is thus rather non-conclusive. Still I would note in this connection the non-participation of the higher classes, and the paucity of men at the cathedral services on the two occasions upon which I was present. On the other hand, it may be affirmed that, without a considerable amount of religious zeal, the country churches in Iceland would be entirely destitute of worshippers, since, as is well known, the farms are not grouped in villages, but separated, the one from the other, by miles of the most primitive bridle-paths. A fair inference from my observations, visual and aural, would be that Iceland in these respects is not unlike America, save, of course, for those essential differences which spring from the fact that the Church is a State Church, and hence every native *de jure* a member thereof.

The Continental indifferentism has, perhaps, also gained more of a hold in the centres of population than it has as yet among us. However this may be, Iceland affords no vantage-ground for proselytism. The Roman Curia, thinking to win back a wandering sheep, sent, recently, a missionary to the island, but, after some years of ineffectual effort, the good father was compelled to abandon the field, and, as I was informed, there is not to-day in Iceland a single native who confesses spiritual allegiance to the Roman See.

Upon entering one of these churches we would find from two to eight children, of both sexes, from two to twelve male members of the parish, and almost always the local priest in attendance. The dean and priest entered the chancel, and immediately the examination of the youthful candidates for confirmation began. These were required to read passages from the Bible and to answer questions in the catechism. When Sira Thorarinn declared himself satisfied, they took their leave, first shaking hands with everyone present. The dean then called upon the par-

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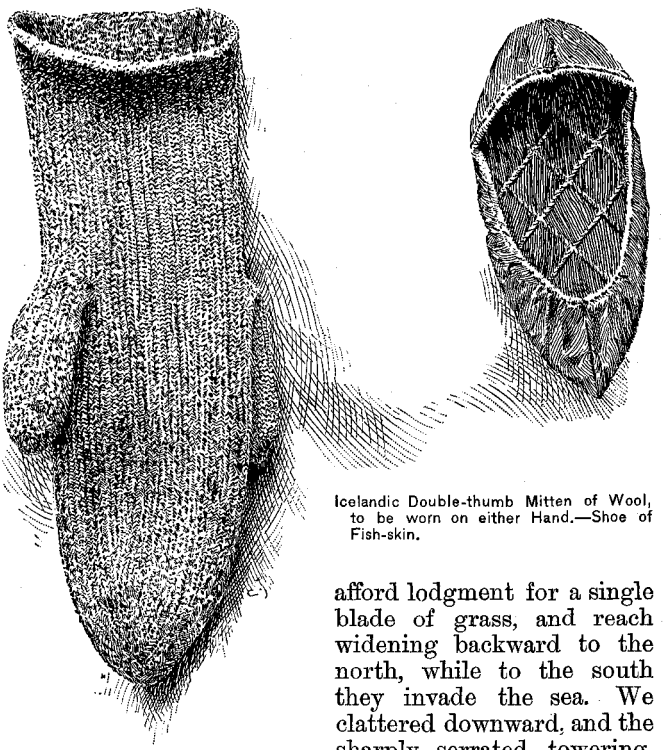
ishioners to state whether they had any criticisms to offer upon the existing condition of things, the state of repair of the church, its adaptation to the needs of the congregation, the relation of the pastor to the people, etc. Whatever criticisms were offered were embodied in the statement which Sira Thorarinn drew up as the examination proceeded, the rector or some member of the parish copying the same into the church register. All present were thereupon invited to affix their signatures, and thus, for the first time, I believe, in Icelandic annals, a native of "Vinland the Good" signed a Profastur's (dean's) visitatorial report.

The southern and western trip of the dean led us all along the coast-line of the volcanic southwestern peninsula, and thence northward across the country from Krísuvik. The traveller who, having pursued the stereotyped round—Thingvellir, Geysir, Hekla, Bergthorshvol, Eyrarbakki, and Reykjavik—considers that he has exhausted Iceland, has not come into contact at all with the might of her scenes of magnificent desolation. For four days, with rare exceptions, we had naught but lava or other volcanic products under the feet of our horses. Along the sea the culture of centuries had indeed educed a thin herbage, and here and there stretches of fertile soil had escaped or recovered from the universal desolation. But these formed only an interrupted and narrow green fringe to a world of dormant volcanoes of vast cold furnaces. The summit of Vesuvius commands a broad panorama of almost matchless living beauty, and the torrents of lava that have scarred its slopes are but narrow though rude furrows in the midst of a verdure wanton in its luxuriance. Here all about one rise other Vesuvii, rigid corpses in a world that died unnumbered centuries ago, and everywhere the face of nature is seared with fire. Our ponies were now clambering up the ashy ascent of a knoll of volcanic slag; the valley far below, which is perhaps a mile broad, is choked with a molten river whose congealed waves not even yet



Icelandic Double-thumb Mitten of Wool, to be worn on either Hand.—Shoe of Fish-skin.

afford lodgment for a single blade of grass, and reach widening backward to the north, while to the south they invade the sea. We clattered downward, and the sharply serrated, towering, metallic crests shut us in on every side. Emerging, we began the ascent of the hill of sand, ash, and slag on the farther side of the valley. Surely the summit would afford a different spectacle. We gained it at last, and the outlook was indeed diverse. There was a wide vale below, and the chained fury of lava-waves holding it all even as before, but a gray veil-like something, resembling mist, and yet manifestly not mist, softened the rugged outlines and dulled the steely surface. The effect, weird in the extreme, was heightened by the cones rising all about, yellow with sulphur, purple with slag, or brown and

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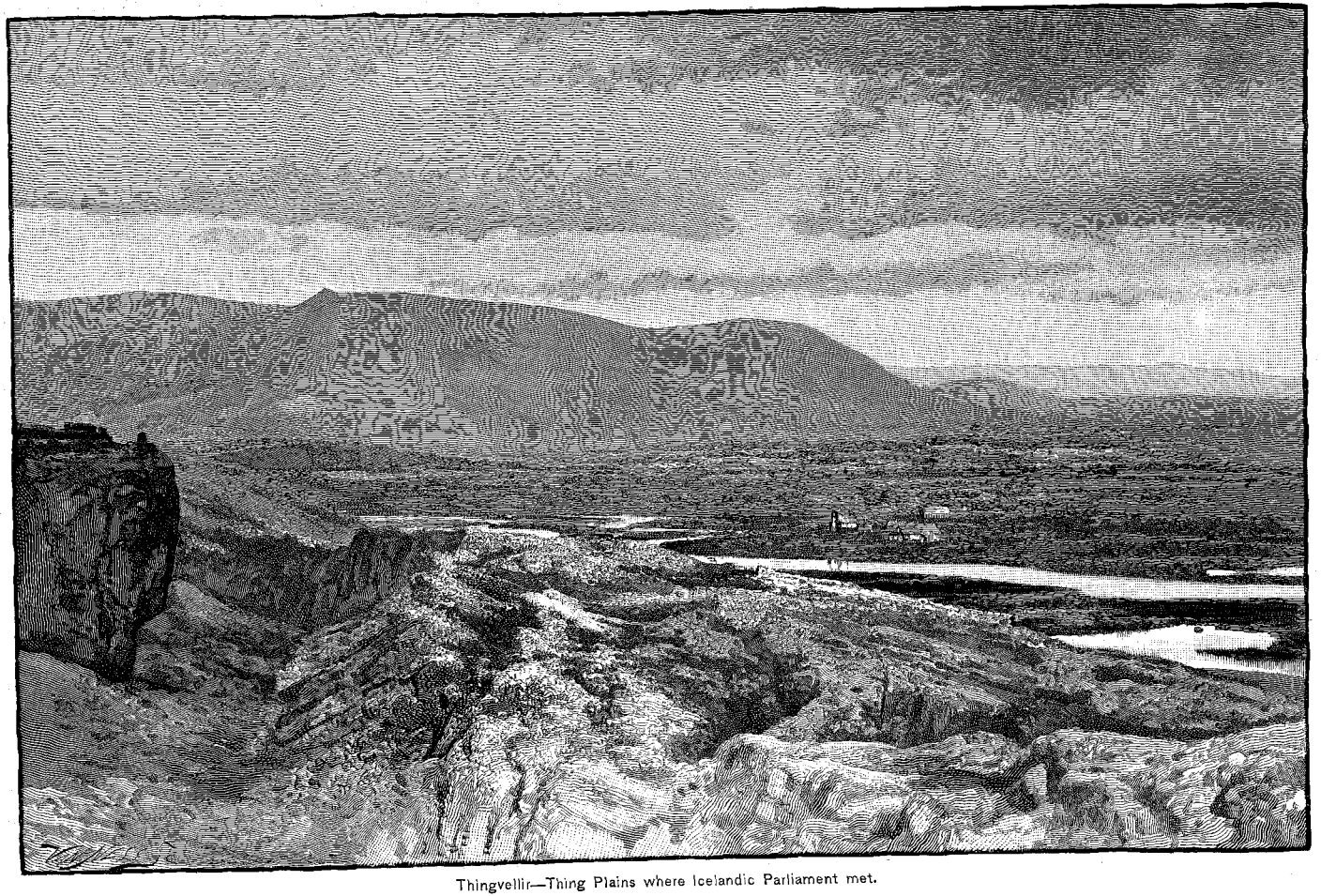

Thingvellir—Thing Plains where Icelandic Parliament met.

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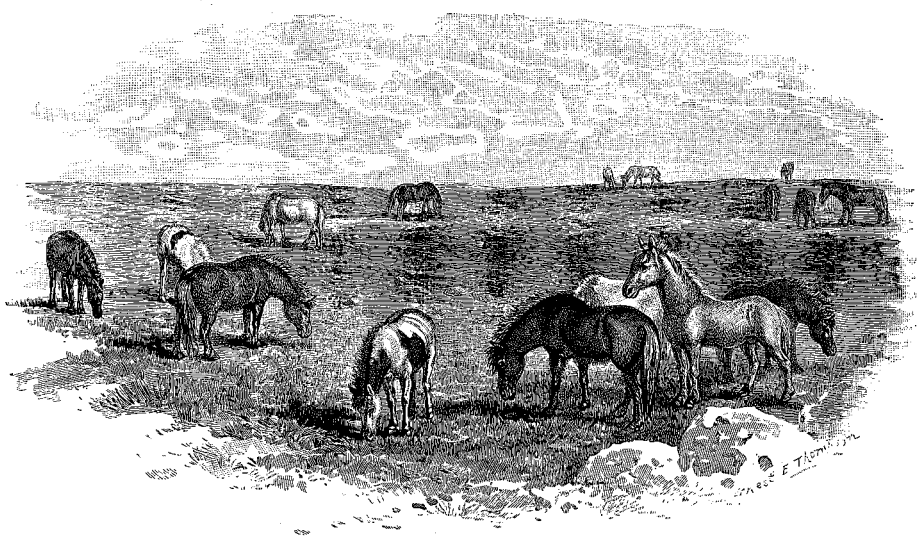
gray with sand and ashes, and it was difficult at first to conceive any possible explanation of the phenomenon. The nearer view, however, resolved the vague cloud-effect into a gray vegetation, and the wrinkled lichens lent a strangely softening element of hoary age to the devastating flood.

The burning question in the summer of 1888 in Iceland was, whether or not it were expedient to attempt to secure from the King of Denmark certain changes in the constitution, *e.g.;* an annual in the place of a biennial Thing, a Court of Last Resort, a Court of Appeal in Iceland rather than, as at present, in Copenhagen, etc. The movers in the matter, having secured through the press the public attention, proposed that delegates chosen by the people should meet on a specified day in August at the Thingvellir to discuss and decide. The caucus at Hafnarfjörthr was attended by from thirty to fifty electors from the district which Sira Thorarinn and his son Jón represent in the parliament. A large number of these men were old acquaintances of mine, from the period of the diocesan visits. After the meeting had been duly organized the local magistrate, Syslumathr, being elected to the chair, a lively discussion ensued, my host and his son being opposed to the projected agitation. Sira Thorarinn held that Iceland, with her extreme poverty and limited resources, would far better expend her energies in improving her internal conditions, methods of intercommunication, etc., than in agitation which, even if it secured its object, would but entail great additional burdens without meeting correspondingly great actual needs. A favorable outcome was also highly improbable, he said, in view of the well-known reactionary spirit of Denmark's ruler. Thereupon a farmer arose, declaring: "Our Thingmen, father and son, have violated sacred pledges in offering opposition to this movement, and I demand of them that they shall here and now lay down their commissions." This direct assault the dean met with an emphatic denial, whereupon the farmer called upon others to sustain the validity of his charges, but not a voice responded. The meeting soon after broke up; the delegate chosen was uninstructed, and, at the general assembly, stood out alone, or almost alone, in opposition to the popular movement.

The first week in August I reluctantly took leave of the dean to make a journey of ten days through the south of Iceland, in which we visited in succession the Thingvellir, site of the old Icelandic parliament; the Geysers, and a picturesque fall near by, the Gullfoss;



Native Ponies.

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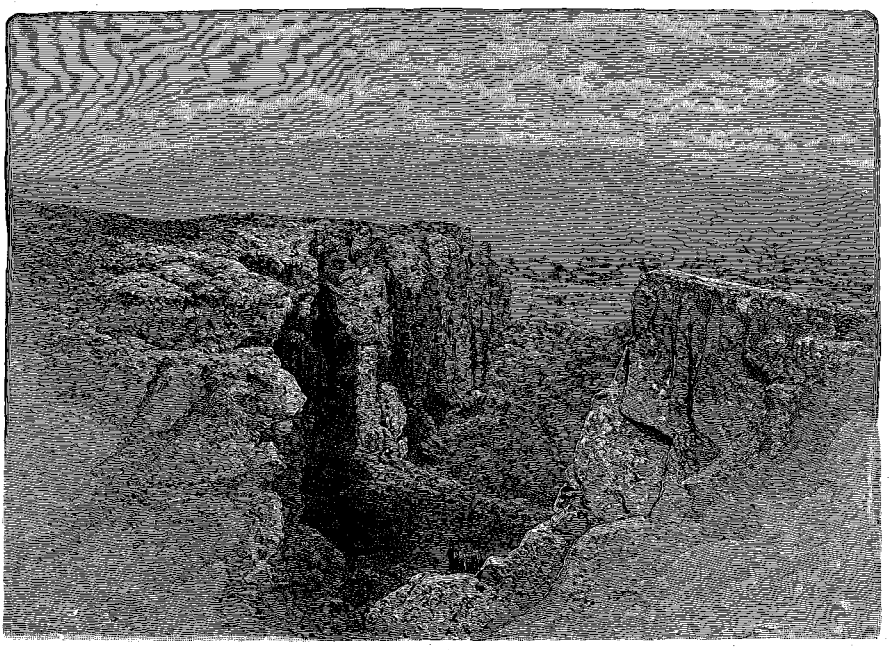
climbed Hekla, and wandered over the region made historic by the lives and friendship of Gunnar, the bravest and most simple-hearted, and Njál, the most sage, the greatest of all Iceland's patriarchs.

Rivers milky with glacial dust; rivers blue and crystalline; swift rivers that have not yet lost the impetus of the mountain-leap; broad shallow deltas, where the tawny waters loiter, loath to be merged and lost in the all beyond; valleys frost-broken into hummocks; valleys drenched with the mountain-moisture, nor yielding it up to the near and sluggish rivers; valleys green with verdure, or doomed to eternal drought by the winds strewing insatiate sand; hills green, gray, brown, purple, yellow, iridescent; mountains above of all these falls; marvellous sunsets; sand-storms and wastes of volcanic sand, with lone lava-pillars, to mark the road; in the distance, near at hand, steam escaping the earth; white basins overflowing with boiling amethystine waters; icy waters sleeping deep in volcanic clefts, of a purity the ether above equals at times but cannot surpass; scattered farm-houses gray and green; mountain-pastures specked with white and brown fleece; home-pastures with lank, shaggy, ragged foals, and round-paunched mares or hornless cattle; lakes with the wild swans, the pair with the cygnet between, gliding swiftly, silently away; no wild-quadruped life, but the curlew almost as common as the robin with us, the raven more shabby and more familiar than our crow, and the ptarmigan, timid but



Almannagjá at Thingvellir.

hues, or hooded with milk-white, cream-white glaciers; no trees; low, scraggy brush alone, with the wild geranium-blossom nodding to the wind above the topmost boughs; flowers almost everywhere; a sky of blue serenity with rare intervals of rain; an air charged with life-force, and of a transparency that lower latitudes never know; mad water-curious; this winged life everywhere, and, by the water-courses, multifarious sea-birds—these are of the colors and these of the forms which fill that northern world in summer-time.

There is one spot dearer than all others to the Icelandic heart. No prostrate or truncated columns, no soil-stained slabs with archaic inscriptions

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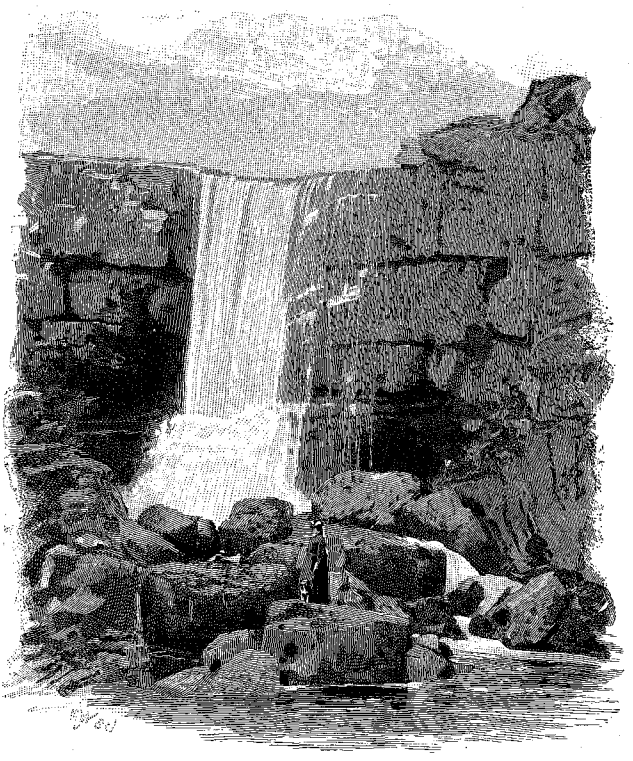
mark the place which was the centre of that free northern life, the mustering-ground of its heroes. And yet, through no grander portico have ever demi-gods passed to council-chambers. The very solitude of the place, where only rude heaps of stones, firmly cemented together with sand and grass-roots, and the earth-level lines of the foundation-walls of the old booths remain to attest man's sometime presence; ay, the very absence of all that which, in other climes, suggests a greater past, seems here the most fitting memorial of that elder civilization—rude, simple, strong—and of that generation of mighty ones to whom we know ourselves nearer akin than to those of classic antiquity, and who, in their virtues as in their vices, stood closer to nature than the sons of the Olympians.



Falls of Öxará.

Approaching Thingvellir (The Thing-fields) from the east, from Reykjavik, the Mosfell's heath gives place to a lava-deposit, gray and stonelike, surmounted here and there with rude stone-beacons (vörthur). Ever and anon there are indications that the process of cooling, or some other cause, has not left a firm, cohesive rock-foundation under your feet; but you are not prepared at all for the broad fissure which suddenly yawns before you. Down a steep path to the left, that only ponies inured to mountain-scrambles might safely essay, you descend slowly into Almannagjá—the Almanna, or Public Rift. You are in a defile of about a geographical mile in length, though the curving walls do not permit a vista of more than a few rods. On the left rises a perpendicular wall to an average height of perhaps one hundred feet (one hundred and forty, the highest point), formed apparently of rudely hewn, and as rudely laid, titanic blocks of iron-gray lava, in whose crevices, to still further heighten the illusion, ferns have rooted. This grass-carpeted aisle, the portico to the Thing-Plain, is perhaps thirty feet in average width at the bottom. Here and there fallen rocks obstruct the passage, and these, though immeasurably vaster in their proportions, recall forcibly the prone cubes of the Roman walls. The eastern wall of the Almannagjá is much lower than the western, is irregular and interrupted, and does not, therefore, suggest as forcibly a work of design. A rift in this, the lower wall, affords the entrance to the Thing-fields.

Perhaps a quarter of a mile farther north the Öxará, the river of the Axe, falls in a picturesque sheet from the higher level into this fissure. After following it for some distance, it descends through a break in the lower wall into the plain below. The holm or islet formed in this plain by the branching of the river, where the ju-

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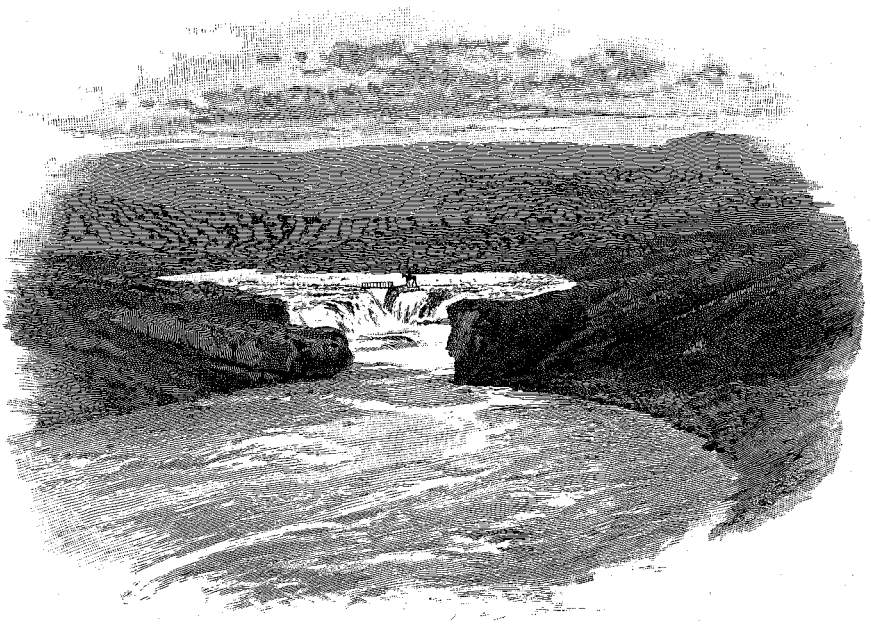
dicial duels (holmgangur) were once fought, has apparently wholly disappeared, and during a dry season, such as that of 1888, the river itself becomes but an insignificant streamlet, hardly knee-deep at the ford, and not more than from twenty-five to thirty feet wide.

The view from the western, the higher wall of Almannagjá, recalls vividly that



Bruará—the Bridge River.

low vast swell of the sea, when no wind ruffles the surface into crisp foam-tipped waves. The gray, stonelike lava that flowed in prehistoric ages from snow-helmeted Skjaldbreith in the north, with its broad, low, smooth undulations, fills now the whole plain below, and it is overgrown with a thin herbage and with ragged brush. But there are long, parallel, jagged rents yonder in the lava-floor just beyond the Öxará River, and, if you walk beside them and explore their depths, you will see, far below, waters whose transparent purity no slightest mote of earth-dust has apparently ever dimmed, whose crystal mirror no breath has ever ruffled, and, in their depths, rocks confusedly piled in that mighty convulsion which rent the plain; but suddenly, beside, amid the azure yawns a blue blackness, not turbid as that of the storm-cloud, but clear and profound as in the night-sea, or in those spaces of the firmament where the silver moon has quenched the stars but fills not the void with her own radiance. Between two of these fissures extends the low, narrow, rocky elevation which a popularly accepted though somewhat doubtful tradition designates as the Lögberg, the Hill of Law, from which the laws were proclaimed. It may rudely be described as a cubic triangle of lava, with a base of three to four hundred feet, a width between the fissures of twenty to thirty, and a long irregular hypothenuse whose highest point is perhaps elevated thirty feet above the base-line. The third side descends almost perpendicularly where the two fissures unite at the northern end of the berg. Below and to the west, between the traditional Lögberg and the wall of the Almannagjá, lie the Thing-fields, on both sides of the narrow, shallow Öxará River; the site of the booths being, however, principally on the west bank, southwest from the "Hill

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of Law." From near at hand stretches away to the south and east the broad Thingvalla Lake, the largest sheet of water in Iceland, with its weird volcanic islets and its magnificent mountain-guards.

To the remaining scenes of that southern journey I can give but brief paragraphs. Bruará, the Bridge River, flowing between Thingvellir and Geyser, has, mid-stream, a deep, irregularly rectangular-shaped rift into which the waters rush from three sides, and it affords a novel experience, even in this land of strange river-passages, where streams are now forded, now passed in rude boats, while the loosened horses swim on before. We groped and stumbled one-third of the distance through a rushing, rock-strewn river, then clattered over the rude bridge spanning the gulley, and finally forded the shallower water beyond.

A low sand-hill, commanding no special outlook, set with irregularly round

The Geysers.

or oblong basins white with lime deposit, through whose funnel-shaped bottoms the superheated waters bubble upward to escape in steam or gently to overflow, covering the rocks where they pass with a delicate flesh-tinted or alabaster enamel; a modest river winding at the base of a hill, upon whose banks are strewn crumbling fragments containing casts of leaves or of birch-saplings, the silence broken only by an occasional rumble from the great Geyser, followed by an ebullition and abundant overflow; such were the hot springs as we saw them. For Geyser rarely favors the traveller now, and we were informed that Strökkr had ceased to respond with a fierce eruption when her funnel was choked with peat. But the pools, even in these their hours of torpor, are not without a certain grandeur, and especially is this true of the great shallow circular basin of the Geyser, with its waters a clear azure above a cream-white bottom, that curves gently downward to the centre where a ragged break in the crust reveals sombre-blue mysterious depths.

A few hours from the Geysers, by a course which brought us within apparent bow-shot of drear glacier-hooded mountains, behind which, to the north, lies Iceland's desert, over a broad, swift, turbid glacier-stream, we approached the ravine where the White River (Hvitá) descends in two leaps to the lower level. The ravine itself was filled with spray —iridescent gossamer webs hung with trembling crystal beads—and in the fresh green of its carpet were set the nodding mountain-dandelions (*Geum rivale*), while in the loose crevices of the overhanging cliff grew the Eyrar-rose (*Epilobium latifolium*), the queen, perchance, of Iceland's flora. The engraving affords an adequate conception of the broad upper fall, but the lower one must be seen and heard. Over a precipice a broad river hurls, to find its way at once barred by a wall of adamant, and, despite the furious onset of its waters, is forced to turn almost at right angles

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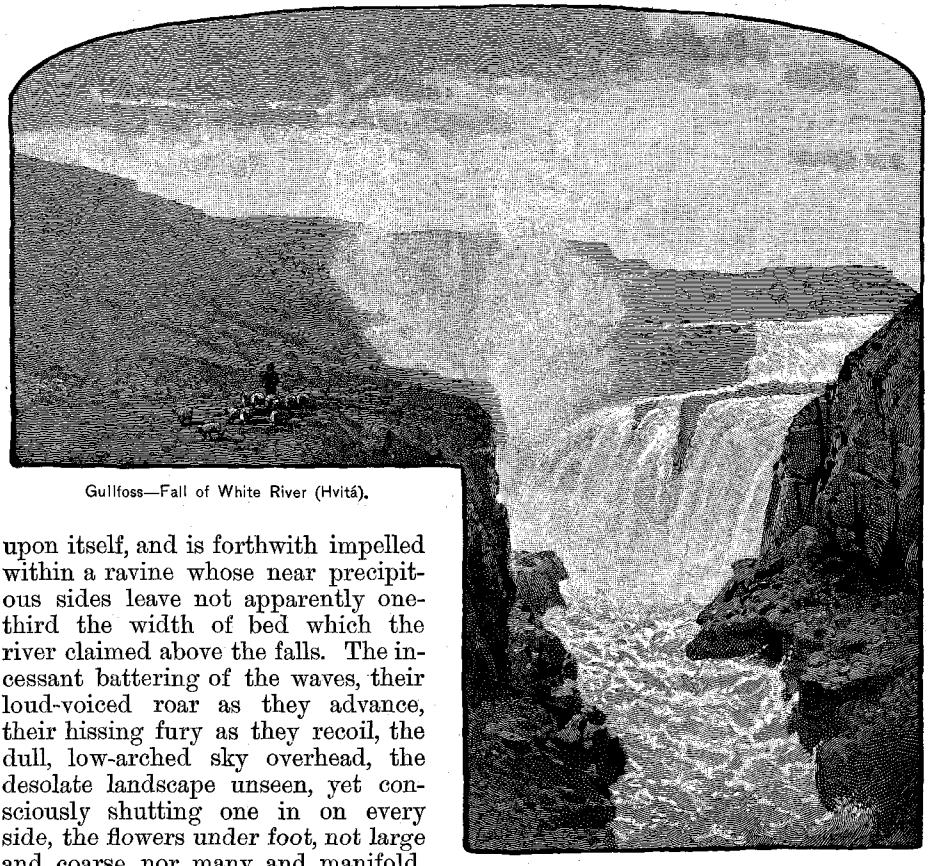

Gullfoss—Fall of White River (Hvitá).

upon itself, and is forthwith impelled within a ravine whose near precipitous sides leave not apparently one-third the width of bed which the river claimed above the falls. The incessant battering of the waves, their loud-voiced roar as they advance, their hissing fury as they recoil, the dull, low-arched sky overhead, the desolate landscape unseen, yet consciously shutting one in on every side, the flowers under foot, not large and coarse, nor many and manifold, but delicate in tint and tissue, and few in species and number, form one of those harmonies of contrasts in which Iceland is so rich.

A two hours' ride, through changing scenery and then a long, intense struggle, without alpen-stocks or steel-spurred shoes, in the teeth of a fierce and boreal wind, over lava, through ashes, up a steep incline floored with glistering, compacted snow, and, finally, on hands and knees up and over the brow of a narrow ridge formed of ash and loose volcanic stones; thus the summit of the "Cowled Mountain," Hekla, was gained. Through the yellow tornadoes of sand that were wheeling all about us we caught glimpses here and there of rivers, and discerned, vague and vanishing, a world of mountains rising range behind range. The circular bowl or cavity at our feet, which we assumed to be an old crater, was filled with snow, and its sides stained red, yellow, and purple; but there is no surface indication, as at Vesuvius, of lurking fires, and the glaciers of Hekla resemble not at all those of Switzerland, but are rather masses of compacted snow of little depth, filling the depressions and dissolving in trickling rills.

Iceland is a desert with a narrow fringe of habitable coast-land, and legends, repeated even by intelligent travellers, have declared these central regions the home of a mysterious race of wild men. From the southwest dormant ice-covered volcanoes reach up into this central desert, and between their flanks lie the passes which afford the direct routes of communication betwixt north and south. When we left Thingvellir for the second time, northward bound, we had decided not to attempt the longest and most hazardous of these desert-journeys, namely, that between the Láng and the Vatna glaciers, and over the Sprengisandr, but our choice still wavered

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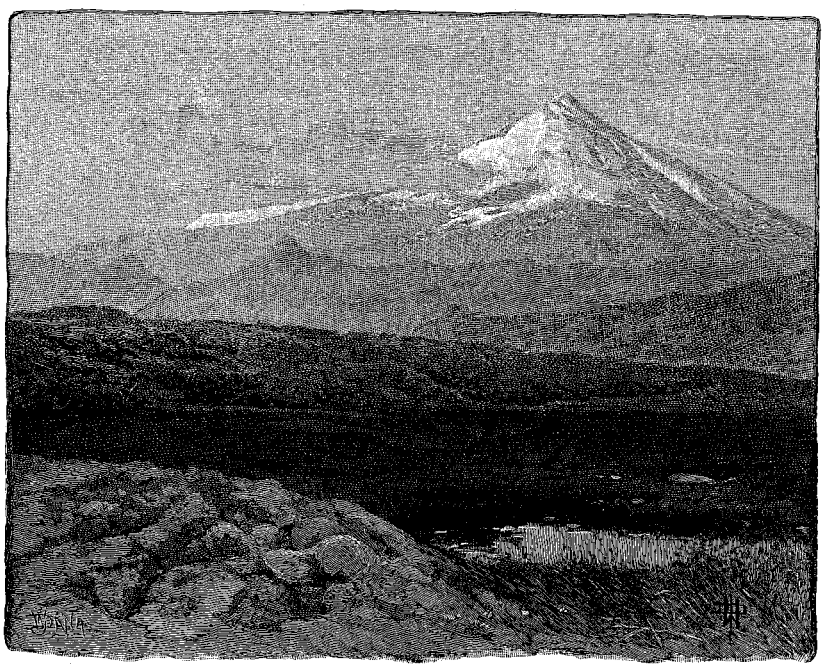
between two other possible routes, namely, Grimstungu-heath and Storisandr. Leaving Thingvellir about nine o'clock one morning, we followed backward for a considerable distance toward Skjaldbreith, the ancient lava-stream, baiting our horses in a picturesque vale shut in on three sides by mountains. Thereafter we climbed by a steep path to the summit of a defile from which we caught a last distant view of the Thingfields and lake, and so on and on, over sand-wastes, heath, and moorland until late afternoon. The day had been for Iceland sultry, and the sun's rays were still falling everywhere about us, filling the lonely barrens with life and companionship. But in front, whither our path led, only a mile or two away, rose a wall of dun, slowly revolving cloud, silvered with mist, through which protruded sombre cones and dimly gleamed plains of ice. The Dantesque allegory came vividly to my mind, and it was not without an involuntary shrinking that I felt the first chill coming into the air, and saw the darkness advancing to meet us. A slight curving descent and then a sharper upward turn and we stood in the gateway of the desert, at the entrance to Kaldidalr (The Cold Valley). The world of gloom once invaded, however, was not of so deep a darkness after all, and from the wrath-boding clouds fell only a gentle rain. To the right, their color intensified by the trailing cloud-mantles, rose, side by side, twin peaks; one of a royal purple and the other with broad lines and patches of lemon and orange yellow. But onward Ok's Glacier to our left and Geitland's (Goatland's) glacier to our right. The latter forms part of the long glacier system, and as seen from below is divided into a number of distinct parts. The chief body of it, however, is continuous, and presents the appearance of a field of ice and compacted snow, covering a table-land of no very great elevation above the level of the pass. Where this broad snow-plain stretches to the northwest the glacier is crystalline, but usually elsewhere a dingy yellow, from the dust that has fallen upon and combined with it. Nowhere are you reminded of Switzerland. The mountains themselves are low, and often in appearance only enormous heaps of sand, the disintegrating



Mount Hekla.

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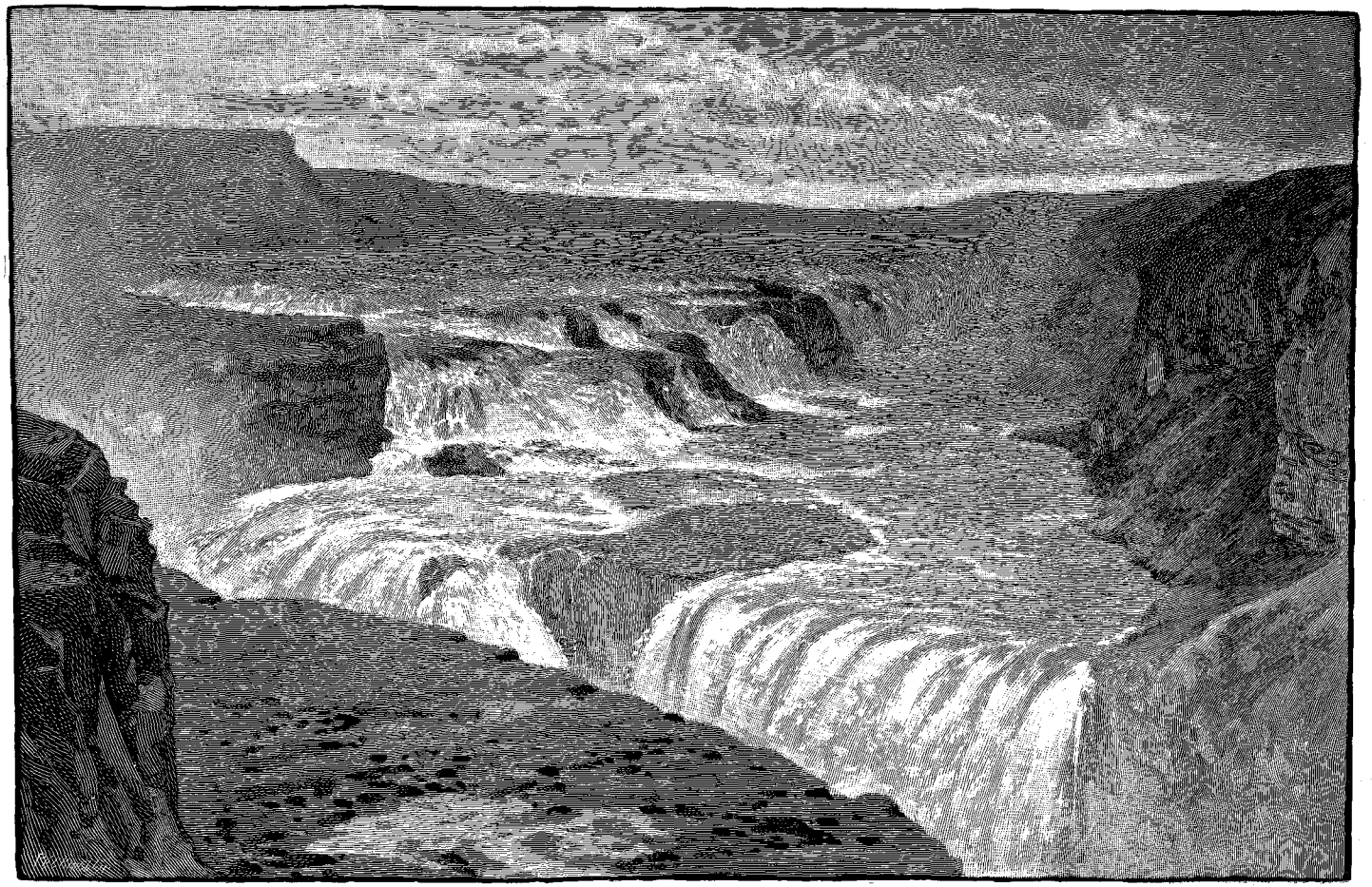

Another View of the Fall of White River.

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rock filling all the spaces between the projecting horizontal strata. And where the glacier above overhangs a precipitous wall, or descends part way a ravine, its dimensions are too insignificant to even remotely suggest the magnificent spectacles at the sources of the Rhine and the Rhone. But it is the whole, and not a part taken by itself, that is here so impressive, and the broad glittering plain of the long glacier, stretching northward for an indefinite distance, elevates one in thought to a still more arctic latitude. It is a section of Greenland's ice-floored continent. And the whole scene—surely no other land but this volcanic islet, that touches the Arctic Circle, can afford such a spectacle of utter desolation. These ice-hooded mountains about us were, and may yet be again, active volcanoes. Their sides and the valley below bear witness to a past of fire and flame. Verily it is an aisle through a dead Inferno, this valley of Kaldidalr. On, on, out of the mountain pass and down a steep path to the broad, dry, stony bed of the White River. And as we descended and looked across through the darkness to catch a gleam of light from the farm at Kalmannstunga, one of our party told, in Grímur Thomsen's verses, the tale of the wild ride of Skúli over the path we had just left.

Kalmannstunga is an oasis on the edge of a lava stream, at the extreme western border of the desert. Its farm-house is the hostelry for those who pass over the Storisandr or the Grimstungu-heath. We met here a considerable number of delegates on their way to the Thingvellir moot, and, had not previous experiences familiarized me with the elasticity of the Icelandic farm-house, I should have despaired of securing a night's lodging. We had planned a very early start, but the domestic economy of the Icelandic farm rarely permits such a procedure, and one of our ponies having strayed from the home pastures caused an additional delay. To these circumstances we owed a late departure and the unique experiences consequent upon it. The road, turning to the northeast, extends for a considerable distance across and beside an ancient lava stream, under which lies the cave of Surt (Surtshellir), the most extensive formation of this kind in Iceland, it being one mile in length and from fifty to sixty feet in breadth. Glacier-hooded peaks remained long in sight, Ok behind, Eyrik's and the Long Glacier to the right. To the lava stream a desolate heath succeeded, in which it was almost impossible for one uninitiated to detect a path. The day was wearing fast away when we halted for our dinner in the marshy meadow bordering Arnarvatn (Örn's Lake, or the Lake of the Eagle). And now we searched, but in vain, more than an hour after the eastern or Storisandr (Great Sand) route. A clearly defined path led straight forward, but this, according to the map, was the western or Grimstungu-heath road, and my two Icelandic companions, incited by a spirit of adventure, and also by the prospect of gaining a day, had decided in favor of the eastern route, which is more direct, but involves a much longer desert journey. Finally we renounced the search, greatly to my relief, for I did not anticipate pleasurably the possible *rôle* of explorers, only one of the party, upon a single occasion, having ever before crossed the Great Sands. So, on with the closing hours as fast as our sturdy ponies could bear us, for, though the farm-house beyond Grimstungu-heath was not more than five or six hours away, the atmospheric conditions foreboded fog. On, out of the heath, away from every vestige of life, into the desert, with its interminable sand-wastes not extending in a level floor, but in great undulations, forcing the path into curves. And all about us rose the low, sombre cones and ridges so characteristic of Iceland's waste places. The night came on so fast that we halted only for instants, and at long intervals, to change our mounts and then pressed forward with redoubled zeal, for that waste of sand seemed endless, the path was becoming indistinct, and we dared not stop this side of pasture ground.

Suddenly my companions uttered an exclamation of surprised recognition, and one of them, throwing himself off his horse, stooped down and began to examine some thigh-bones of sheep strewn about a lava pillar. I inquired



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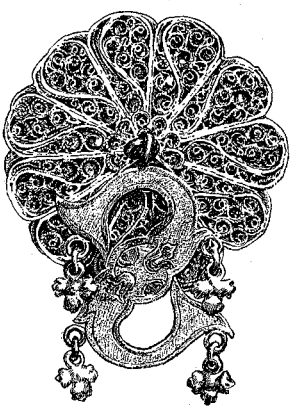
the cause of the delay, and found that the beacon we had hailed in the distance as a sure indication that we had not strayed from the Grimstungu-heath path was the celebrated "Beina Kerling" (Bone Carline), on the Storisandr route. It is an old custom, rapidly falling into disuse, for the traveller to compose a ditty, usually of a scurrilous nature, and place the paper in one of these hollow femora for the delectation of the next comer, who is expected to emulate his forerunner in a similar improvisation. There were, alas! no verses to beguile us into even momentary oblivion of the fact that we were on the wrong road, consequently many hours remote from any habitation, and that, furthermore, an unknown distance of the desert still remained to be traversed.



A Silver Brooch.

Our path curved downward now, and ere long the moon, white and ghostly, was looking across at us between two peaks of a long ridge of hills to our right. Only for a moment, however, for the fog, thickening at every instant, like the Eddic wolf, devoured the moon. What a wild ride it was during those last two hours! With our bodies bent forward upon our ponies' necks until the manes swept our cheeks, we eagerly scanned the sand for traces of a horse's hoof, urging on the while our little coursers at full speed, and recking naught of possible stumbles. No one of our party alone would probably have ventured to forge ahead without chart, compass, or guide over this almost trackless waste; but companionship inspires a blind confidence, a light-heartedness, and so we shouted lustily to our loose, famished horses, which were every instant turning aside in quest of possible pasture, held on unhesitatingly, and at unabated speed whenever we missed the path, trusting to discover it somewhere ahead, and Herra Pálmi sang the while Grímur Thomsen's Sprengisandr song:

*"Rithum, rithum, og rekum yfir sandinn."*

Onward, onward, and onward o'er the sand now;
The sun is sinking behind Arnarfell;
Of strolling ghosts there are many near at hand now,
For darkness deepens o'er the Jökul's swell;
God! my weary courser guide!
Gruesome grows the day's last ride.

Onward, onward, and onward o'er the sand now;
Twilight hovers o'er Herthubreith;
Her goblin bridles the elf-queen's hand now;
Ill 'tis to be on the path of the wraith:
My best courser I'd give with a will
To have come down in Kithagil.

At last we emerged from the sand, and not a moment too soon. For by this time the fog enveloped us so completely that we could not see our free horses ahead, and the distance to pasturage was still very uncertain. Halting a moment to readjust our packs and change our mounts, we started afresh. And now we were forced to depend quite as much upon the senses of touch and hearing as upon that of sight, for the medium we were traversing was almost too dense for vision. The path must be felt and heard under our horses' hoof-beats. Ten o'clock, ten and a half, it could not grow much darker or more foggy, and we were progressing northward royally. At every mile the road was becoming more distinct. Just then we heard the plash of running water. The path led up to the bank, and presumably over the stream. We essayed the ford, crossed, and—there was no path in any direction, rank grass assuring refreshment for our jaded horses, but no clue out of the labyrinth. The fog was precipitating itself now in a fine rain, the ground drenched, the night cold, the desert and the glaciers not far away, and we had no camp outfit.

It was a weird experience, with head resting upon saddle-pouch, to watch and doze that night away, the swash of the invisible streamlet and the munching of our invisible ponies furnishing the only impressions from the blank world without.

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The potato-vines in the rectory garden at Saurbaer on Hivalfjörthr (Whale Bay) were touched by the frost, and snow had fallen upon Esja when we gained the southern land in the first days of September. When, a few days later, we went on board the Laura, homeward bound, the frost-light bow spanned for the first time the northern skies.

The Icelandic farm-house, outside the few seaports, with isolated exceptions, consists of a series of one-story structures placed longitudinally side by side, with broad intervening walls of sods rising up to the gables. The side and rear walls are composed of long strips of turf, from twenty inches to two feet in width, laid one upon the other to the height of perhaps six or eight feet. Stones also are frequently used in connection with the turf, and not rarely the bones of sheep. Upon these walls rest the rafters, and on these, in turn, cross-boards sufficient to support similar strips of sod. The front of the house may be constructed altogether of turf, or of turf and stones (this is rare), or of turf and boards, or wholly of boards. This space is pierced with one, two, or more windows. The roof-turf, of course, soon forms one whole, verdant or withered, according to the conditions of the atmosphere, and very likely dotted with flowers. Similarly the turf walls. A raven or a dog perched upon the end of the roof, and forming an animate ornamental addition thereto, is not an uncommon sight. The main entrance is usually through a structure standing midway in the group, often merely a roofed passage. Stooping down, you find yourself in a broad unfloored space, lighted only from the low entrance. You grope forward, turn to one side, and, after passing through an *interim* of darkness, a door opens and you enter the chief room (guest room). This is at times quite pleasantly furnished, though of course with exceeding simplicity and rude taste, but usually it is almost entirely bare. Its furniture consists of a narrow bed occupying one corner of the room, often, also, a case of books, a table, and perhaps a certain number of chairs and benches, besides the painted wooden chests. As a rule, however, there are only the latter, and perhaps stationary benches, along the sides of the room. Almost invariably this room, at least, has a wooden flooring; but in one instance this was not the case. Occasionally the farm-house is entirely destitute of a room such as we have described, the sitting- and dining-rooms being coincident with the so-called "bath-stofa." At other times this room is used only as sitting- and dining-room, and there are bed-closets opening off from it, reminding one of heroic days. I was very much amused to find in this eminently Lutheran country colored lithographs of the Virgin of the Bleeding Heart and similar Catholic representations adorning the walls of these farm-houses. Obituary records, similar to those found in the churches, constitute another and favorite mural decoration. The windows are more frequently than otherwise immovable.

Ordinarily the house contains but one room of this general character; it may, however, contain several, and there may even be a windowed loft comfortably furnished for the night. The Icelander has a strange idea about comfort when in a recumbent position. Finding every bedstead unconscionably short, and the bow-knot process not conducive to restful slumber, I asked the explanation of this architectural brevity: "You see," replied my guide, "we Icelanders, after a hard day's work out of doors, like to have something to press against hard when we are sleeping: if we had not we should"—well, I hardly remember whether the risk incurred were one of dislocation of joints or of cramping of muscles—but a risk there was to the Icelandic mind, and a startling one. It was at one time the custom in Norway for the peasants to take, at regular intervals, vapor baths in a room arranged for this purpose, and hence called the "bath-room." The name "bath-stofa," but not its contents, has been preserved in Iceland. The Icelandic bath-room is to-day nothing more than the common sleeping-room of the servants, or of the servants and masters. Quite as likely as not it is an interior, windowless apartment, and contains a series of rude bunks, proportioned in number to the size of the farm and the means of the

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householder. These bunks are arranged in double tiers, the one above the other, and may occupy one, two, or three sides of a narrow room. Both sexes usually occupy in common such an apartment; each bunk being designed for two males or two females, and this promiscuous herding of the sexes is probably one cause of the deplorably high rate of illegitimacy in the island.

The other noteworthy feature of the farm-house is the fire-room (eld-stofa), which is usually opposite the entrance, and here is a theme for the brush of a chiaroscurist. Peat coals glow upon an open hearth; but, save for this, the profoundest darkness reigns, and only gradually can you make out the features of someone standing in the background.

But what encouragement does nature hold out to the farmer? His garden in a good season will produce potatoes and turnips, nothing else. I saw at least no other vegetables growing. His meadows yield a low, close grass, but no grain. He has, besides, the home pastures for his larger cattle and the mountain pastures for his sheep. If I am rightly informed, he is taxed quite up to the limit of his powers, and the custom of making advancements on trust is a very prevalent one with the Danish merchants, who in the good years collect the back dues, thus permitting the peasantry rarely if ever to escape entirely from pecuniary obligations. Of course the conclusions of a summer traveller may justly be taxed with superficiality and incorrectness. There may be more promise in Iceland than appears upon the surface, but certainly never have I seen an entire people so wretchedly poor and so lacking in even the necessaries of life; nowhere met so few persons whose countenances revealed a hope of better times.

That Iceland's economic condition will ever be materially improved by a force from within, I do not believe. Her wealth is not in her soil, but in the sea, and here, certainly, is an exhaustless mine, if the gold and energy were at hand wherewith to work it by organizing fishing fleets, establishing canning factories, etc.; but these do not seem to be present in Iceland, and must probably be brought to it from without, as recently by the English and Scotch to Thorshavn, in the Faroe Islands. Ponies, sheep, fish, wool, and eider-down are among the chief exports.

Standing one evening, in conversation with a prosperous farmer, in presence of a magnificent landscape, glowing in a northern sunset, we saw the shepherd leading home a goodly flock from the mountain pasturage. "Those are fine-looking sheep," I remarked, to which he replied, "Yes, but the owner of those sheep does not know whether one of them will be living next spring. If we only had good years we might get on; but the ice!" There was such a hopeless tone to the voice, and in the face that look which seems to say, "Were I younger perhaps I would make a new path for myself, but it's too late." It is only fair, however, to state that I met elsewhere vigorous farmers who had the look which the authority secured by success gives, and these were, from happy ignorance of better things, well content with their lot.

In the long winter the household gathers together, and, while the women spin, someone, at times the farmer himself, reads aloud, perhaps from a book of sermons, *e.g.*, Vidalin's "Hússpostilla," but usually from the old sagas, those rude tales of heroic exploit that still to-day kindle in the breasts of each generation, in its turn, the love of fatherland and the pride of nationality.

Silver Belt Buckle.

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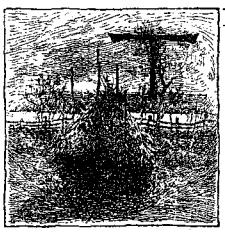
# THE COMMON ROADS.

*By N. S. Shaler.*



THE progressive nature of human desires is in no way more distinctly marked than in the endless carrying to and fro of goods which are required to meet the needs or fancies of men. Our lower kindred are generally satisfied with what is afforded by the world immediately about them. The lowest savages are practically exempt from all the needs of transportation other than that which their own limbs can furnish. They win the sustenance, such as they obtain, from immediately about their dwelling-places. With each successive stage in the advancement of civilization we find a progress in the desires which brings about a need of transporting the products of the earth for greater distances; and at the present day our civilized men cannot be content in their daily lives without assembling for their use the products of the wide earth. Thus it comes about that the ways of communication created by man are at once the measure and the means of civilization. After all, human advancement depends almost altogether on the extension of the ideals of life. The easiest way for this enlargement, in all cases the first opportunity for such growth, comes through the desires which find expression in commerce.

The readers of this Magazine have already had the history of the most modern methods of transportation set before them in the articles on steamships and railways. I propose in the following pages to take up the earlier, and still, despite the vast utility of modern means of communication, the most important, ways of commerce, viz., the ordinary roads by which the greater part of human intercourse has been made possible.

For a very long time pack animals were the principal agent in land commerce, at least in the regions which were not provided with easily navigable rivers. Down to the beginning of the seventeenth century the larger part of the trade of the inland districts in northern Europe and Great Britain was effected by means of horses, mules, and oxen, bearing the burdens of commerce on their backs. The observant traveller may still note in those countries deep trenches, sometimes cut to the depth of twenty feet or more in the hill-sides, extending, like the ditches of old fortifications, straightway across hill and dale. When first noting these curious topographic features I was at a loss to account for them. I learned, however, from my archæological friends, that they were the trackways worn deep into the earth by centuries of use by caravans. In the United States, owing to the slow development of our roads, pack animals were longer employed than in any part of Europe. Twenty years ago a considerable part of the trade between the mountain-valleys of the head-waters of the Cumberland and the more civilized areas on the east and west was carried on by means of pack-saddles mounted on horses or oxen. I have myself seen caravans going forth from the valleys of eastern Kentucky, composed of the small mountain-bulls, each with the ancient saw-buck saddle with its load of ginseng, goose feathers, and beeswax, the staple products of these remote farms. During our Civil War pack animals were extensively resorted to for military expeditions in the Appalachian Mountain district, and they are still much in use in the Cordilleran district of this country.

Carriages for the transportation of burdens over the land appear to have been invented in a very early day, yet probably long after the use of pack animals had been adopted. The most ancient form of land carriage appears to have been the sled, which was in use in Egypt at least four thousand years before our era. It seems probable that

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the first step from this primitive instrument of transportation toward the wheeled vehicle came about in a simple way. Where a heavy burden is transported on a sled, it is a simple device to put round sticks beneath the runners, thus diminishing the friction. Some early inventor probably saw that it would be an advantage to pivot the roller upon the carriage, and so avoid the need of continually placing the cylinder beneath the runners, as the vehicle went forward on its journey. So far as we can see, the wheeled carriage began in Egypt, and thence rapidly extended to other countries.

The first general use of wheeled vehicles appears to have been in the form of the war-chariot, which, apparently originating in Egypt, extended rapidly to the fields of Asia. In earlier warfare the chariot was a very valuable instrument; against swordsmen, javelin-throwers, slingers, and archers, in an open country, it could operate with great effect. It was the practice of the Egyptians, as shown by the descriptive engravings on their monuments, to mount the detached pieces of the chariot on pack animals for transportation to the scene of action, assembling the parts for service before the battle. With the advance in military art, when the front of battle became stronger and was defended by compact lines of spearmen, and the evolutions of cavalry were more perfectly organized, chariots gradually fell into disuse; but it seems probable that to the use of the wheeled vehicle in war we owe the rapid diffusion of the carriage through the region about the Mediterranean, and to its general adoption in ordinary transportation.

At first the use of wheeled vehicles in the peaceful arts of life appears to have been limited to cities and those highly cultivated districts immediately adjacent to them where open ways existed. The Romans appear to have been the earliest people who, with the keen economic sense always characteristic of them, saw the advantages which would accrue from the wider extension of this method of conveyance. The people of the imperial city at an early date began to extend carriage-ways throughout Italy. With the spread of their conquests they bound the subjected countries together by a similar system of roads, the remains of which are still traceable throughout wide realms which once owned their sway. After the fall of the Roman empire the cities of northern Europe, for centuries lacking the energy of commercial activity which proceeded from the imperial city in its prime, allowed the Roman ways to fall into disuse. For nearly a thousand years those countries reverted to the primitive system of transportation by pack animals, a method which, indeed, had not disappeared in the Roman time save in the regions immediately adjacent to the main roads of travel.

About four hundred years ago wheel-carriages began once again to do their commercial work in northern Europe; at first the progress in the construction of wheel-ways was slow. Two centuries ago a large part of England was unprovided with such aids to transportation; and even within the last century the remote portions of Great Britain and Germany continued to be served with transportation by means of pack animals.

The first Napoleon, whose mind was singularly Roman-like in its quality, appears to have been the earliest of our modern statesmen clearly to perceive the relation of carriage-ways to the development of a country. He advanced the work of road construction in France in a remarkable manner; a large part of the great roadways of that country were undertaken during his reign.

Great Britain and Switzerland, the two European states in which local government enters in the largest measure into the scheme of the community, have the most complete provision for commercial intercourse between the village communities and the great commercial centres. In them only does life have what we may call a complete circulation.

In the United States various circumstances have tended to retard the development of carriage-ways, so that the country as a whole remains less provided with such means of communication than any other area of equal general culture in the world. The fringe of colonial settlements on the Atlantic coast remained for more than a century after

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their foundation as tolerably compact bodies of folk which did not extend any considerable distance from the sea. Then came the rapid westward extension of the population, which led to the occupation of the fertile lands within the Appalachian district, and the rich plain-country of the Mississippi Valley. So swift was this westward movement of the people that there was no time or means for constructing good carriage-ways. The rivers and lakes of that country for a time furnished the more important channels of communication; where they did not serve, the ordinary dirt-roads in the dry seasons of the year afforded, by means of abundant and cheap draught animals, an opportunity for the transportation of crops to market. It is true the tax on industry laid on the people by these imperfect roads was a serious burden, but the land was rich in an enduring store of fertility, and the people were abounding in energy which made them ready for any struggle with their condition, and for an epoch that warred with the earth.

As the country became more settled the road problem had in some manner to be attacked. The communities did not feel themselves rich enough to create good roadways as public improvements; and so the first step toward such ways was by means of toll-roads built by corporations, which acquired by their construction a perpetual right to embarrass the commerce of the country by a tax laid upon every vehicle which used their improvement. In the districts of the West which were settled from New England toll-roads were relatively rare. The New England tradition has always been in favor of making such improvements at the cost of the community. The Virginia settlements inherited, however, the toll-gate tradition, and are generally characterized by the development of turnpikes. Thus in the districts peopled from Virginia almost every road readily passable in the winter season is subject to very serious tolls. The ordinary rate of toll for a wagon which can carry a load of two tons is about five cents per mile, or about a cent a bushel on wheat which is transported for a distance of ten miles.

Although the advantages derived from readily passable ways are great, despite the toll which may be levied on transportation, the effect of the turnpike system on the development of the community is, on the whole, evil. The result of these ways is to limit human intercourse to that required for necessary commercial transactions. The burden falls heavily on the poor, and is not without weight even on the richer part of the population. Although the roads are generally owned by local capitalists their profits go to few pockets, and the revenues from the investment, often relatively very great, are mostly returned to commercial people, bankers, and other small capitalists who dwell in the towns.

The difference between the road-making motive of the New Englander, accustomed to the strong government of the town system, and of those from the Virginia group of States, who are bred under the weak communal system of the county organization, is perhaps better shown in the matter of roadways than in any other feature of the social life. At the present time in New England there is scarce a single toll-road, except it be where, as in the White Mountains, ways have been constructed for pleasure-travelling alone. On the other hand, in Kentucky and the other States which have inherited their theories of life from Virginia, there are no good ways which are really the property of the public. I am disposed to attribute, in good part, the retardation in the economic development, which is visible in these regions where transportation is hindered by tolls, to the effect of this encumbrance on human intercourse. The evident tendency of such embarrassments is to limit the social and economical development of the country which is affected by the evil. In the toll-gate districts the people have a momentous economic problem before them. The vested rights of the toll-roads are in most cases yearly becoming more profitable to the individual holders, and, of course, a heavier burden upon the masses of the people.

I am aware that much has been said in favor of the turnpike system of roadways. At first sight the arguments in support of this system seem rather strong; undoubtedly the fact that those

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who wear the roads pay for the damage they do to them has some weight in favor of the system. If the tolls were contributed to the revenues of the community this argument would have more strength. The fact is, however, that such roads are generally profitable to stockholders, and they at once lead to an unequal distribution of the profits which labor wins from the land. Moreover, for each five miles of road there is commonly one family maintained in unproductive labor, because employed to collect the transportation charges. Thus in the State of Kentucky there are probably not less than one thousand families, or not far from two per cent. of the population, supported by toll-gate keeping. The average tax to the people of that commonwealth, beyond the expense of maintaining the roads in good condition, probably amounts to not less than one million dollars per annum, or somewhere near the ordinary revenues of the commonwealth.

Even if money considerations alone were to determine the system of ownership in the roads, the argument would be overwhelmingly in favor of the public ownership; but, on reasonable consideration, it is evident that there are other matters which are of far more weight than pecuniary considerations. The first aim of the philosophical statesman should be to promote human intercourse, for from that interaction of man on man come the largest elements of that condition which we term civilization. The most important part of this reaction is that which serves to knit the communal life together and to enlarge the sphere of association in the country districts. The charges for tolls on carriage-roads most unquestionably serve to limit this interaction of neighboring folk. Our system of communal government outside of New England is, as a whole, unfortunate. The county organization of our Western and Southern States is weak. There is little to bring the people who dwell a few miles apart together except the occasional county court, or fair-days, or the chance of social meetings in the shire town. To the evils arising from an imperfect political life which inheres in our county system, toll-roads add yet another drawback to the interactive development of our rural communities. The farmer who knows he must spend half a dollar for tolls on a visit to the county seat is very apt to abide at home, and so lose the chance of contact with his fellow-men.

Great as are the present evils connected with our toll-road system, they have as yet received little attention from the public. The method of transferring public ways to private corporations is day by day extending over the larger part of the United States. I have myself seen several scores of these roads instituted, and I have yet to learn of a single case in which such ways have been unbarred by public action. Even in many cases where, by changes in the route of travel, the roads once prosperous no longer afford sufficient returns to maintain the ways in good condition, the tolls are not abandoned. Thus on the once much-used toll-road from central Kentucky to Cumberland Gap, and thence southerly to Virginia, the way over which the settlement of Kentucky was in good part effected, the tolls now afford but a trifling return. The roadway has been in good part destroyed by frost and flood, yet I have been compelled to pay a toll-rate of several cents a mile for passing over it, though it was necessary to take a pickaxe and spade in the wagon in order to render some parts of the road passable by wheels. At times this road is almost blocked even to horsemen.

There can be no question that the toll-road district of the United States has before it a problem of far more menacing nature than that afforded by our railway system. The difficulties should be at once faced. The turnpikes should be abolished by the exercise of that right of eminent domain which is fortunately retained in the organic law of our States. The cost of the action should be borne, in larger part at least, by the communities, and, perhaps, in small part by the commonwealth. It seems to me that our States should provide for a method by which the turnpikes may be condemned on due compensation to their owners and their ways made open to the public.

Where toll-roads have been most generally adopted as the system of

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commercial and social intercourse, the people have usually been induced to accept this system, in good part, through their ignorance of the methods by which serviceable ways may be constructed. In most rural districts of the United States the common roads are built and maintained in the most ignorant and inefficient manner. In no other phase of public duties does the American citizen appear to such disadvantage as in the construction of roads. Generally road-making and the so-called road-mending are performed not by a tax of money but by an impost on the labor of the county. The voting part of the population is summoned each year to give one or two days to working out the road-tax. The busy people and those who are forehanded may pay their assessment in money; but the most of the population finds it more convenient to attend the annual road-making picnic in person. Theoretically the gangs of men are under the supervision of a road-master. More commonly some elder of the multitude is by common consent absolved from personal labor and made superintendent of operations.

Arriving on the ground long after the usual time of beginning work, the road-makers proceed to discuss the general question of road-making and other matters of public concern, until slow-acting conscience convinces them that they should be about their task. They then with much deliberation take the mud out of the road-side ditches, if, indeed, the way is ditched at all, and plaster the same on the centre of the road. A plough is brought into requisition, which destroys the best part of the road, that which is partly grassed and bush-grown, and the soft mass is heaped up in the central parts of the way. The sloughs or cradle-holes are filled with this material, or perhaps a little brush may be cut and heaped in, making a very frail support for the wheels. An hour or two is consumed at noon-day by lunch and a further discussion of public and private affairs. A little work is done in the afternoon, and at the end of the day the road-making is abandoned until the next year. I have seen much of this work, and have come to the conclusion that when the "militia" are employed in road-making they are about as effective as they are in public defence.

The experienced traveller who finds himself at the beginning of a newly mended road will betake himself to the nearest house and learn how far the improvement extends; if for the distance of ten miles, he will then inquire by what circuit, not exceeding fifteen miles in length, he can escape from the danger of the repairs. After a time nature mends the damage done by the process of reconstruction, and the journeyer may find once again a way tolerable, save where the hill-sides are steep or the ground wet. In the winter season such roads, at least in the counties where the soil is of a clayey nature, are often practically impassable. In such regions, after a distressing experience of some decades, the people find themselves willing to turn over to a corporation the precious privilege of controlling their highways. A little knowledge as to the art of road-making, an expenditure of not more labor than is normally given to the annual repair of the roads, would in most cases have secured to the community about as good roads as they obtain by the construction of turnpikes. In other words, our system of ignorant mismanagement in the construction and maintenance of rural ways leads to a vast and purposeless expenditure. If we take the misapplied expenses of our country-ways, if we count at the same time the mere social disadvantages which they bring to the people, it is probable that the sum of the road-tax in this country is greater than that of our ordinary taxation. From some data which I have gathered in my personal experience with roads, I am inclined to think that even in New England the cost to the public arising from ineffective roadways, as well as from the waste of money expended on them, amounts to not less than an average of ten dollars a year on each household. In this reckoning I have included the loss of time and of transporting power of vehicles, the wear and tear of wagons and carriages and the beasts which draw them. It is probable that the expenditure in this direction is greater



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than that which is incurred for schools or any other single element of public interest. I am inclined, indeed, to think that it comes near the sum of all our State and Federal taxation together.

The evil of poor roads, depending as it does in great measure on the lack of engineering skill as well as an indisposition to endure direct taxation for public improvement, must in the main be remedied by a slow growth in the public knowledge of road construction. Something, however, may be done through education in the schools and by means of the press to hasten the coming of a better system of ways. There is in this country a set of colleges which are resorted to by students who in their maturer years are to have a share in rural affairs. Thirty or more of our States received the foundations for agricultural and mechanical colleges from the Federal Government. Each of these schools should have a good course of teaching in the matter of roadways. Some of them already nominally pay a certain amount of attention to the matter, but the instruction is generally of a very imperfect sort. There are no good text-books treating of the subject, and the instructors are commonly without much experience in the matter. It seems to me that public ways in general (the conveyance problem of our modern society) lie at the root of all economic development, and are closely connected with social development. They are essential features in the physiology of our commonwealths, and as such should have a large place in any instruction which concerns the management of public affairs. It would be greatly to the benefit of our system of road management if men could be thoroughly well-educated for the duty of road-masters. A well-instructed expert could readily take charge of all the roads in an ordinary county. Bringing to bear the experience which has been gained in the art of road-making, he could greatly diminish the cost of construction and maintenance, and, without any addition to the present expenditure of labor, secure good and permanent ways. No other step seems so likely to advance this element in our policy so effectively as the institution of educated road-masters.

The matters which have to be considered by a road-master are of an extremely varied nature and demand a wider training than is necessary in most of the mechanical arts. In order to indicate, in a general way, the range of knowledge and the nature of the problems which must be dealt with by such an officer, I shall briefly consider the conditions which should control the construction of carriage-ways. I am not without hope that this statement will prove of service to persons who may have to deal in a practical way with the matter of road construction, but who must approach the matter without careful training.

A carriage-way is a device by which the energy of our larger domesticated animals may be applied to the transportation of burdens carried on wheeled vehicles. The conditions of the problem demand a consideration of three distinct factors, viz., the character of the earth's surface, the form and action of the vehicles, and the work done through the feet of the animals which draw them. In the management of every roadway these three elements of the problem have to be carefully considered. I shall discuss them in the order in which they are named.

First, as to the character of the surface over which the roadway is constructed, we note that the conditions depend in the first place upon the character of the soil-covering, and in the next on the nature of the declivities. The greater portion of our roadways, and in most cases the whole of the structure, is founded upon a soil or detrital coating which commonly covers the bed-rocks to a considerable depth. This coating in most roadways forms the support of the wheels as well as the treadway of the draught animals. Where the roads are provided with an artificial surface of imported materials, as is the case with most of our costlier ways, the natural detritus must support this artificial platform. The way in which the soil-coating acts under the peculiar conditions applied to it in the roadway depends upon the peculiar constitution of the material of which it is composed. Its constitution varies in different seasons in a measure which is in the main

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dependent on the amount of water contained in the detritus.

In the dry summer weather the soil-covering on which the road lies is commonly so far compact that it resists the tread of wheels and of animals' feet, so that a way may be maintained with great ease. When, however, the material is full of water, the particles composing it slide over each other under the influence of the sheering strains, such as the wheels bring to the mass, in other words, take the form of mud. When in this state the soil divided by the edge of the wheel quickly slips around and grasps the spokes and felloes so as to create a great resistance to the motion of the vehicle. Moreover, the carriage itself moves in an oscillating manner. It is a pendulum, and has a rate of vibration determined by the form and weight of the structure. These vibrations cause the wheels from moment to moment to bear with diverse energy on the surface over which they tread. The result is that the trackway is soon cut into cradle-holes; at first these have but slight depth; each successive vehicle has its oscillations forced into the rhythm of the preceding, and its wheels operate to cut the depressions to a greater depth. If, as is commonly the case, these depressions contain water, the churning action of the wheels constantly serves to wash a portion of the dissolved mud out of the cavity, and thus still further to deepen it. Where the soil is of a clayey nature, that is, where the grains which compose it are so fine that they hold considerable water between them by capillary attraction, then it is still further unfitted for this purpose by what is called the heaving action of the frost. The contained water, expanding as it freezes, pushes the particles asunder and destroys all the adhesion which tended to grow up between them. The result is that when the frost disappears from the ground its loose texture (the spaces for the storage of water) is increased by the expansion of the ice, and it is even more incapable of bearing up wheels.

Where the soil is of a sandy nature the difficulties arising from the slipping of the material under the tread of the wheels are less considerable than in the case of clay, and are manifest at other seasons of the year. As long as the sandy soil contains a certain quantity of water, the grains, owing to their general irregularity, are held face against face, as bits of glass are when their several surfaces have a little water between them. Sand of an angular character is thus pretty well bound together when wet, but when dry, the adhesion is destroyed and the particles are free to slip by each other when the wheel presses upon them. In general, sandy roads are better in the rainy season than those of clay, while ways resting upon clay soil, though frequently impassable in wet seasons, are often excellent when in a dry state.

Clay roads can only be made into satisfactory ways by means of effective drainage, so contrived that the least possible water will remain in the material which feels the effect of the tread of the draught animal or the down-wearing thrust of the wheel. Deep side-ditches are absolutely necessary for such roads, and the narrower the roadway the more effective will be this drainage work. It is a great mistake in such roads to have any more width than is imperatively necessary for the uses of the structure. If the ditches extend to a depth which would maintain the crown of the road two feet above the water-level, and the roadway is of the least possible width, the problem of protection against mud is most easily solved.

To effect any satisfactory solution of the difficulties which beset such roads it is necessary, however, either to construct an artificial surface of timber or of stone, which is always a matter of great cost, or to mingle some binding materials with the clay. If gravelly materials or, what is better, shingly waste such as is often produced by frost action on slaty stones can be commingled in the proportion of one-half with the clay, a firm road-bed can commonly be secured, provided the road is well ditched. This commingled gravel or other solid substance must extend at least for a foot below the surface in order to withstand any heavy carriages. In many cases an equally good result can be accomplished by covering the surface with repeated coatings of any

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shrubby vegetable matter. In northern Minnesota I have seen the material known as "excelsior," *i.e.*, strip-like shavings, cut by machinery from blocks of wood, serve admirably to prevent the motion of the clay, and I am of the opinion that it would, in clay countries where stone cannot readily be obtained, but where timber is plenty, be an admirable device to have a machine for making excelsior to be used as a road material. On the surface such woody matter rapidly decays, but when worked by the wheels into the clay it may last for several seasons. At no great cost the material might be saturated with creosote, and thus rendered much more resisting to decay. The finest branches of trees, the leaves of pines, even rushes, may serve the need, if they can be cheaply applied.

In sandy countries the problem of road maintenance is very much simpler than it is in the regions underlaid by clay. The aim here should be to have the roadway as narrow and well defined as possible. In most cases it is desirable to have all the vehicles run in the same track, with an abundant growth of vegetation either side of the rut, for by this means the shearing of the sands is in a great measure avoided. Ditching beyond a slight depth to carry away the occasional rain-water is not desirable, for it tends to hasten the drying of the sands, which is to be avoided as much as extreme wetness in the case of clays. Where possible, the road should be overhung with trees, the leaves and twigs of which, catching in the roadways, will serve still further to diminish the effect of the wheels in moving the sands about. The best sandy roads in this country are those frequently found in southeastern Massachusetts, where there is but a single trackway, with occasional places where teams can pass each other. I know roads of this description lying upon very incoherent sands which have maintained themselves for a century at an average annual expense of not more than two days' labor for the mile of length. I have seen where, with the spirit of improvement, the old road had been widened and treated to a course of ploughing in which the way had been made almost impassable to heavy burdens in times of drought. In their best days such roads are almost as good as tramways. A little care with occasional cradle-holes, or, if the road be very much traversed, small amounts of clay or oyster-shells placed in the grooves, will maintain them in excellent repair. Where a sandy way is double tracked, the teams, in passing each other, cut up the wheel-trenches and destroy the growth of the plants on either side of them, and so reduce the superficial portions of the sand to a very mobile state.

We come now to the type of roadway which should be constructed wherever the culture and condition of the country permit the expenditure of a considerable amount of money on its main carriage-ways—a construction commonly known as the turnpike. The essential feature of all such ways consists in the substitution of a compact mass of stony matter in place of one of ordinary soil as the wheel- and hoof-bed. It is commonly assumed that such ways need be very costly, and, indeed, the method of construction usually adopted causes them to be far more expensive than is necessary for their reasonable use. When properly built they so far spare the expenses of reconstruction as in many cases to be, in the long run, more economical than clay roads. All macadamized roads should be double; on one side covered with stone, on the other having the ordinary foundation of the soil. If the soil-way is kept in fair repair, it will be preferred by sensible teamsters for more than half the year in all regions, and in many sections of the country for more than three-fourths of the time. In preparing such a way care should be taken, where possible, to remove the whole of the soil proper in order to secure a foundation on the subsoil, which, having escaped in the main the action of frost as well as the disorganizing effect of roots, is firmer than the over-soil. Founded on hard-pan or subsoil, it is commonly possible to make a tolerably permanent road by placing upon the bed a layer of from eight to twelve inches of broken limestone, or, what is better, a less thickness of broken shale. The fragments should, if possible, in all cases, be of a somewhat limy nature, for in such materials a process of natural

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cementation goes on whereby the mass soon becomes very firm. If possible, the interspaces should also be filled with powdered or finely broken limestone, not with sand, which usually does not add much to the firmness of the way. Where the underlying layer of soil is not very compact, it is in almost all cases advantageous to lay a floor of flat stones in the fashion of a loose pavement, and upon this to place the true macadam or broken bits of rock material.

It is the general custom to prepare the broken stone for roadways by the slow process of hand-breaking, and a large part of the cost of such construction is due to the expense of this labor. Modifications of the Blake Crusher are now in use for the preparation of macadam material. All those machines which I have seen are too heavy for the best service in road-making. Machines should be prepared which are sufficiently portable to be placed now here and now there along the line of the roadway where stone can be secured, so as to avoid the large cost which is now incurred in hauling the material to the crusher and thence to the place where it is to be built into the road. One of the best contributions to the art of road-making would be a convenient machine of this description. Moreover, all the machines which I have seen are worked by steam-power. It should be possible to operate them by horse-power as well. After the roadway has been covered with broken stone, the mass should be firmly bedded by the use of heavy rollers. It is the custom, away from our cities, to trust this bedding to the chance action of wheels. It is, in a fashion after much, damage to vehicles and horses' feet, fairly bedded, but the work is never so well accomplished as it is by the roller.

Of course, such costly apparatus for road-making is not within the means of any rural commune, but if our road-making were turned over to large governmental communities, say the counties or associations of towns, it would prove far more economical than the present shiftless system. The machinery appropriated for the construction of roads, including a full array of suitable ploughs, scrapers, steam-crushers, and rollers could probably be afforded for about two thousand dollars. Under the charge of a skilful road-master, in most sections of the country high-grade roads could be constructed at a cost not exceeding $3,000 per mile. Assuming that a road of this description serves the need of a strip of country for a mile on either side of the way, the cost would be but $2.50 per acre on the area served. In general, however, it would be safe to assume that the service of the road would be rendered to twice this area per mile of length, and thus the cost would be reduced to $1.25 per acre.

One of the most considerable benefits which we could hope to arise from the proper education of road-masters, and from the permanent employment of such officials, would be found in the improved location of such ways. Very few of those who have to determine the position of our rural ways are capable of making an adequate survey for such work. A proper determination of a common road-line demands even more attention than for the alignment of a railway. It is true there are certain features which have to be considered in railway lines which do not necessarily enter into computation in a road; but owing to the fact that the common road is more dependent on the character of the subsoil than a railway, there are complications about placing the former of these ways which do not enter into the computations of the railway engineer. Moreover, railways commonly cut so deep to secure their beds that the character of the soil, as regards its resistance to pressure, is a matter of relatively little importance. Furthermore, a railway connects with the trade of a country only at its stations, while the common road should be accessible to the neighboring land at many more points on its line. Properly to place the ways of a community demands on the part of a road-master a very careful training in the principles of way-making.

In order to secure a satisfactory alignment of our country-roads it is extremely desirable to have good topographic maps of the field which is to be traversed. These maps must give in a clear way all the important topographic

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features of the district; the lay of the streams in relation to each other, and the slope of the surfaces which compose the area are essential features in such a map. Until the present decade no such maps have existed in this country, except, perhaps, in small areas about our great cities and at certain points in the shore belt which have been charted by the United States Coast Survey. The United States Geological Survey is now engaged in making a map of the whole country, which, though designed for geological purposes, will afford great help to our rural population in determining the fittest position for their ways of communication. With a good topographic map of this description in the hand, it is possible to plot a projected road in such a manner as to secure a minimum grade between the points which it is intended to connect. Where such a map does not exist, the determination can only be made after a careful reconnoissance through the country, with more detailed surveys to show the relative advantages between routes. In such work the training of an expert road-master will be of the utmost importance to the interests of the community.

It is in the study of the road project, as regards location, that we find the greatest difficulty in our American system of rural ways. My much experience with this problem has convinced me that an educated road-master can do much for our people in bettering the placing of our roadways. I have frequently to traverse a road three miles in length which crosses two deep valleys, the declivities making it very difficult, if not impossible, to maintain the ways in fair condition. The difficulties might have been avoided, and a nearly horizontal way secured, by a slight deflection from the present line.

The difference between well aligned ways and those which are placed haphazard in the country is, as far as the commercial interests of the people are concerned, of very great importance. In several counties well known to me in this country, I am satisfied that the difference which could have been effected by the exercise of a little skill amounts in the tax upon the community to many thousand dollars per annum.

The character of the vehicles which are used upon a roadway has a great influence upon its endurance to the beat of the wheels. With the same burden a two-wheeled cart does far more damage to the road than one of four wheels, and this because of the suddenness in the motion of the wheels and their irregular, twisting movement in the trackway. Where the axles are short and the wheels close together the damage to all, save turnpike-ways, is greatly increased, for the reason that there is no chance for the growth of grass between the treadway of the wheels and the footway of the horses. This principle appears to have been recognized in some parts of the country. Thus in the neighborhood of Boston, where the ways are made solid by macadam or other rubble, the distance between the wheels is generally about five and one-half feet; while in the sandy-road district of Cape Cod the length of the axle is usually half a foot greater. The greatest defect of our American carriages is that for a given weight of carriage and burden the tires of the wheels are extremely narrow. It is true that on ill-conditioned and muddy roads a narrow wheel-tread is advantageous for the reason that the thick mud has a less extended hold when it wraps around the felloes and spokes; but with this arrangement the interests of the roadway are sacrificed to the convenience of the individual who drives upon it. These narrow wheels, with tires often not more than an inch in diameter, cut like knives into the road-bed and so deepen the ruts. If we could require that no vehicle should have a tire less than an inch and a half in diameter, and that all springless carriages should have tires at least two inches in diameter, increasing in width with the burden, we would secure our ways against a considerable part of the evils from which they suffer.

The foregoing considerations make it tolerably evident that the problem of carriage-ways in this country is a serious and much-neglected matter. I therefore venture to suggest what seems to me to be a method of making head against these evils. I would, in the first place, suggest that in the Federal Department of Agriculture there should be a commissioner of roads, having at his com-

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mand sufficient means to prepare and print as public documents accounts of the condition of roadways in this country, with essays on the method of their construction. Each State should likewise have a commissioner of public ways whose duty it should be to advance education in this class of questions in every possible manner. To him the town or county road commissioners should be required to report. He should cause to be constructed a map showing the location and condition of all the roadways in the State. These ways he should classify as regards their condition. This system would secure a record which would set forth the actual condition of the transportation roads in all parts of the country. The effect of the system would be to enforce on the local authorities the sense of the importance of the problems which they have in hand. The reports of the national commissioner and those of the several commonwealths would convey information to the people.

An effective national commissioner of roads would doubtless succeed in arousing enough interest in many States to secure the appointment of local authorities in the several commonwealths. Gradually in this way we could hope to bring the people to an understanding as to the evils under which they ignorantly suffer from their ill-conditioned carriage-ways. To secure this understanding is the real difficulty which lies in the path of the reform. Here, as in many other similar matters, the most difficult part of the reform is to bring the need of it clearly before the people. Our country-folk wallow in the mire of their ways, pay excessive tolls, endure, in a word, a grinding taxation, generation after generation, without appreciating the burden which rests upon them.

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## THE MINIATURE.

*By William McKendree Bangs.*

IT was late in May. The weather had begun to be warm unusually early, and the Barnetts had already gone to their country place. It was not far from the city, and Barnett daily made the journey to his office without difficulty. He had now returned, and was seated in an easy chair upon the piazza. Mrs. Barnett stood near, some impatience manifested in her manner.

"Paul," she said, presently, "Mr. Winchester is to return to-morrow, is he not?"

"The steamer was reported this afternoon. Perhaps I should have gone to meet him; but I will confess that all this promised too much comfort." And he lazily stretched his legs before him, and yawned. Mrs. Barnett's impatience became annoyance; but she continued, shortly:

"Why is it that he came so seldom to see us? I hope you will ask him to come here often."

"I asked him often enough," Paul answered, "but he would not come. Perhaps he will do better now. Sometimes he is not above seeing the error of his ways."

"It was such a pleasure, too, to see him always. He enjoyed himself so thoroughly."

"He did everything thoroughly. That came of his earnestness and his strength."

"How gloriously strong he was!"

"Yes; but you see how his strength misled him," Paul replied, slowly. "You must remember that strong men have stronger passions, stronger temptations than some of us. It may be that, after all, strength is a doubtful blessing."

"Oh, Paul! You are too distressingly philosophical. Why have you become so lazily content?"

Paul smiled at her in the provoking, languid manner which had grown upon him.

"Perhaps it is not well to be lazy," he said. "But surely you would not have me less content?"

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"I hardly know—I suppose not."

"Discontent is the cause of all our woe," he said, sententiously.

"And all our growth, too. But I wish you would be less—less of an orator. That sort of thing, you know, needs an audience."

"Kate," he said, "you have grown critical."

"Have I?" she asked.

"Yes, and it is a very bad habit. It may bring all sort of unhappiness to you—to say nothing of others of us."

Kate was very much irritated. She was conscious of it, and she was sorry that it was so. Why it was so, she did not know.

"It is better to be that than indifferent, I think," she said.

"Yes; but that is not the sole alternative," he replied.

As he looked at her, he doubted whether she had heard. She had seated herself, and was looking straight before her. She seemed to be far away.

"She may not be altogether well," Paul said to himself; but unconcernedly he left her to her thoughts.

The next morning the clerks in the most important department in the establishment of Barnett & Co. were early at their desks. Even the usual laggards had their books open before them. Through the open windows the breeze came, fresh though warm, stirring a little the pictures on the wall, and when it was unwatched blowing papers fluttering to the floor. It was mischievous, and it carried with it a reminder of pleasures afield or afloat, and already a suggestion of careless summer days.

The clerks, although prepared for business, were really idle. The energetic ones among them were waiting. There was plainly a feeling of restraint and expectancy; and a few of them, it may be, felt too some little apprehension.

"Sammis," said one of these, "you are on time this morning. Is it pleasant to be up and about so early?"

"No, I do not think it is," replied Sammis. "I did not come so early because I wanted to."

"Winchester has come back, I hear; but as likely as not your sacrifice won't count."

"Why not?" asked Sammis.

"He will be sure to come late this morning."

"Then my own consciousness of well-doing must be my reward."

"That's very beautiful, Sammis. It reminds me of your days of innocence. If I were you, I would get up early every day."

"It is well I am so good-tempered," returned Sammis. "But I say, what has brought Winchester back at this time of year? Surely, it is going now to be very dull; and it is hot already."

"Well, you know, Winchester always wants to work when other men won't or can't."

"I suppose that is the reason," returned Sammis, "that he has caught on so with Barnett."

"That has helped, of course; but they are very old friends, you know. Besides, you've always made a mistake in your estimate of Winchester. There's no doubt of his ability in my mind."

"And there's no doubt in mine of his bad temper. I hope he will come back a little better in that respect."

Henry Winchester was the head of this department, and was an old and trusted friend of Paul Barnett's, the present senior member of the firm. He was unwavering in his devotion to the house and untiring in his efforts to further its interests. Barnett trusted him implicitly in the conduct of his own department, and consulted with him freely in regard to the other parts of the establishment. How much he had had to do with the greatly increased success of Barnett & Co. he had not asked himself. In his unimaginative way he went straightforwardly on to accomplish the thing in hand. Nevertheless, he could not fail to realize in some measure his value, and he felt that his future was secure and that he was certain to become, if not wealthy, at least reasonably independent. Paul Barnett, however, did know of the very great value Winchester had been to him, and he congratulated himself often upon the good fortune which befell him when he secured Winchester's services. Greatly to his own annoyance and Barnett's dismay, Winchester had found himself in very bad health. He could not sleep; he had

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lost his appetite, and, worse than all to him, he could not work. The case was plain, his doctor told him. He had worked too hard. He protested in vain that it could not be; that he had always been strong, and that hard work would not hurt anyone.

"Very good," the doctor said. "Go away and get well; stay and—well, we don't know."

It is probable that, had he been permitted to do as he pleased, he would have stayed on at whatever cost; but Barnett had learned from the doctor the state of the case, and had insisted that Winchester should take the prescribed vacation.

"See here, Henry," he said, "it is your vanity that makes you unwilling to go, you know."

"My vanity?"

"Yes, certainly. You are not willing to admit that you are weak."

"Who could want to? But I'm afraid I cannot hide it, however much I would like to."

"Well, then, go."

So it was that Winchester had been away from his office and work for half a year or longer. He had worried a little at first, but as he found that the world, his world and its affairs, went on very well without him, he became more and more content, and then he wrote Barnett, "I am afraid I have become shamefully willing to be idle." But he regained his strength, and would have returned to his desk long before, had not Barnett insisted upon his remaining away the time agreed upon. Now that had expired and Winchester had returned.

As he entered the office, his quick, long stride moderated to equal that of Barnett, who had called for him, it was plain that he was strong and vigorous as ever. He greeted his old subordinates pleasantly, and was unaffectedly happy as he opened his desk.

"Upon my word, I am glad to be back," he said to Barnett.

"Of course you are, and I am glad to see you back. But look here, you are not going to work as you did for so long before you went away."

"All right. I won't quarrel with you for urging me to take life easily. I have had a chance now to learn how profitable idling is."

"I am more than half afraid to trust you," Barnett returned, laughing pleasantly, "I shall keep an eye on you. You must come up often while we are away, and when we return to town I shall see that you don't do any work after dinner, at least. And that reminds me of that old grievance of mine against you; and my wife has it too."

"What is it?" asked Winchester.

"Oh, you know. It was always so hard to get you to dinner or anything. I know you like us, and I sha'n't hesitate to be very urgent."

Henry Winchester did like them both. He had always instinctively, or, at least, without conscious reasoning, declined as many of Barnett's invitations as he could. Now, he was surprised and taken unawares. For the first time his reason took form in his own mind.

"Here I am your subordinate," he said. "At your home I am your friend. It is better not to try to mix me too much up."

Barnett laughed at him at first. Then he grew a little angry.

"I think you ought to be a bit ashamed of such a speech as that."

"It may sound caddish, but you know that I am right; friends must be equals."

"You are my equal, my associate; at least, if you are not here we must make you so. With the new year we shall have another arrangement."

Winchester was astonished. He tried to thank Barnett, but the latter prevented him.

"It will be a purely business matter," he said; "and, I think, profitable to all of us."

Then he left Winchester to renew his acquaintance with his desk and his duties. For a short time Winchester gave himself up to unaccustomed dreaming of the future. He knew that if he was admitted to the firm he would be given a position and standing in the world that otherwise he could not hope for. Now, with that in view, his own interest and that of the house were identical. If it was possible, he would be more devoted than ever; but this was a matter of feeling only. As a

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matter of fact, his best thought, his best work had been given always.

The dull season now began, but Winchester found plenty to keep him busy. In planning new departures, in seeking new fields, he was industrious and enterprising. When the weather was so warm that other men were limp and gasping, he was busiest and happiest. Barnett, however, kept his word and saw that Winchester spent many of his nights and some of his days with them in the country. Paul ignored Winchester's unhappily stated reason for not wishing to be with them, and to Winchester it seemed that Barnett's mere promise for the future had altogether changed matters in the present. At all events he went as often as he could.

Winchester had always been active, and under Kate's tuition he soon became skilful in all summer sports; he was always ready either to play tennis, to ride, or to accompany her on the long walks she liked so much, long slow rambles when they would stop often to find new pleasure in some favorite view, or to enjoy the delicate beauty of some wayside flower. Paul was glad that Kate could find other company than his.

"Go," he would say to them, "enjoy your walks and the changing leaves, and the bugs, and all the rest of it. The piazza will some day claim your affection as it does mine, now."

"Not for many, many years, I hope," Kate said vehemently, as they left him.

"You are all alone in New York, are you not, Mr. Winchester?" she asked him.

"You mean, as to family?"

"Yes."

"Yes, I have not many relatives, and they live a long way off."

"Paul has told me. And he has told me too how you lived and worked last winter. I mean to see that you are gayer, oh, much gayer, this winter."

"Thank you! I shall be very grateful to you."

She looked at him quickly, as though she feared there might be a little satire in his thanks.

"Then you do realize how neglectful of your opportunities you have been—opportunities for your own enjoyment, I mean, of course?"

"Yes, I do, now that you ask me to think about it."

"But, you see, I am not altogether unselfish. Paul has grown so absurdly old. He seems to feel middle-aged already and——"

But she stopped suddenly, and blushing slightly, she leaned over as though to seek something in the grass.

"I have not found a single four-leafed clover this summer. It frightens me."

Then she went on abruptly.

"It certainly is better that you should be willing to enjoy yourself more."

"I never thought much about it, and I am not sure you are altogether kind in forcing me to think about it now—it and me I mean; but as you do, I will question your 'certainly.'"

"How unkind of you! And more unkind because I want to help you to have a better time."

"There, see how quickly one is brought to grief when he thinks of himself, or, at least, discusses himself! Let me ask about someone else, anyone.—Is it not better for him to be absorbed in some one thing? Is he not more likely to so find happiness and success?"

"Success, maybe; but happiness? Who can tell where to seek that? But, don't let us be too serious. See, I would rather watch the chasing shadows."

They had wandered on with little thought of the direction in which their steps might lead them; but now they found themselves nearly home again. Before them stretched the well-kept lawn of Barnett's place; the long shadows of the trees lay across it. They leaned upon the stone walk for a few minutes in silence, idly watching the play of the lingering sunlight on the grass.

"Why, why did we discuss happiness?" Kate asked, almost petulantly, after a little. "I feel that now I am about to lose it."

Henry Winchester looked closely at her. Her emotion surprised and puzzled him.

"To try then to give it form and substance is to destroy it, do you mean?"

"I do not know what I mean," she said, a strange anger in her manner. Her face was hard and drawn.

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"Perhaps, perhaps," she went on, impulsively, "I mean that—that to look at it is to frighten it. But, pardon me! Shall we go in?"

They walked quickly toward the house, Kate a little in advance as though she feared he might see her face, and read too much there. He followed, still wondering some.

"Surely," he said to himself, "she has not missed happiness. If anyone can question it safely, she can."

Soon the falling leaves gave notice that the summer was over. Paul tried to stay on longer in the country, but his wishes changed as the winds grew chillier. Almost immediately it was winter.

Now Winchester was very busy, for Barnett relied more and more upon him. Secure of his own position and standing, Barnett was quite willing to relieve himself of responsibility as he could. Besides, he had determined that Henry should become his partner, and it was wise, he thought, that the change in Winchester's position and authority should be gradually made. He was considerate, too, and he saw that Winchester was not overworked as he had been before. True to his promise, he saw that Winchester was often at his house, and that many of his evenings were spent in what Barnett thought rational enjoyment. For himself, he no longer cared to go with Kate to the theatre or the various mild entertainments that she affected. But he did not admit this to himself. If he prevailed upon Henry to dine with them and then to accompany Kate upon her outings, he did it, as he chose to think, unselfishly, and for Winchester's good. His unselfishness gratified him. It pleased him to feel that he could be so mindful of another's happiness; it pleased him to feel that few men would be so mindful.

"Doing good is, after all, the greatest happiness," he said approvingly to himself when alone one evening, and he smiled pleasantly; but then, as he remembered how commonplace was his thought and its expression, his smile became a little grim.

"I certainly am becoming prosy; I certainly am given to moralizing, as Kate has sometimes said. I hope, though, I am not becoming tiresome," he continued.

But secure in his happiness, he dismissed this latter thought easily and quickly.

So it happened that Barnett spent most of his evenings as he pleased, mainly, it must be confessed, asleep before the fire, an unread book open on his lap before him. He was seldom disturbed, for so great had been his desire not to go out that gradually their visitors and acquaintances had dwindled in number.

As the winter wore on Winchester and Kate were more and more together, and soon it seemed to Winchester that only when with Kate was he happy. No other companion seemed at all worth while. His books were no longer as attractive to him as they had been. Now, if he needed a wider or a different outlook upon life and the world than his own, Kate gave it to him; he looked through her eyes. And his judgment approved too. He knew that he had never met anyone else so interesting as Kate, or one whose opinions were so striking or diverting. He wondered that Paul could be so indifferent, or so content to be so much apart from her. He often urged Paul to spend the evening with them; but Paul would always beg them to enjoy themselves as they pleased, but to be sure to tell him of the goings-on in the world. Whither they were drifting, whether they were drifting at all, Winchester never asked himself. He only knew that the present when with her was very pleasant, and that the days seemed sometimes very long.

They talked of many things; often they talked of him.

"It seems very strange to me that I have become so willing to think and talk of myself so."

"Then I have introduced you to a new friend. You ought to thank me."

"I don't know," he said, laughing. "It may be just as well not to be on speaking terms with yourself. It seems to me that the men who think of themselves are always doubtful and unhappy; at least, so the novelists tell us."

Once they spoke of his marriage, and,

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although she laughed at him as he spoke of it as something to happen, she went to her room with a strange weight upon her heart, a strange sinking of her spirits.

"Why should I care?" she asked herself, angrily. "But I do care," she continued. That night she lay awake a long time, and in the morning her pillow was still wet with tears.

In December, there came a heavy snow-storm and for several days there was good sleighing.

"Henry," said Barnett, early one cold, bright afternoon; "Henry, I hate cold and snow and all these things, but I asked Kate to go a-sleigh riding to-day. Won't you go? Help me out. You are not too busy?"

"No; I am not very busy, but——"

"But what?" asked Barnett as Winchester paused.

"But I ought to be busy."

"Nonsense! Everything goes smoothly, and business is all that it ought to be."

"I am glad that you are so well satisfied."

"Surely no one could ask for more. However, the question is, will you take Kate?"

"Certainly," Winchester answered.

But Kate had changed her mind, and Winchester found her before the fire in the library, plainly not at all disposed to venture out. She had a book open before her, but she was not reading. Neither was she sleeping. She was looking intently at the fire, letting her dreams shape themselves as they would. As Winchester came in he thought her eyes strangely dull; and he was not sure that they were not a little moist, too.

"The drive and the fresh air will be good for you."

"No," she answered, with a little shiver, "I am better here, I think. At least, I cannot bear to go away."

"What are you reading?" Winchester asked. As he seated himself on a sofa near her, she said quickly:

"Oh, you will stay here this afternoon! That will be better than riding in the cold."

"Why did you remind me? No, I must return to the office."

"Have you no discretion? Can you not change your duties as you please?"

Winchester was hurt a little, but he hardly knew why. He looked sharply at her, but again she was far away.

"What is it you are reading?" he asked again.

As she turned to him, her lips trembled slightly.

"I scarcely know. A novel. I have read a page or two only. What can its author tell me of happiness, or life and sorrow?"

Winchester saw that she was in trouble, that something had distressed and worried her.

"A novel is just the thing I would prescribe," he said. "If one must be troubled, or in sorrow—and we all must, I fear—it is better to be so over another's woes, even fictitious ones, I think. One's own can be belittled so easily."

"Don't," she said, fiercely, and she rose quickly from her chair. "How dare you say what will be good for me? You know nothing of my troubles." Then, as she saw the wonder in his face, she continued, "Forgive me! But do you not know you must not so set a woman right? Let her delude herself, or let her magnify her troubles if she will. What harm does it do?"

She smiled as she seated herself beside him.

"You must pardon me," he said. "We have been such companions, and we have discussed all things. I never thought you would plead a woman's weakness as a shield."

"Please do not laugh at me to-day."

"I did not mean to," he said.

As they had talked she had taken his hand. He thought her mood a curious one, and he waited passively. As she held his hand in one of hers, and slowly traced the lines of its sinews with a finger, he felt it hard to breathe.

"What splendid strong hands you have!" she said.

"Something has disturbed you. You are very nervous. I think that we had better take the drive we proposed," he said, and his voice trembled although he tried to control it. Then he added, with a little nervous laugh, "Paul did not think you would object to the substitute."

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"If you only knew!" she answered, as she rose and walked quickly toward the fire. She knew that he loved her. It was not necessary that he should tell her that. But that she should discover their love first seemed shameful to her; it was too pitiful. She stood for a minute, looking at the burning coals, one foot upon the fender, partly supporting herself with one hand upon the wall. Helplessly almost she groped her way from one end of the mantel to the other. Then she turned toward Winchester, and throwing herself upon her knees, she said to him, tearfully,

"You will not think too badly of me?"

"Badly of you? No. But I must go," he said, huskily.

"You must not go. You shall not go till you have told me—I can bear—I can bear anything if I must—But in my heart there is no room for doubt."

"My poor girl!" he said, and he stroked her hair as she knelt there before him. The pity in his tone stung her. She was upon her feet at once. Now her eyes were brilliant.

"It is you—" she said. "You should be at my feet. I am not pleading. I will know," she went on, fiercely. "Do you love me or not? You shall tell me!"

"I dare not," he answered.

"Dare not? Who taught you, then, to be a coward?"

"Hush!" he said, gently.

She was melted directly. She drew his face close to hers, and looked eagerly at him.

"You do," she said, "I know you do. Why did I speak of doubt? I have none, none. But tell me."

He leaned over and kissed her.

"I do," he said; "but I must go."

"No, no—not yet," she said. "It had to be so. We could not help it, could we?"

They were silent then. Kate was happy; but Winchester, with his arms around her, thought of Barnett.

"Oh," she said at last, "why must people think of only one thing and speak of so many others? Do you know how many times we have talked of books, of people—oh, of anything—when I have wished only to hear three short words from you. And you wouldn't say them. It was cruel. Don't you know how cruel it was?" Suddenly he rose to go.

"Must you go so soon?" she asked. "Very soon, then I shall see you again. To-morrow? Or to-night? Let it be to-night."

He did not reply at once; he did not know how to reply at all; but Kate knew his thought.

"Do not say it," she said, in a minute or two. "Do not say you will not come again. It would kill me. But I do not care. See," and she smiled confidently; "can you not see I do not care? I know that you will come. You cannot stay away."

"I beg of you to think a minute," he said. "He trusts me so; in everything."

"And he can. Why not? Have you taken anything of his? My love? It is not his; it has not been for oh, so long. It is mine to give; at least it was mine till I gave it all to you."

Winchester did not attempt to reply. He had left her side, and with his hands deep in his pockets he strode up and down the room.

"Besides," Kate continued, confidently, "it is too late. I know all that you think. But try. Stay away from me if you can."

She opened hurriedly then a drawer in one of the cabinets in the room, and taking from it a miniature framed in diamonds, she took it to him. It was a portrait of herself in her wedding dress.

"Send this back to me, when—when you no longer love me. Promise me, promise me," she pleaded, as he hesitated.

"I will," he said, simply, at last. "Good-by!" and before she could have stopped him, had she tried, he had left her.

Some of the glory of the ended day still lingered in the western sky as Winchester came out into the cold and darkening streets. For a few blocks he hurried on, running nervously, almost unconscious of the direction in which he was going. At first he was overwhelmed; his brain was numbed, it seemed. Then he stopped and taking off his hat as though the night was warm, he laughed aloud.

"How strange it is!" he muttered to himself; "who would have believed it?"

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He hurried on again, a throbbing in his temples, his jumping blood making tumult in his brain. He struck his chest, he rubbed his hands together, always laughing softly to himself.

"I did not know I could," he said. "I thought they did not care for me."

Soon he walked more slowly. He stopped to look at the crystals of the snow glistening in the electric light. He heard now the bells of the sleighs as they passed him, and he looked as closely as he could at the occupants. He heard sometimes their subdued laughter, and he wondered what they could be so merry over.

"They have no such cause as I, but I am not merry."

As he reached the Park the moon had risen. He went in, walking quickly. He watched the shadows of the leafless trees on the snow, or looking up, their spectral branches seemed to him as bars between heaven and him. Then his fancy changed and the branches seemed great whips with which he might be presently scourged.

The long, hard walk in the cold air calmed him, and soon he was able to reason with himself. It was not easy to decide what was right and best for him to do. Fate seemed hard and cruel, but there was for him no choice. To give up all was his only course.

"This, at least, I shall keep," he said, as he put his hand over the miniature in his pocket. "When, I wonder, shall I send this back?"

Hastening home, he threw himself upon his bed, and slept soundly until daylight. The clerks coming early in the morning found him already at his desk. It was still very cold, but the sunlight fell in a great sheet of light upon the floor.

"What is the matter now, I wonder," said Sammis, as he noticed the nervous haste with which Winchester worked.

"I do not know," said another clerk; "but I am glad my work is so close."

"I hope that he will not ask any questions this morning," responded Sammis; but presently, Winchester having finished the matters which at first demanded his attention, began a quick but thorough examination of the office work. There was little occasion for fault-finding until he reached Sammis's desk. His books were in disorder, and his work sadly in arrears. Sammis was prodigal of apologies, but Winchester stopped him.

"I am sorry I could not trust you," he said; "but let that pass. Now let us get the work done."

And quickly directing others to help Sammis, he so managed that, early in the afternoon, when Barnett made his first appearance there, all the affairs of the department were in order.

"Well, Henry," Barnett said to him, "you missed your ride after all. Some of these days you may know something of the ways of women. I do not. But what is the matter?"

"Why?"

"I thought you seemed in pain."

"It was nothing."

"I shall be so glad when our partnership is arranged. I get very tired of it all sometimes. I am afraid I must confess I have grown lazy."

"It cannot be."

"What cannot be?" Barnett asked, sharply; "that I have grown indolent?"

"No; our partnership," answered Winchester.

Barnett was amazed. Winchester had been looking at papers which he held in his hand, but now he looked Barnett in the face.

"What do you mean? You are not joking?" Barnett asked, at length.

"No; I am not joking," Winchester replied. "It cannot be."

"I will know what this means. Now, what is it?"

"You need not be angry. I am simply unwilling that the arrangement should be completed."

"But I am angry. Do you not owe me something?"

"It may be that I do; but you owe me something, too."

"I do, I know that I do. But now you have the look I remember that you sometimes had in our school-days. Now, then, there is no use to attempt a discussion with you. Let us wait until to-morrow."

"No," Winchester said, "this must be settled now. You must let me go to-day."

"Go? You do not mean to leave me?"

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Winchester nodded.

"You are a fool," Barnett cried, rising in his anger. "What does this mean? You are a fool, I say. You are a fool."

"Stop. I will not quarrel; but stop."

"You will not say what is the trouble? You will not tell me what is the matter?"

"Nothing is the trouble. I will simply go."

"How can I fill your place at short notice?"

"You do not need to. My work was done while I was away. Everything is in order. Good-by!"

"Henry, I cannot let you go so. Remember, we have been friends since boyhood."

"I do remember—I remember everything. Good-by!"

Hastily shaking Barnett's hand, he was gone before any further remonstrance could be made. That evening he left the city.

Fortunately, Winchester's savings were not inconsiderable. It was not necessary to his existence that he should immediately find work. For several months he wandered over the country. He visited places he had looked forward to visiting all his life. It all seemed profitless to him. His thoughts were always at home. Then he sought occupation in one of the large cities of the interior. There he went to his office early and stayed late. He worked hard. He tried to find forgetfulness in fatigue and exhaustion; but his restlessness grew upon him. He dreaded the evenings; he looked with horror upon the coming of bed-time. He had purposely told none of his friends of his address; he avoided carefully the home papers. He waited as long as he could. In a year he returned. Even then he called upon none of his acquaintances. Sometimes he would walk past the store of Barnett & Co. Often, at night, he would pass the house of Paul Barnett, and then, standing there, he would wait to see Kate. He wondered that he never by any chance saw her. At last, one night he met Barnett. He had not seen him until too late to avoid him. It is not certain that he would have tried to, had he been able. Barnett met him without embarrassment, and shook hands warmly with him.

"Henry," he said, "I do not know—I never shall ask, why you left us all so suddenly. But I can bear no ill-will—I cared, I care too much for you. Will you come home with me?"

"No," Winchester answered, "I would prefer not to."

"As you like," said Barnett. "When I met you I rather hoped we might have a long talk together."

"Come, then, to my room," replied Winchester. "It is small, but there are chairs enough in it, at least."

As they walked along together, Winchester saw that Barnett had changed very much for the better. He was a little gray; but he was less portly, his face had strengthened, he walked in the athletic manner of his early youth.

"Yes," he said in reply to Winchester's comment, "I have had to work hard; but it has done me good. And I have had much to bear."

As they entered the room Winchester was disposed to apologize a little for its meagre appointments.

"It will do," said Barnett; "but you are not prosperous, then?"

Winchester gave him a chair. He added coal to the dull fire.

"No, I am not prosperous," he said, at length. "It is a little hard for a man who has dropped out to resume his place in the world."

"And ghosts, I fancy, are not always welcome," Barnett replied.

"Certainly they do not always feel that they are; but unfortunately, I have more needs than any wandering ghost."

"Have you any plans? When you want to, you can rely upon me. Your place, any place, is yours when you choose to take it."

"Thank you!" Winchester answered, simply.

"But, I beg of you, do not let me make any unwelcome offers. You know now. I shall say no more, except—except to say that my regard is all alive, my share of the friendship is as great as ever. It is strange that I should have to make these proffers, it seems to me."

"Thank you!" Winchester said again. He seemed unwilling to trust himself to say more.

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"I take it that you must have kept yourself informed all this time," said Barnett. "At the store matters have gone on. I have missed you sadly, of course. I sha'n't deny that. At home —ah, well! Some things have to be borne, that is all."

"What is it that he knows?" Winchester asked himself, as he struck at the coals viciously.

"Your going away was a sad blow to Kate, poor girl," Barnett continued, after a few minutes' silence.

"I am sorry," Winchester muttered, stirring uneasily on his chair.

"How sorry I am! How blind we are sometimes! I never shall forgive myself for my neglect."

"You blame yourself too much."

"I cannot do that, Henry. The trust, the confidence between us was at first so great—I treated her as though she was myself, a part of me. I forgot that she might have wishes, desires which were not mine. When we were first married, I remember, my business cares were great, and she helped me bear them, and we were always together, we shared all our thoughts even. Then you came—what is the matter?"

Winchester had risen, and so quickly that he had overturned his chair.

"Nothing," he answered; "go on. Then I came, you said."

"And, as you know, I leaned on you and left more and more to you. My thoughts were all in business, it is true; but it was not necessary then to discuss business matters with her. We grew apart. I do not know why, but we did do so."

Winchester had remained standing, and now he looked down upon Barnett.

"You take it all too seriously. You can yet repair it all—whatever fault there may have been."

Barnett looked at him in astonishment, and for some minutes in silence.

"Do you not know?" he asked, at last.

"Know? Know what?"

"That Kate is dead."

Winchester walked slowly toward Barnett and leaned heavily upon the back of his chair. He seized his wrist and looked closely in his face.

"Dead?" he whispered; "dead? How—when did she die?"

"Six months ago," said Barnett. "I thought you knew."

"No," Winchester answered, and taking his chair again, he stretched his feet out toward the fire and, with his head upon his breast, gazed vacantly before him.

"No, I did not know," he continued, shortly. "Tell me."

"There is not much to tell," Barnett went on, scarcely noticing Winchester's agitation.

"The poor girl began suddenly to fail a year ago. The doctors were puzzled, I think. All they seemed to know we all could see, that she grew steadily weaker. Toward the end she was a little delirious, for then she asked often for a picture of herself, a miniature she had had painted and richly framed. When we could not find it she smiled; and at the last she asked, I remember, "Are you sure that it has not come back?" I told her that it had not, and then, looking at me gravely, she said, 'Forgive me!' What had I to forgive? 'Forgive me!' she said 'I am very happy.' That day she died."

Winchester had remained silent and quiet. He had listened to Barnett's recital without interruption. Now he rose, and hastily looking about, stepped toward the window. He took a few steps only, and then fell heavily to the floor.

"Poor fellow," Paul said, "he must have been ill. He has been in want."

Then he leaned over him and felt his heart beat. He opened his clothing. He put his arms about him and was about to lift him on his bed; but then something slipped from beneath his unbuttoned shirt and its brilliancy caught Barnett's eye. Paul looked at it in wonder for a minute. Then, with a quick pull he broke the chain which bound it to Winchester's neck. Rising, with a muttered oath, he was about to throw the miniature into the dying fire; but he hesitated.

"Bah!" he said, "it may save him from starving." And he flung it contemptuously toward the prostrate man. Going quickly to the door, without a further word he went out into the night.

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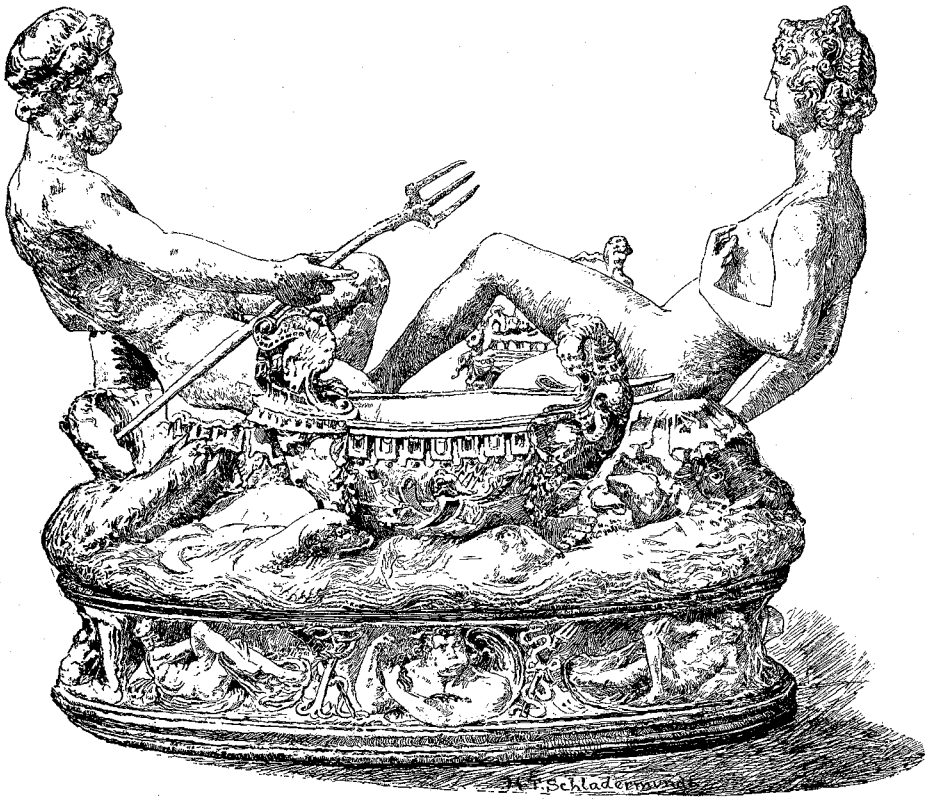

Golden Salt-cellar by Cellini.

Made for Cardinal Hippolytus, of Este, given by him to François I., and afterward given by Charles IX. to Archduke Ferdinand, uncle of his betrothed, the daughter of Maximilian III.—In the Ambros Collection at Vienna.

# THE LIFE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI.

*By Edward J. Lowell.*

THE autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini may well be considered one of the masterpieces of general literature. It is worthy to be named with Don Quixote, or the Confessions of Rousseau. The book, however, is not fit for all readers. In Benvenuto's day the refined young lady and her excellent instructress, who stand as salutary restraints before the eyes of the modern writer, were quite unheard of. The pen of Cellini is as free as his sword was ready, or his chisel skilful. A good deal of this freedom comes from the nature of the man, a good deal from the license of the times.

The importance and interest of the autobiography, in spite of all its faults, are intrinsic. Although the book receives some reflected glory from the artistic works of the author, they borrow far more from it. The place of Cellini among artists is peculiar. He is first, and most characteristically, a goldsmith; indeed, he is the most famous goldsmith that ever lived. As a sculptor he occupies a far inferior place. Yet, if the reader will try to recall the principal works of Benvenuto, he will probably find that the first that comes to his mind is the statue of Perseus, and that he has some difficulty in remembering any authentic and important piece of jeweller's work. It is well remarked by Mr. Symonds, in the introduction to the excellent translation which he has recently given us, that artists who aspire to immortality should shun the precious metals. The magnificent golden salt-



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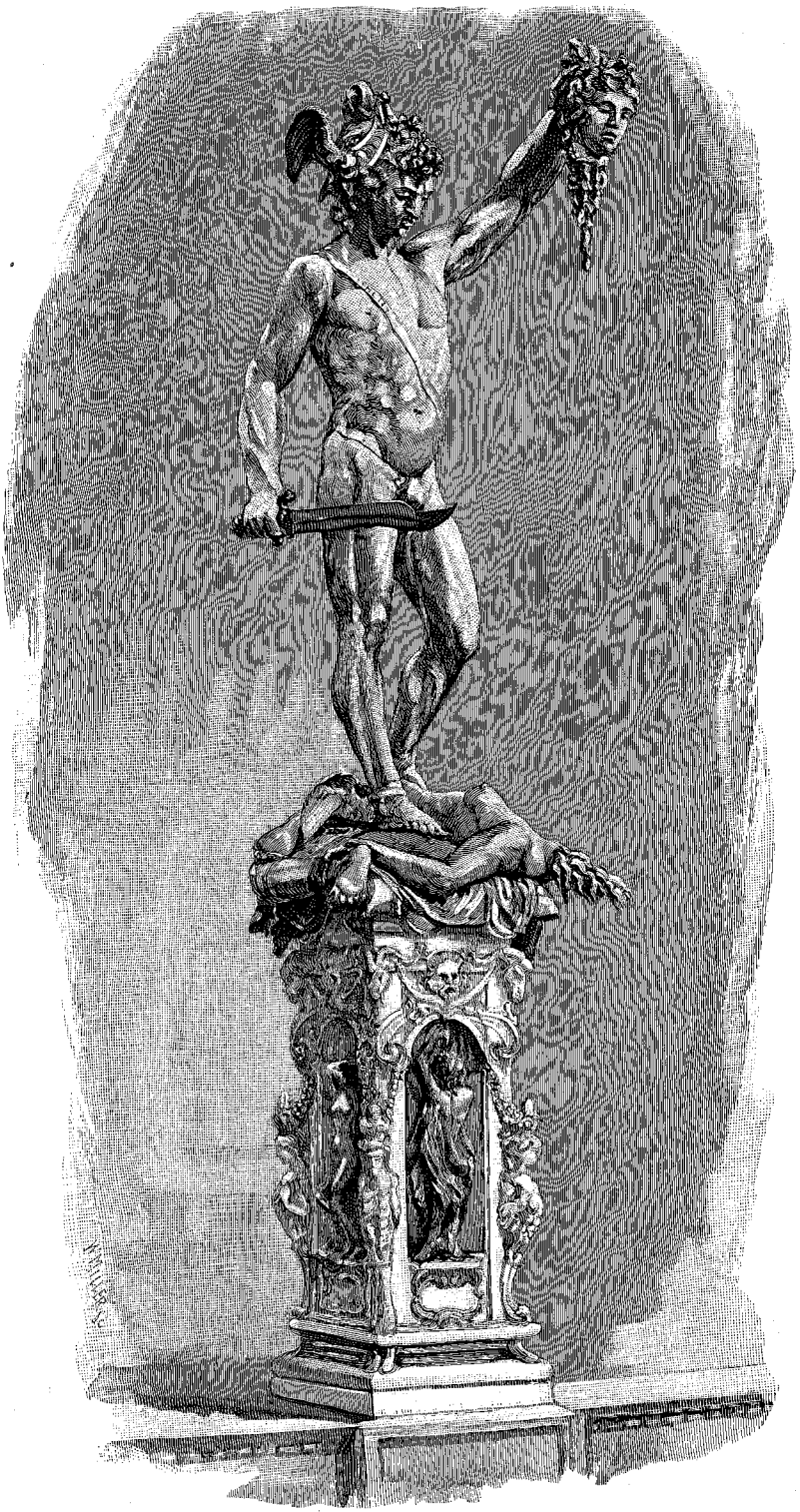

Cellini's Statue of "Perseus," in Florence.

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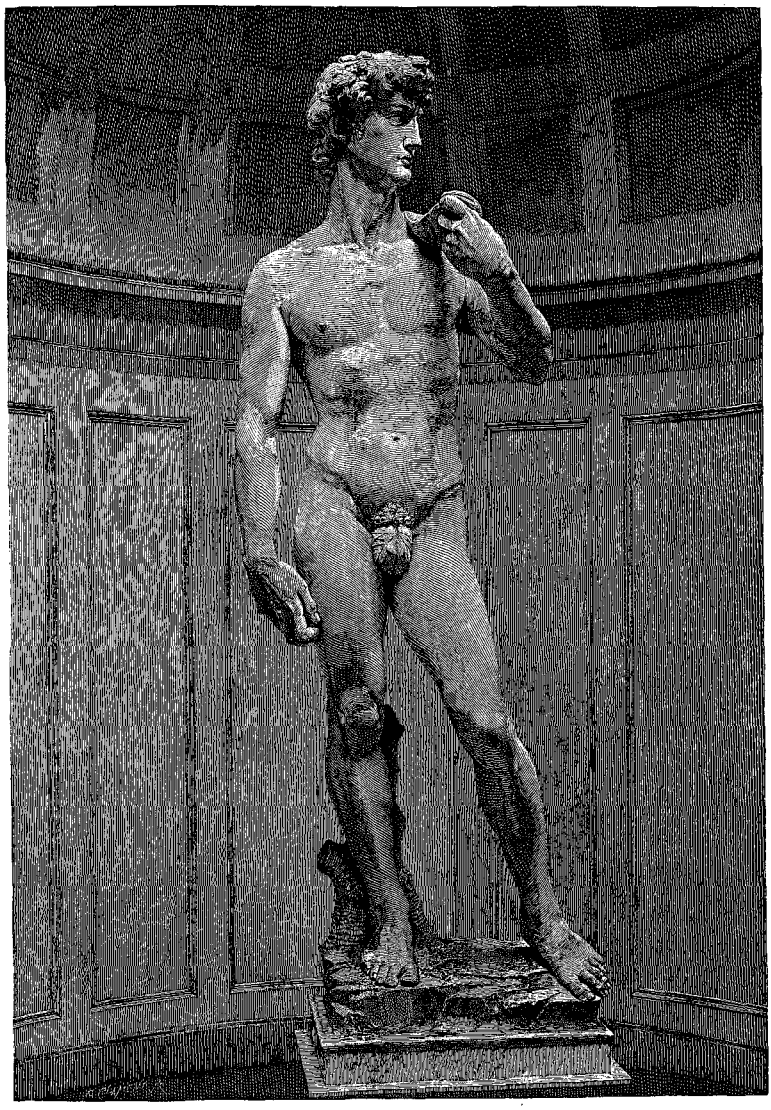

Michael Angelo's "David," in Florence.

cellar made for Francis I., and now at Vienna, a few coins and seals, are all the certain remnants of what was done in gold and silver by the best known of goldsmiths. What other of the numerous objects attributed to him in this line really come from his hand, who now shall say? It were too long to inquire here how the artistic works of a given time and place, although done by different men, come to have in common a style which is almost unmistakable to the expert, and which presents almost insuperable difficulties to the forger of later date. As a sculptor, Benvenuto still proves himself a goldsmith. He shows his training in his exquisite finish, in his love of detail. The pedestal of the Perseus, with its bass-relief and its four little statues, is admirable jewellery. The Perseus himself, that beautiful naked dandy, standing elegantly on the writhing corpse of the slain monster, and posing with exquisite grace while he holds up the bleeding head, is goldsmith's work rather than great sculpt-

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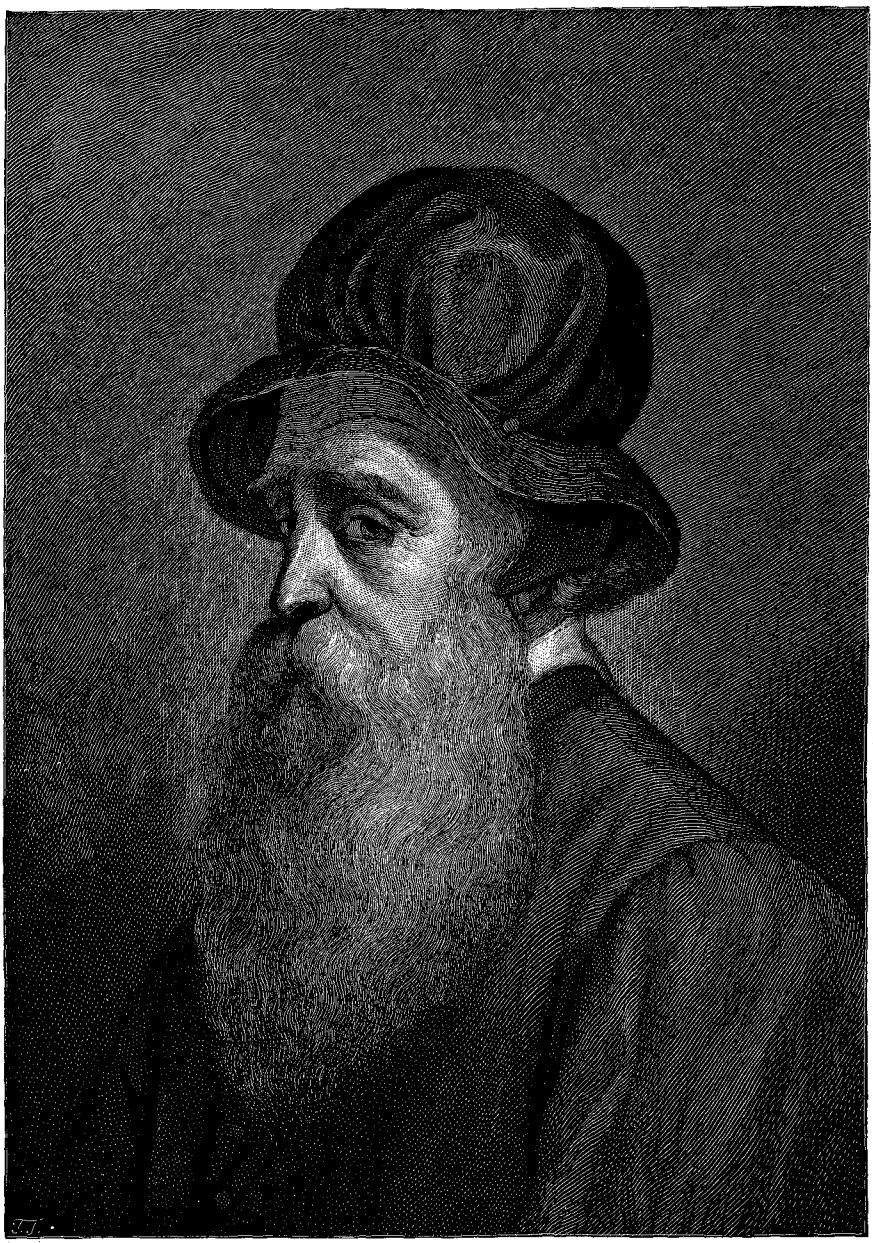

Benvenuto Cellini.

ure. Contrast him for a moment with that other young warrior, the large-handed peasant boy with his sling, whom Benvenuto's master, the great Michael Angelo, had placed just across the street from where Perseus is set up. Grim and solemn, with the lankness of youth and the fervor of genius, with the scowl of combat still on his brows, young David stood alone, though gazed on by all. Opposite him Perseus, too heavy and thick of limb and body, yet light and airy in general effect, awaits and invites the spectator. What statue has been more fortunate in its place? The portico of the Lanzi is filled, but not

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crowded, with the works of great artists. The noble palace of the Signory towers on the left. We catch a glimpse of the broad passage which forms a court-yard for the Uffizi. Here is the central point of view for the Renaissance. Here is the heart of Florence.

It is on the Perseus that Benvenuto's fame as a sculptor rests. His other large works are comparatively insignificant. With two spirited busts, the graceful nymph of Fontainebleau, now in the Louvre, a crucifix in Spain, the restored Ganymede of the Uffizi, and a little bronze bass-relief of a dog, the catalogue of his existing statues is ended. It has been his good fortune to live in men's memory as a sculptor through his best work alone, and to have that placed where no one that would be interested by it could fail to see it.

If the name of Benvenuto Cellini is more to the world than that of a remarkable goldsmith and clever sculptor, it is so on account of his autobiography. This book gives him his personality in men's minds. To write a good life of himself a man should be egotistical, and none was ever more so than he. Egotism is not necessarily associated with vanity, but Benvenuto was childishly vain, and outrageously conceited. Praise is the meat he lives on, and the dish cannot be overseasoned. When he has never made a statue of life size, he believes himself quite capable of equalling the best antique work. He is always in the right, and all who cross him, and do not believe in his consummate ability, are vile intriguers. That he should call them "beasts" (his favorite expression), that he should abuse and threaten them, is only to be expected. His enemies are lucky if he does not proceed from words to blows. No one is so high as to escape his maledictions. Popes, cardinals, princes, are impartially objurgated. His fellow-artists, as is natural, come in for a large share of his abuse. He can speak generously of a rival's work if it please him, and if the man has done nothing to offend his sensitive vanity; but we feel that no one can long be with him without exciting the distrust of his suspicious mind.

In spite of Benvenuto's quarrelsome nature, there is a largeness, a magnificence about him, which we cannot help liking. He is greatly boastful, always ready to believe the best and the most extraordinary things of himself, but not consciously untruthful. He is guilty of many crimes, some of them base enough, but there is nothing small or cowardly about him, and his very meannesses are done in a grand manner. He commits murders, but he carries his life in his hand. His book, with its downright, exaggerated story, bears us impetuously along. The society of the sixteenth century lives around us as we turn his pages. Popes and goldsmiths, princes and painters, cardinals and courtesans are jostling one another. They love and practise the fine arts as no men and women of modern times have done. They murder and intrigue. They live in cities full of palaces, glowing within and glorious without from the brushes and chisels of great masters; cities reeking with filth, so that the plague carries off its victims by thousands in a month. Shops and clothes shine with gems and wrought gold, while thieves and murderers walk the streets, and rich men hire companies of cut-throats to protect them when times of especial disturbance are expected. The pope, Paul III., has been in prison for forgery in his youth, and when Benvenuto is lying sick in the Vatican he is warned by a cardinal, a friend of his, not to eat food provided for him from the papal kitchen, for fear of poison; so his Eminence sends provisions to his Holiness's guest from his own house. Painters and goldsmiths are gratified with pensions and sinecures; or are not paid for their wares, as the case may happen. Thus Sebastian "del Piombo," because he can paint pictures, is given the office of affixing leaden seals to papal briefs, for which service he gets more than eight hundred crowns a year, and spends the rest of his life "scratching his paunch" in idleness. Benvenuto had applied for the same place, but has to content himself with that of papal mace-bearer, whose function it is to walk before the pope in processions, but from the labor of the place he is excused. On the other hand, the Bishop of Salamanca, when our goldsmith refused to give up a vase he had



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made unless he were paid for it, threatened to make mince-meat of him, so that the largest piece left should be his ears.

Benvenuto was engaged in endless brawls and scuffles. He confesses to three homicides in the course of his memoirs, without counting lives taken in war, but it was by good luck that the number was not more than doubled. When irritated he is overcome by a blind fury, and is more like a Malay running amuck than like a civilized man of the modern pattern. He leaves Florence and takes up his residence in Rome in consequence of a quarrel in which he has used his dagger freely. Such matters blow over in a little time, but it is well to keep out of the way of the magistrates for a few days. In the Eternal City he soon has both work and quarrels on his hands in plenty. After a while comes the sack of Rome by the Spaniards, and Benvenuto turns soldier. He believes that it was his bullet that killed the Constable de Bourbon one foggy morning. There appears to be no doubt that he wounded the Prince of Orange. Besieged with Pope Clement VII. in the castle of St. Angelo, he had charge of five guns, and performed some extraordinary feat every day. On one occasion his cannon-ball cut a Spanish captain "in two fair halves." The pope, who was standing by, derived great pleasure and amazement from the sight. "Upon my bended knees, I then besought him," says Benvenuto, "to give me the pardon of his blessing for that homicide, and for all the others I had committed in the castle in the service of the Church. Thereat, the pope, raising his hand and making a large open sign of the cross upon my face, told me that he blessed me, and that he gave me pardon for all murders I had ever perpetrated, or should ever perpetrate, in the service of the Apostolic Church. When I left him, I went aloft, and never stayed firing to the utmost of my power; and few were the shots of mine that missed their mark."

After the siege, when things had got back to their normal condition of irregular ruffianism, Benvenuto resumed the practice of his art. He had a younger brother, a soldier in the service of Duke Alessandro de Medici. This brother was killed in a scuffle with the city guard, by an arquebusier whom he was attacking with his sword. The young man's death filled Benvenuto with grief, so that the pope noticed it, and remonstrated with him on his want of philosophy. "I took," says Cellini, "to watching the arquebusier as though he had been a girl I was in love with. The man had formerly been in the light cavalry, but afterward had joined the arquebusiers as one of the Bargello's corporals; and what increased my rage was that he had used these boastful words: 'If it had not been for me, who killed that brave young man, the least trifle of delay would have resulted in his putting us all to flight with great disaster.' When I saw that the fever caused by always seeing him about was depriving me of sleep and appetite, and was bringing me by degrees to sorry plight, I overcame my repugnance to so low and not quite praiseworthy an enterprise, and made my mind up one evening to rid myself of the torment. The fellow lived in a house near a place called Torre Sanguigna, next door to the lodging of one of the most fashionable courtesans in Rome, named Signora Antea. It had just struck twenty-four, and he was standing at the house-door, with his sword in hand, having risen from supper. With great address I stole up to him, holding a large Pistojan dagger, and dealt him a back-handed stroke, with which I meant to cut his head clean off; but as he turned round very suddenly, the blow fell upon the point of his left shoulder and broke the bone. He sprang up, dropped his sword, half-stunned with the great pain, and took flight. I followed after, and in four steps caught him up, when I lifted my dagger above his head, which he was holding very low, and hit him in the back exactly at the junction of the nape-bone and the neck. The poniard entered this point so deep into the bone that, though I used all my strength to pull it out, I was not able. For just at that moment four soldiers with drawn swords sprang out from Antea's lodging, and obliged me to set hand to my own sword to defend my life. Leaving the poniard, then, I made off, and fear-

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ing I might be recognized, took refuge in the palace of Duke Alessandro, which was between Piazza Navona and the Rotunda. On my arrival I asked to see the duke; who told me that, if I was alone, I need only keep quiet and have no further anxiety, but go on working at the jewel which the pope had set his heart on, and stay eight days indoors. He gave this advice the more securely, because the soldiers had now arrived who interrupted the completion of my deed; they held the dagger in their hand, and were relating how the matter happened, and the great trouble they had to pull the weapon from the neck and head-bone of the man, whose name they did not know. Just then Giovan Bandini came up, and said to them: 'That poniard is mine, and I lent it to Benvenuto, who was bent on revenging his brother.' The soldiers were profuse in their expressions of regret at having interrupted me, although my vengeance had been amply satisfied.

"More than eight days elapsed, and the pope did not send for me according to his custom. Afterward he summoned me through his chamberlain, the Bolognese nobleman I have already mentioned, who let me, in his own modest manner, understand that his Holiness knew all, but was very well inclined toward me, and that I had only to mind my work and keep quiet. When we reached the presence, the pope cast so menacing a glance toward me that the mere look of his eyes made me tremble. Afterward, upon examining my work, his countenance cleared, and he began to praise me beyond measure, saying that I had done a vast amount in a short time. Then, looking me straight in the face, he added: 'Now that you are cured, Benvenuto, take heed how you live.' I, who understood his meaning, promised that I would. Immediately upon this I opened a very fine shop in the Banchi, opposite Raffaello, and there I finished the jewel after the lapse of four months."

This way of treating murder on the part of the pope did not tend to discourage murderers. Benvenuto's second successful exploit in that line, however, took place in the season of anarchy between the death of Clement VII. and the election of Paul III. The chronic turbulence of the times became acute on such occasions as this. Pompeo, a rival goldsmith, took the opportunity of the general confusion to come with ten armed men and try to pick a quarrel with Cellini. The latter controlled himself for a time, being unwilling to have his own friends drawn into the difficulty. Shortly afterward, however, he followed and came up with Pompeo, broke through the line of his defenders, and stabbed him twice with a dagger. He says he had not meant to kill him. Pompeo's *bravi* ran up to the corpse, but took no steps to avenge their master; the whole flower of the young men of the neighborhood, except the Milanese, who were townsmen of Pompeo, came crowding in to help to save the murderer at the risk of their lives; a cardinal offered his palace as a place of refuge; and the new pope, when appealed to by the friends of the murdered man, calmly assured them that the provocation was great, and that "men like Benvenuto, unique in their profession, stand above the law."

There is no doubt that Cellini, on account of his value to princes as the first goldsmith of his day, found his faults condoned with especial facility. But the fact remains that life was very cheap, and laws but little observed, in the time of the Renaissance. In France, where he served King Francis I., our goldsmith accuses the royal treasurer of detaining him until evening, when counting out gold to him by the king's order, so that he might be safely robbed on his way home. Benvenuto's courage and presence of mind brought him safe out of the scrape. In litigious France he did not escape lawsuits, and his method of conducting them must have been discouraging to the adverse party.

"When certain decisions of the court were sent me by those lawyers, and I perceived that my cause had been unjustly lost, I had recourse for my defence to a great dagger which I carried; for I have always taken pleasure in keeping fine weapons. The first man I attacked was the plaintiff who had sued me; and one evening I wounded him in the legs and arms so severely, taking care, however, not to kill him, that I

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deprived him of the use of both his legs. Then I sought out the other fellow who had brought the suit, and used him also in such wise that he dropped it."

We have dwelt hitherto on the darker sides of the picture; they but set the brighter in more strong relief. Benvenuto Cellini was an artist through and through, honestly, frankly, passionately devoted to his art. From his early youth, when he diligently drew after the paintings of Michael Angelo and Raphael, to his mature years, when he leaped from a bed of fever to pile oak-wood on the fire, and to fling all his pewter plates into the melting-pot, in order to stop the caking of the molten metal for his Perseus, he was ready to spend energy, health, and what came harder to him, patience, freely for his art. His autobiography is primarily in his own mind the story of his work. To be a goldsmith and a sculptor was all his ambition, and he believed himself, not without reason, to be the first goldsmith, and not less than the second sculptor of his day. His restless spirit and his quarrelsome disposition drove him from place to place, but in every one his first desire was to be doing something excellent.

As a friend and as a lover Benvenuto was not much to be relied on. His suspicious nature and the warm enthusiasm with which he was absorbed in the interests of the moment were obstacles to fidelity. As a son and brother he was kind and true. It is sometimes a compensation for a suspicious disposition that its possessor turns with especial warmth to those who are so near and dear to him that he cannot suspect them of hostility. During his father's life Benvenuto was kind and attentive, writing and sending money frequently when away from home. Although unwilling, at his father's request, so to force his own bent as to turn to music instead of to sculpture for his life's work, he endeavored to cultivate the distasteful art, and was truly gratified by every opportunity to give his parent pleasure in this way. It was largely for the sake of helping his sister and her six daughters that, later in life, he abandoned his brilliant position in the service of King Francis and returned to Florence.

That Benvenuto should have been an enthusiastic artist, a good son, a kind brother, is not surprising. That he should have been a religious man is far more strange. His religion was not of the kind that is closely connected with morality, but was a firm and ardent faith in God, and a conviction that in the trials of this world the Almighty was on his side, and although he might chasten, would yet save him. Of the saints and the Virgin we hear in the book but very little. And Benvenuto would probably be astonished to hear us say that his faith did not bear ample fruit in his life. In our well-ordered nineteenth century, and with our less passionate northern blood, we have come to look on murder and lust as among the blackest of crimes. In sunny Italy, at the time of the Renaissance, it is clear that they were held but venial sins, as hardness of heart and covetousness—vices quite as much blamed by Christ—are held by some people to-day. We have seen how two different popes treated homicide, and although neither of them may have been model rulers, they were governed to some extent by the received notions of morality of their time. Benvenuto considered himself a good man, and, according to the standards of his age, was not a bad one. The only act of dishonesty to which he owns in his memoirs was committed under strong provocation, was confessed to the offended person and freely forgiven, and was, indeed, one of those acts which to an impetuous mind might seem rather the taking of his own than the stealing of another's. It is probable that Benvenuto's contemporaries would have pronounced him an honorable and manly fellow, only a trifle hasty and violent. That the man's religion was true and fervent there can be no doubt whatsoever. It sustained him in misfortunes which might well have broken even so elastic a spirit as his. It was clearly a part of the substance of his daily life.

In an age in which the supernatural received as full belief as the natural, it would have been strange had so imaginative a man as Benvenuto Cellini not

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seen visions. On two separate occasions, at least, did such a thing happen to him. On one was displayed his reckless courage, on the other his ardent faith.

In the first instance we find Benvenuto going to the Coliseum at night with a Sicilian priest, who is a necromancer, and two other companions. The priest, in his magic robes, "describes circles on the earth with the finest ceremonies that can be imagined." Cellini and one of his companions had for their task to look after the fire and the perfumes. This lasted more than an hour, "when several legions appeared, and the Coliseum was full of devils." On a second night, after incantations carried on with "art more admirable and yet more wondrous ceremonies," the vision was repeated, and "in a short space of time the Coliseum was full of a hundred-fold as many as had appeared on the first occasion." Benvenuto asked them to reunite him to a certain Sicilian woman from whom he had been separated, and the necromancer replied that in the space of one month he would be with her. The prediction was afterward fulfilled.

This apparition has been made a ground for doubting the veracity of Benvenuto. But, even if we reject the hypothesis suggested by Mr. Symonds, that the necromancer may have used a magic lantern, there is hardly a limit to the effect that may be produced on an imaginative mind by a little simple trickery. Cellini tells the tale simply as of something interesting indeed, but not extraordinary. His principal motive was curiosity. It is observable that he does not refer to this attempt to consult the fiends as to something wicked on his part; and that in spite of its success he never repeats the experiment.

Benvenuto's second experience of the supernatural was still more characteristic of the man and of the time. He had been long in prison; at first on an unjust accusation, and when that had been disproved, on account of the malice of the pope's bastard. Having broken his leg in an attempt to escape, he had been sent back to the castle of St. Angelo, and confined in a noisome dungeon, where, under the previous pope, a monk who had incurred the wrath of that pontiff had been starved to death. After his long imprisonment, worn in body, and tormented in mind, Benvenuto was in a state of religious exaltation. At last, having prayed to see the sun once more, he believed that he was vouchsafed a vision. He saw the crowd of those that have been born, and that have died upon the earth. He saw the great sun in its glory, and on its surface Christ upon the cross, with the aspect of divine benignity. Then the vision changed to the Madonna, with the child in her arms, sitting enthroned on high between two angels, and before her St. Peter kneeling and pleading the cause of Benvenuto. Can we wonder at such an illusion at a time when the very dreams of delirium were held to have an actual reality? Can we wonder that one so favored should forever afterward have held himself to be an especial favorite with the powers above, and should have seen in the sunlight shining about his shadow on the grass the suggestion of a saintly aureole?

Of the vivid light thrown by Benvenuto's book on many famous persons we have no space to speak. Let the reader who loves to travel far from his own time and country to a world where much is strange, much new; where the sordid and the brilliant, the terrible and the gay succeed each other with bewildering rapidity, turn, with expectation at the straining-point, to the Life of Benvenuto Cellini. He will not be disappointed.

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# JACOB'S FAULTS.

*By Francis Doveridge.*

IT was early June, in one of those charming places on the Hudson River that lie between New York and Albany. The satisfying greenness of the landscape left one no chance to regret the past glory of the blossoms. It seemed as if, should one speak at all, it ought to be in blank verse about the hills clapping their hands, about green pastures, about all the sweet things that have ceased to mean so much themselves as to express in the abstract belief in love and life and beauty and peace.

Jacob Raus was an inattentive observer of this charming phase of nature. He was preoccupied with his own troubled soul, and here was but a wintry prospect. The world points out to a man the necessity of doing something; there was no corresponding need in his soul. He had lately come into an excellent property, and had invested a good portion of it in a ranch in the West. The West was no place of his choice, but what else was he to do? He was thirty-two, and was without even a commercial training. He had been bred to no profession, and he was not rich enough to live with rich men as a pleasure-seeker, even had such a life attracted him. He had perfect health, was a good shot, a good reader, a good walker, a good companion. He wore a blond beard upon his sunburnt face, with its handsome, clean-cut profile and hazel eyes.

This bald statement of his case presented itself over and over to his mind, quite as if he were weighing an abstract question that bored him excessively. Then he grew irritated that his father should have given him such an old-fashioned, half-humorous name, and exerted always an unspoken and only half-recognized negative tyranny on his whole life; that his father should have had that irresponsibility in the paternal relation that is scarcely to be found outside the Anglo-Saxon race—as if the Anglo-Saxon was born armed at all points, and with an intuitive knowledge of fighting his way through the world. The more Jacob accused himself of impiety in accusing the dead, the more obstinately the conviction forced itself upon him that his thought was, nevertheless, just; and the implied weakness on his own part was in nowise consoling.

Now he was free at thirty-two—a freedom that meant bondage to his own limitations; and while he regretted that he had no profession, he bitterly recognized the fact that the desire for a larger life in no sense proved a talent. His desire was, as we have said, not one for action. It was a vague desire for a larger happiness, such as women have oftener than men. They should wake like children of a Christmas morning, and find it in their stockings.

All these reasons for gloom were ever present to Jacob; but he had lately waked to a more definite purpose and a more definite grief. His decision to go on a ranch had made him recognize that he could not leave Millicent Fuller, whom he had known from her childhood, and who had been for some years past, half-unconsciously to himself, his chief occupation. He offered himself to her. She refused him. She was the youngest and the only unmarried one of five sisters. She was twenty-two, handsome, travelled, and accomplished.

Jacob, as he walked through a shady road, cut a fine bouquet of sweetbrier roses, and trimmed their thorny, straggling stems with an ill-humored energy. He had not pride enough to go away without asking to see her once more, just to say good-by, and she had accorded him an interview that evening at half-past seven.

He walked all round the Fullers' large house, past the broad piazzas, and found her alone in a little side-porch that was

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overgrown with honeysuckle-vines; and amid their pinkish-yellow blossoms Millicent, in a pink muslin, looked like rosy June personified. Her father and mother had just gone to drive, she explained precisely, as she took Jacob's silently proffered flowers with a fine blush for thanks.

"I am afraid," she said, nervously, as she carefully picked a few thorns from the stem of her bouquet before she grasped it, "that I didn't succeed the other night in—that is—I mean that I am afraid that I didn't say what I meant."

"I should be glad," said Jacob, "to hear that you didn't mean what you said."

"Oh! oh! I didn't mean that!"

"Well, it doesn't matter a great deal what you meant if you didn't mean that."

"I do wish that you would be reasonable, Jacob."

"I wish you wouldn't call me Jacob when you have told me that you didn't like the name."

"Oh! did I say that? I do think that I like it, since you have no other. Indeed, Jacob, if it were not for some faults that you have I think I should like you better than anyone."

The young man sat down on a step lower than the one that the girl occupied.

"Perhaps," he said, gloomily, "you will discuss these faults of mine; I may suggest some to add to the list. My name is one; but that is hardly my fault, and I believe that I could change it by an act of the Legislature or something of the kind."

"But I should always know that your real name was Jacob," said Millicent, laughing; "I shouldn't mind your name, but there are some things that would grow worse and worse."

"My age, I suppose."

"Yes, for one thing. Ten years is too much difference."

"But you will grow older."

"There will still be ten years between us."

"The general opinion is that a woman grows old faster than a man. You would catch up to me."

"Ah! that is like most general opinions, wrong. I have made my own observations on that subject. To the close observer, middle-aged women are younger, even in appearance, than men of their own age."

"Where did you learn so much about men?"

"Have I not been in all our large cities and in most of those in Europe? Can one not receive impressions of strangers as they pass, and accumulated impressions form opinions. Men's eyes grow dull, and the lines of the mouth hard, and their faces heavy and meagre; while women's faces are still full of benevolence though their figures have lost their grace and their complexions their delicacy. Still, those women are young."

"Youth is then a condition of the mind, wise Sibyl?"

"Certainly, it is the capacity of receiving new impressions, meeting one's fellow-beings with sympathy, and undertaking new enterprises."

"Some people must then be born with more capacity for youth than others."

"To be sure."

"And I, who have by sex and nature less youth than you, and yet have wasted ten years more of it, must sooner become like those horrid middle-aged people."

"I am not speaking of you."

"You are not speaking of me? How inconsequent! I sat down here to listen to talk about me. Let us begin over again. You have said that you do not like my name and that I am too old."

"Oh! Jacob!"

"Yes, I am too old, and am to grow older. You have defined youth—what is age?"

"Oh! it is the enemy of the human race. Let us never grow old, Jacob."

"Ah, no, Millicent, let us never grow old, so only that we may stay young together," he said, flushing, and edging a little nearer to her, while he looked up in her face with a half-humorous smile. But she drew away farther from him.

"Well!" he continued despondently, "and what is my next fault. Come! say it!"

"You do not believe in friendships between men and women. My own

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belief is that no woman can expect to be reasonably happy unless her husband can have a friendship for her."

"You seem to have thought a good deal about marriage—even if you are so averse to it."

Millicent, with heightened color, made a movement to rise. Jacob stretched up both hands and, taking hers, pulled her back gently to her seat.

"You are so rude," she continued; "that is another fault. I should want my husband to be so polite to me. It would make me happier than almost anything."

"And I should want to have the liberty of quarrelling with my wife whenever I chose, and making it up again; but I suppose that you would like a suave idiot like that Hastings."

"There again," said Millicent, in an injured tone, "how ridiculous you are! You are so jealous, and about nothing. What could be more innocent, when a party of people are out on a blossom-gathering, than that two of them should run down hill together, and yet from the time you made about it—it's too absurd!"

"But you took his hand and ran laughing."

"As children might. You and he had raced together, and you had beaten him easily. You had picked my blossoms for me, and I had walked with you. He was my guest, and I surely owed him some politeness."

"To give him your hand, I suppose, and caper and laugh with him."

The recollection quite overcame Jacob with anger. He rose and walked a few paces across the lawn and then returned. "Well! I am named Jacob. I am old. I am rude, and I am jealous. Oh! yes; and, I forgot, I don't believe in Platonic friendships. Five faults; I think that there are *seven* deadly sins. Not that I have the least idea what they are. I know that seven always seemed a small allowance to me. I surely have more than five. More than five would go to the make-up of any respectable man. What! you can name no more? I could accuse myself of more than that. Don't you know another?"

"Yes," said Millicent, gravely, while she put some of the sweetbrier roses in her breast.

"I am impatient to hear. I sit here only for that. The sixth fault. Come!"

"That you don't care for women's society."

Jacob rose and folded his arms, facing the girl, and looked long at her. Then he threw back his head and laughed heartily: "Upon my soul! that *is* a fault! Have I not liked your society?"

"Yes, but that of no other woman."

"Well! upon my soul! Talk of jealousy. I never saw it's opposite so set forth. Do you wish me—should you wish, I ought to say, your husband to be fond of other women's society?"

"I don't like a man's man," said Millicent, evasively.

"I am more edified," said Jacob, seating himself again, "this evening than I ever was in my life. Why do you not like a man's man?"

"Because," said the girl, becoming a little nettled at her companion's searching look, "I know well enough how that works."

"I am waiting for information," said Jacob.

"A man's man soon wearies of the woman he loves, and he seeks men's society constantly. Men influence men more than women do. I should never be jealous of other women, for I could always be a woman; but men would be a contrary influence. I have seen the lonely lives of the wives of men's men," she paused.

"I am still listening," he said.

"At the best, men understand women very little, and men's men grow at last to understand them not at all. Men's men become at last to be a world quite apart. Their wives have no excuse for being, except insomuch as they contribute to their comfort."

"Millicent, do you say that women are younger than men? I don't believe that men of sixty, or men that have been widowers two or three times, have thought this question of marriage out like you."

"I won't talk to you any more."

"You must. Back to our text. Six faults then—my name, my age, my native rudeness, my jealousy, my incredulity of Platonic friendships, and my being a man's man. You must name at

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least seven deadly sins to convict me. Isn't there another?"

"Yes——"

"Millicent, you are absorbingly interesting. I never knew that you had thought so much about me."

"I ought to have thought about you before——" she paused.

Jacob waited a moment. "I understand; before you refused to marry me. You ought to make some excuse for that. With what seventh fault did you strengthen your case?"

"That you are so dreadfully masculine."

"I plead guilty. The roses are rosy, the briers are thorny, the grass is green, and I, Jacob Raus, the man who loves you, am masculine. Alas! alas! Is that more my fault than my name? You, besides, are immensely feminine, and I find no fault with that. Is it fair?"

Jacob's spirits were rising; Millicent's perceptibly falling.

"Yes, it is fair that I, being feminine, should object to your being masculine. The two are opposites. They are at variance. If Nature has made a mistake there, I am not responsible. Men and women never understand each other, because what Nature has blindly blundered into beginning, education accomplishes instead of trying to set it right."

"But I have had no education," said Jacob.

Millicent went on without answering him—falling now into an injured tone:

"Even you are constantly misunderstanding me. You sometimes trample my tenderest feelings unconsciously; just as you trampled my best white petunias the other day, walking over my flower-bed as if it were a path."

"Yes," he said, "I saw you. I ran to you. I did not notice the way. Well! In the West they will be all wild-flowers, and if I trample them they will come up again. I shall think of the petunias, and wish that I had a chance to trample them; and you will forget what I did when you have found that paragon who loves you without jealousy, likes all other women and no men; who is polite and credulous and effeminate. I am none of these—but I love you passionately."

He tried to grasp her hands, but she drew them away, saying excitedly:

"And this is your greatest fault. If you loved me tenderly I might trust you; but you love me, as you say, passionately, and I, who have looked on at life and reflected, have seen that of all traps and pitfalls this is the greatest. Talk of the *beauté du diable* of girls, that flits almost with the fading of the bridal flowers, *that* is no delusion compared with the passion of men; and yet in choosing freedom rather than binding one's self to a delusion, you need not tell me that I choose what is only negative. It is so discouraging. You have such hopeless faults; and I shall never like any other man better than you, Jacob, I know; and so I shall never marry."

"Yes, but I am not like that; I know that I shall marry," he said, watching the girl's face closely. "It seems to me *now* as if I should not, but I am only a man, masculine, as you say. As long as I am very busy I may keep up, but sometimes they say it is not quite wholesome in those ranches, and one is exposed to wind and weather. I might be ill; and then when I am homesick and lonely some good Western girl will take care of me, perhaps like me, even love me. For her I might not have so many faults. She would not be so clever as you, or have got things down so fine; and she wouldn't know, poor thing, what a tissue of faults is covered by my unfortunate name, that sounds so homely and simple and good. So being sick and lonely and wretched, and grateful to her, I know that I should be weak enough to marry her. I know that I should."

"Yes," said Millicent, throwing down beside her the bouquet of sweetbrier, with a passionate gesture, "that's just what a man's love means. I shall be so glad that I didn't marry you, when I hear of you throwing yourself away on some wild Western girl that any man of refinement would shudder to think of as his wife. I didn't believe it of you!" and she ran down the steps of the porch into the garden.

Jacob was up in an instant and followed her; but she ran from him swiftly, leaping over the flower-beds and speed-

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ing across the grass, slim and active as a nymph, her pink dress telling white in the soft light of the summer night. He had almost caught up with her when he stumbled and fell over the protruding root of an old tree. She, fleeing breathless, came suddenly upon her father and mother, who, having returned from their drive, had alighted from the carriage at the gate, and walked across the lawn. They stood now hand in hand, looking up in the sky at the new crescent moon —a charming picture of the sweet companionship of loving souls, who, unconscious of the passing of the years, find their own youth in all the promises of Nature.

Millicent stood and looked at them, with sudden tears welling up into her eyes. They turned and saw her, just as Jacob came up, somewhat confused at the new situation.

Mrs. Fuller spoke first "Why, Millicent, is Mr. Raus here? I thought he had gone."

"Why, yes, Jacob, we thought you had gone," said Mr. Fuller, with an unexpected sympathy in his heart for his old friend's son, awakened by Mrs. Fuller's treating him as a stranger in calling him Mr. Raus. The good gentleman had felt no sympathy whatever for him on account of Millicent's refusal. It had appeared to him a great impertinence that he should propose to take his daughter so far away.

Jacob stood silent. Millicent took her father's hand, and, throwing one arm round his neck, kissed him. This action, which conveyed nothing but his daughter's affection for himself to the old gentleman's mind, explained the whole situation to Mrs. Fuller, who was not unprepared when her daughter, turning to her, clasped her in her arms and said:

"Yes, dear mamma, Jacob is here; and when he goes I go with him. I have promised to be his wife, and you, who know what it is, will be the last of all to deny me that companionship which makes you forget even the parting from your children."

Jacob was more surprised than anyone. He never knew exactly how it had come about; he only knew that he must have been very much improved by marriage, or his wife grown very lenient; for no man ever suffered less from fault-finding than he, and the West was to him a wilderness that blossomed like the rose.

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## LOOKING ON.

*By Edward S. Martin.*

THE *dolce far niente* is a delightful game
If only he can spare the time who plays it.
If one is three-and-twenty and doesn't covet fame,
And cares less what he says than how he says it—
If one deliberately can (and never think it loss)
Earn women's smiles in hours in which he might be earning dross—
If one can be content to sit and watch, year after year,
The world's great ships go sailing by, and never want to steer—
If one is not aware that standing still means slipping back,
Or if one's not averse to retrograding on one's track—
The *dolce far niente* is a delightful game
For people who have lives to spare to play it.

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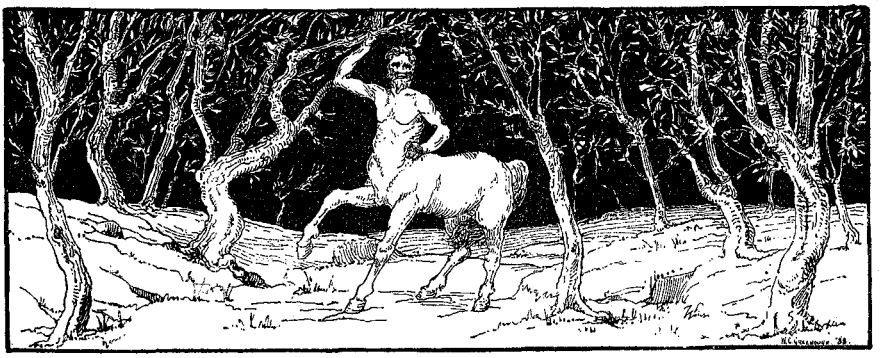

# A SCATTERING SHOT AT SOME RURALITIES.

*By Donald G. Mitchell.*

MOST people take sunrises—as they do their peaches by the basket—on trust. Yet sunrises are goodly things to see, whether speckled or rosy; and they need an horizon for the seeing, as much as fruit-packing needs honesty. An horizon means open country, or a reach of sea; but on this September day we are limited by the shore. I have sometimes thought that a man's knowledge of his sunrises, and his relish for them, are good measurers of the rural instinct in him. And in these times of ten o'clock breakfasts we are tempted to ask is the American rural instinct decaying? Are we country-lovers to be driven out of court by the thrusts which Mr. Bunner's mischievous "Puck" makes at us with his lance of a crayon; is Mr. Warner's sorry "Garden" experience to belittle our consequence; or the over-fine lines of city "Life" to ensnare and bedraggle us? Is country life like an addled egg with no sweetness—no promise in it of forth-issuing well-brooded liveliness? Let us put these few end-pages to the query: a query which in many of its parts we shall leave unanswered—content if only the promise of some golden sunset shall match our sunrise.

England has always been a sort of foster-mother of those rural beatitudes to which her children in all lands have heirship. Her miniature, decorous, comely landscape, with well-ordered roads—not so wide as to invite slatterliness—her nice, cleanly methods of tillage, her cherished trees—in groups by homes, in lines by fields, in clumps by brooks, all invite and provoke rural feeling. But even in England where there is so much to hold in leash all country appetites, there has been within the last twenty-five years a falling away of the old props of country dominance. The inflow of foreign bread-stuffs has broken the high market, the "girding of the golden sheaves" does not yield the old income; rentals have dismally fallen, and with them the values of great landed estates. City hospitalities are cheaper, if not more gorgeous, than the old country ones. New city magnates, who count it wise to bolster their social status by great houses among trees, look for prim villas in the near counties of Kent and Surrey, rather than a wide domain of Yorkshire, whose diminished rentals would be exhausted by the costs of maintenance. Chicken-raising, fruit-growing, cheese factories, and other like inglorious methods (as formerly reckoned) are resorted to in many counties to make good the easy

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and gone-by revenues from flocks and herds. Picturesqueness takes a back step; and the huge billowy hedge-rows of Devon—rich with outgrowing ferns and mosses—where Parson Herrick listened to the matins of the birds, have been shovelled away to make room for lines of "Swedes."

Those devastating "Armour" refrigerator cars are doing like things for old-fashioned methods of New England husbandries; they do not, indeed, find so many of artificial and traditional prettinesses to throttle; but they throttle the hopes of many an agricultural enthusiast who wants to battle with the worms, and the fungi, and pestilential foul growth, when next day's drive to market will show him a huckster's display of Californian products at a price that would not pay him for his weeding.

It is a mistake to count New England—as some of our far Western friends do—an utterly barren land; there are meadows along the Connecticut which would match the prairies and which carry great burdens of "Bent" grasses,* that are quite unmatchable; there are pasture hillsides which make sweeter lamb's meat than can grow in Kentucky bottoms. Then there are the sunny "intervales"—lovely for fruits; and the half-gravelly half-sandy swales on the first lifts from the alluvial flats of rivers—where cigars get their best wraps. All this, and the crowded little cities for markets, and the wise school-mastery advices from our Experiment Stations, ought surely to put hopefulness into such young blood as does not fear contact with the dews, and with the morning.

But, of a truth, are the New England young folks—with all this for inheritance, and the Granges "to boot"—getting inoculated with rural enthusiasm? Doubtful—more than doubtful. Young fellows of the suburban districts, and young girls (with a readier zeal 'tis to be feared) grow up along all the pretty intervales, and amidst the giant Bents, and the waving tobacco-fields, with a sneaking fondness for those "leeks and onions" of the city—whose flavors drift by them, out from the Sunday papers. There the money rattles more; the sights shift more; and for trees and sunsets—they can get them both, of a Sunday with a sweetheart, on a hill-top.

Shall this current of the young folks be stayed? Is it worth discipline to stay them? Will the next State board give us a paper on this question? Do steady-going parents try to stay them.

I trow not. E—— was a good fellow whom I knew—excellent agriculturist—all enthusiasm—"believed in things"—country was worth living for; a clean patch of garden "sass" was always a moving psalm to him; neatness a gospel; home-grown fruits the food of the gods. Tom, his boy, a shrewd lad, growing up amid the ductilities of such environment, and making muscle like a steer, when I saw him there, bare-legged, hoeing, pondering, stretching rauch symphonies out of "Cōfe—Cōfe!"—I ask after, ten years later. Is he still putting his youthful energies to the weeds?

"Waal,—no: got a job in town"—in a gun shop, a broker's, where not? And there is a half-shamed, half-proud parental acquiescence: for the boy is "a good boy; pay's good; and there are the readin' rooms, and the lectur's—don't you know?" Why not?

And the girl—whose skirts brushed the dew amongst the fine rows of "Crescents" and of "McAvoys," and whose cheek was as round and as red as the berries she tended and gathered: How and where is she eight years after? Still given to the pretty love of those dove-eyed Jerseys; still fondling them, or weaning them for some neighbor owner of like age and heart?

"Waal—no!" she's married to be sure; "took to a town fellow—don't ye know—a trader: Yaas, he's doin' tol'able well; Yaas—girl and a boy now; got a corner store; she comes to see us in berryin' time; truth is (reflectively) furriners are comin' in; they work Sundays."

And even if the will and wish were present, with what rigors shall such errant children be stayed? Shall we harness them to the plough, or the churn, while the far-away tremolo of a French horn is pulsing through the leaves and catching their wakeful ears? Shall we keep the *Illustrated News* outside the gates? Shall we try and wall out the clamors of the town battle of life? Shall

* *Andropogon provincialis*, *Panicum virgatum*, and Indian grass *Chrysopogon nutans*—for samples.

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we put veto on the picnics that bring Joana in her gingham and a town Theodore, in the last toggery of a New York clothing shop, together? Will these keep to the lugubrious refrain of Jeremiah—"the harvest is past and summer ended"—while the story of Ruth, pensive among her sheaves and meditating—"where thou goest, I will go"—stands beguilingly near?

And if the children must be left to their cityward bent in these matters—which will pretty certainly happen—what hope can there be for the enrichment, and the decorous subjugation and adornment of our country quietudes—of our homesteads—of our leaguelong passages of woody roads, of hill-side, and meadow, and brook margin which lie hither and yon all over the surface of New England? It is not pleasant to entertain the thought that these tempting and beguiling rural belongings were made wholly in vain; that they are never to have redemption at the hands of taste and skill—never to join forces with the adornments that belong to towns under art-growth, in perfecting our civilization, and in setting forth the best results of ground culture and mind-culture, joined together. I find it hard to believe that any such disjointed civilization can be permanent as continues to equip with art-appliances and art-instincts those who flock cityward, and enthrals, with a sort of cumulative barbarism, those who live in far places and who labor at and love the hill-sides.

Yet the present aspects of the small farming towns of interior New England are not inviting; their wild, unkempt, over-wide highways show as much, or more, of savagery than fifty years ago; their outlying school-houses are blighted and dwarfed by the overgrowth of bigger schools beyond their borders. Only a week since, I had occasion to visit such a farming town of interior Connecticut; the old stage coach, which every other day used to rumble along the highway with its load of mail and passengers was displaced now by a shambling "carry-all," that toiled over the hills to the nearest railroad station; the turnpike abandoned, and half overgrown with vagabond grasses; its three little mills, on as many different streams, which ground the corn and turned chestnut logs into sheathing and shingles—all discarded and removed, and the pickerel pools above their broken dams turned into quagmires, overgrown with rustling "cattails;" no bread made in all the township except from stuffs brought over a thousand miles of iron-way. Of its two churches one was abandoned, and given over to other uses; the outlying woods covered more land than forty years ago—two-fold more than eighty years since; and upon most pasture hills a fresh forest growth seemed coming in riotously, and stooled freely from stumps on old woodlands—showing good boles for railroad ties; but, owing to bad-conditioned roads, and costs of labor, such timber land was worth less than half a century ago. I counted no less than sixteen crumbling chimneys—masses of ruin over which wild bushes grew—where had been since 1830 as many inhabited, mouse-colored wood houses with their laboring head-folk and groups of children—finding work there, and pay for it (in pork or corn). The larger and better houses were rusty, but in fairish condition—yet in only three instances out of twelve, where inquiry was made, were these occupied by sons, or heirs of previous holders. Road-sides and door-yards were more neglected than of old; a little gain perhaps in the character of the farm-stock; traces of new blood here and there in sheep and cattle; implements better; mowers, cultivators, and hay-tedders working an economy in labor; but no corresponding gain in weight of crops or in nicety of tillage; none in fences, out-buildings, or adornments. Here and there there was some straggly outburst of a new flower; a possible toss over a front fence of the great plumes of an *Hydrangea Paniculata*, or in a shaved circle of grass a weak group of spotted Japanese lilies; grave-yards, public and private, unkempt, brier-grown, while some were fallen into beastly keeping; upon the whole, such sights as gave sense of weariness—of a *fade*, odorless, unattractive region, whose day of bloom and large fruitage had irreparably gone; one felt a conviction that the sons and daughters of the few homesteads which still showed the consecrating cares of good

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motherhood and of a stalwart husbandship would wander away timeously.

There may seem reasonable cause for such seeming decay in the fact that the village was stranded far from railroad purlieus; but it chances that I am able to set beside it a picture of another interior Connecticut township of equal population and larger dignity, which twenty-five years ago was traversed by the cordon of an iron road; there was more invitingness of outlook here; smooth tillage; no unseemly bowlders; easy reaches of great billowy hills, spotted with farm-lands—showing rural scenes which (saving picturesque lines and counterlines of hedging) might have been cut from a midland county of England. But over all the valley—which spread out into a quiet monotone of meadow, on which the village lay—there brooded a drowsy air, utterly unlike the alert, bustling habit of the townsfolk who lived there before the middle of the century. Tillage indeed had its old reaches—no more, no less; the shoemaker and his shop gone—no muffled hammering at the lapstone; the clatter of the chair-maker, whose stout wares were hand-made—silenced; so, too, was the noise of the cooper, stepping and pounding round and round his cask. Even the village store—once one of three—and once beleaguered by a half-score of teams come in for trade or barter, was very quiet, and the successor to the old merchant (of whom in my boy-days I had bought tamarinds for a holiday treat) was seated, in a flannel shirt, chewing a straw, upon his doorstep. The fairest fields of the town had been cut through by the "rail," and a garden where I had gathered currants fifty years before—(what stately rows of them—what crimson abundance!)—was now part of the out-grounds of a dreary "station," where twice a day the train of mixed freight and passengers whistled and clattered through. The County "Judge," who presided over the garden, was so long dead that his stately presence had faded into a town tradition; and of his eight quick-witted sons, all had drifted away to make stamp of their incisive qualities in bigger and far-away places.

The old town tavern, too large for travel, had been made over to private occupancy, its stable precincts fenced about and showing quavering lines of potatoes; the new hostelrie had in foregone times been the homestead of a stalwart deacon, and its low-ceiled rooms, which once echoed the uplifted voice of "Giant Chapman" in prayer and praise, were now given over to secular uses. I had the good fortune to encounter there a young Californian, who had come—in a spell between the hustlings of business—to have a look at the graves of his ancestors buried in the churchyard; he was a fine, bumptious, bouncing type of Western assertiveness and tempestuous alacrity; utterly at odds—as he told me with much directness of speech—with the sleepiness of the town; "was there ever so dull a one?"—for his part, "he must be off;" at odds too—pleasantly—with a chatty old kinsman he had met on his Eastern visit, who had kindly driven him over from the near seaport; at odds with the sagacious horse, which had put three hours to the drive; at odds with the ever-recurring talk of his loquacious kinsman, about ancient residents, Deacon this and Deacon that; roping me in and shoving me out upon the flood of the old gentleman's chat—with a jaunty air of *sauve qui peut!*—and commending me to his colloquial and antiquarian graces.

There could not have been a prettier contrast between the old New Englander,—ruminant and passive, but well furnished in brains and purse—and the new New Englander grafted on Western Stock, rushing across country to shed a swift business tear on old graves, and then dash away to places that scintillated with a sharper-pointed life, and with more flaming activities.

Here was a town—not deflowered by skirting railroads, not agriculturally out at elbows—indeed its tobacco told of strong soil—access was easy, roads fair, surface charming in its wavy undulations, a good quota of venerable trees, respectable, roomy homesteads scattered along the hills—yet the sharp, vibrant accent of life there fifty years ago was utterly gone; there was no promise of young blood for its renewal. The tide city-ward is too strong. Even the dowagers and the spinsters who still people some

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fine old country houses—redolent of colonial memories—who still guard their patches of fine lilies, and patch their revenues to keep the old vestal lights worthily aflame, are only saved from the fierce tides pouring cityward (and they may thank their stars for it!) because not floated away by bonded ties to some light-weight flotsam of a husband.

If I have hinted at revenues in connection with country life and rural equipments, 'tis not a vain word. However we look at it, a little assured income from outside sources, seems necessary for the security of old-time rural dignities. Even amateur farming—whatever blaze of golden exhibits may belong to occasional auction sales of blooded stock—rarely keeps well afoot and shows proper appliances of field and feed and grooming, without revenues coming from other sources than the farm-ledger shows. And this point is made, wholly irrespective of the question about the legitimate profits of farming as a trade and profession. Profits in farming, like profits otherwheres, depend on the method, the economies, the industries, the savings, and the gainful habits belonging to the man who practises it. But the large enjoyment of a country leisure and an easy dalliance with its traditional and always beguiling distractions are items that disturb strict ledger balances.

Montaigne, who looked after a good many mental indulgences not down in farm schedules of work, says — "those that love it [husbandrie] must with moderation apply themselves to it; otherwise it is a servile office; but hath excusable parts—as the care of gardening." * But he, for no penalties of costs — or other sorts — would forego the large delights of that wise "solitarinesse" to be found in the woods and the fields.

That form of country amateurishness which devoted itself to fine cattle and their introduction has, I am sorry to perceive, nearly gone by now: but it has accomplished very great good in stocking the country with best strains of Short-horn blood, of Alderneys, Holsteins, and later—of Guernseys and of Norfolk polled cattle. And we who reap the benefit can afford to look with a kindly sympathy upon the efforts of those—always devoted to novelties—who still scour the field and trumpet the praises of the dun-colored Swiss cattle, and the long-horned steers of Italy.

We countryfolk, too, have been largely beholden in the past, as we are now in some degree, to those retired gentlemen who—with large gains from a good turn in whiskey, or dry-goods, or from newspapering, or even book-making—have devoted themselves to high land culture, under best Scotch or German advices. These have furnished, at no public cost, admirable experiment stations, exceedingly well ordered, and shown us, by degrees and *seriatim*—how vain the continental system of espalier-training is — how inarching of fruit-trees is not favored by our climate, and how fanciful high-grafting, on varied stocks, of peaches, roses, gooseberries, is somehow inadequate, under our scorching suns. Very beautiful lessons of this sort and of many others have been enforced with much zeal; and it is, I think, to be regretted that the patrons of such undertakings have become fewer of late—possibly under the explosive action of some of those scientific retorts belonging to Government experimental stations, and which are managed in many instances by sharp persons, who have little respect for pedigrees (*per se*) of either plants or planters.

It is not a little curious to observe how a great many of those devoting wealth to so desirable uses are yet extremely anxious to conceal and belittle the flow of the moneyed currents which go to sustain such bucolic ventures. Never was a fine lady of Queen Anne's fine court—or of ours—more anxious to conceal her toilet appliances of powder and carmine (which go to her public emblazonment) than these agricultural amateurs to keep out of sight the golden currents which give fertilizing tribute up and down their fields. Even the amateur grower of roses is coming to boast of his enormous cash returns (sometimes half true); and I have encountered from time to time, in years past, an excellent Boston gentleman—

* Chap. XXXVIII.: Florio's rendering — Did this Florio really teach French to Shakespeare, as some of the commentators would have us believe?

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who had taken a bountiful assured income, and great stress of family prerogative to the indulgence of his bucolic humors—who, on taking a friend over his grounds, would never fail to drop furtive observations, in a confidential manner, and with quite ledger-like precision of speech, about the wonderful profits he derived from his early potatoes, and the quite "ex-tra-ordinary" prices he demanded, and was receiving for his Guernsey butter. Of course, one who has driven to market with only a little fresh cut salt-grass between his trousers and the top of his firkin, is inclined to twist his tongue in his cheek at such talk. Yet why should there be pretence in the matter? When a man buys a pair of gloves for two dollars he does not sally out, as a rule, assuring his friends, gleefully, that he has paid only one.

But I am warned that even an end-paper must have its end; and so must this September day. May the glories of its sunset, just now streaming into the sky, rest on all my readers as a rural Benediction!

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EMIN PASHA,

Governor of the Equatorial Provinces, Africa.

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